

Exclusive! **DEBBIE and EDDIE DOOD IT!** SEE PAGE 52

modern screen

ELL
AZINE

SEPT.
20c

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE



NEW YORK
LIBRARY
SEP 21 1955
✓

ICE-COLD KELLY:

does she have a heart?

YOUR PRECIOUS COMPLEXION DESERVES

Camay's Caressing Care!



THERE'S FINE
COLD
CREAM
IN
CAMAY

"I just love new cold cream Camay," says Mrs. William Albert Neff, a beautiful Camay Bride. "It's so mild and gentle, and it always leaves my skin feeling wonderfully soft and smooth."

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

**Let it help you to a softer, smoother,
more radiant complexion!**

With that skin-pampering mildness, exclusive fragrance, and luxurious lather, Camay with cold cream is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. And it can be the best friend your complexion ever had. Let it bring new loveliness to you. Change to regular care . . . Camay's Caressing Care. You'll be delighted as your skin becomes fresher, smoother, softer. Remember, too, there's precious cold cream in Camay, extra luxury at no extra cost. For your beauty and your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world!



THE SOAP

OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

You'd Be Surprised Where She Wished Him!



And who would blame her? After all, is there anything worse than to be stuck with a man who has halitosis (unpleasant breath)? So, this joker is already on the way out . . . and he had dreamed of this date for weeks.

How dumb can you be? How dare anyone assume that his breath is always okay? Halitosis comes and goes . . . absent one day, present the next. You may be guilty without realizing it. And even your best friend won't tell you. Men are all-too-common offenders.

Why risk bad breath needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such a quick, delightful, and efficient precaution against it?

**No tooth paste kills odor germs
like this . . . instantly**

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills germs . . . by millions . . . and germ reduction is the answer to sweeter breath.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the fermentation, produced by germs, of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*

**Listerine clinically proved
four times better than tooth paste**

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills them by millions, gives

you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic, in recent clinical tests, averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the tooth pastes it was tested against?

With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



The most widely used antiseptic in the world.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

modern screen

the hollywood look

GIRL NEXT DOOR (Doris Day)	42
GIRL FROM OUTER SPACE (Audrey Hepburn)	43
THE SPRITE (Janet Leigh)	44
THE SOPHISTICATE (Lana Turner)	45
THE LOOK—HOW THEY GOT IT	46

stories

JERRY, DO YOU REMEMBER (Jerry Lewis)	27
*ICE-COLD KELLY (Grace Kelly)	by Alice Finletter 28
LITTLE GIRL LOST (June Allyson)	by William Barbour 30
RELAX, BERNIE—YOU MADE IT! (Tony Curtis)	by Imogene Collins 32
FIVE DAYS FOR JEAN (Jean Simmons-Stewart Granger)	by Louis Pollock 34
LET ME BELONG (Sheree North)	by Ida Zeitlin 36
IF YOU HAD A DATE WITH TAB (Tab Hunter)	by Toni Noel 38
GETTING TO KNOW YOU (Mitzi Gaynor)	by Mark Flanders 40
NAUGHTY LADY FROM DRURY LANE (Joan Collins)	by Kirtley Baskette 47
A WOMAN'S TOUCH (May Wynn-Robert Francis)	50
DEBBIE AND EDDIE:	
THEY DOOD IT!	by Alice Hoffman 52
TEN CUPIDS TELL ALL	54
WHAT LANA'S REALLY LIKE	by Jane Wilkie 56
I DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE	by Charlton Heston 58

featurettes

HAS THE KING CHANGED? (Clark Gable)	60
CLASH OF STEELES (Joan Crawford)	76
CHERCHEZ LA CARON (Leslie Caron)	80
THAT WORRYING EWELL (Tom Ewell)	82
IT'S A BOY FOR BOB (Robert Taylor)	86

departments

LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD	9
THE INSIDE STORY	5
MUSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD	by Lyle Kenyon Engel 20
TV TALK	22
NEW MOVIES	by Florence Epstein 24
MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS	62
VOTE FOR SILVER CUP AWARD WINNERS	84

*On the Cover: Color portrait of Grace Kelly by Paramount. Grace's next film will be Paramount's *To Catch A Thief*. Other photographers' credits on page 97.

CHARLES D. SAXON, editor

MARY ANNE GUITAR, managing editor CARL SCHROEDER, western manager

BARBARA J. MAYER, story editor
MARILYN REISS, production editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
RUTH RAKOW, research editor

FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director
BILL WEINBERGER, art editor
BOB BEERMAN, staff photographer
AUDREY FREIHEIT, assistant art editor

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address, enclosing if possible your old address label.

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form No. 3579 to 263 Ninth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 49, No. 10, September, 1955. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 10 West 33rd St., New York 1, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Los Angeles advertising and editorial offices: 8701 West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-Pres., Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-Pres. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 20c in U. S. A. and Possessions, and Canada. Subscriptions in U. S. A. and Canada \$2.00 one year, \$3.50 two years, \$5.00 three years; Foreign, \$3.00 a year. Entered as second class matter September 18, 1930, at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1955 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Names of characters used in semi-fictional matter are fictitious—if the name of any living person is used it is purely a coincidence. Trademark No. 301778.

Stay as Sweet as you are



MAVIS
TALCUM

Irresistible you!

Men want to kiss the girl with Irresistible lips... made thrillingly lovely with creamy, Irresistible lipstick. Try it... and exotic Irresistible perfume—your invitation to romance!



When Great
Talents
Get
Together.....

**"It's
ALWAYS
FAIR
WEATHER"**



Gigantic, Gorgeous
Musical Sunburst in
CINEMASCOPE
and in **COLOR!**

FROM M-G-M

STARRING

GENE KELLY • DAN DAILEY
CYD CHARISSE • DOLORES GRAY
MICHAEL KIDD



Story and Screen Play by **BETTY COMDEN** and **ADOLPH GREEN**
Music by **ANDRÉ PREVIN** • Lyrics by **BETTY COMDEN** and **ADOLPH GREEN**
Photographed in **EASTMAN COLOR** • Directed by **GENE KELLY** and **STANLEY DONEN**
Produced by **ARTHUR FREED** • An M-G-M Picture



Antibiotics in Your Daily Life



by
William I.
Fishbein,
M. D.

The world hears a great deal of "miracle drugs" and most of them represent years of patient and diligent study in the laboratories and clinics.

For example, in 1931, Rene J. Dubos, then associated with the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, discovered tyrothricin. Tyrothricin is one of the most powerful of the antibiotics—stated simply, it is effective because it aids the defenses of the body in combatting harmful bacteria. The general use of tyrothricin has been delayed until research has definitely shown that it would cause no harmful effects or reactions. In the forefront of this research have been the pharmaceutical companies, and no company has been more zealous than McKesson & Robbins.

Tyrothricin is effective in preventing perspiration odor by inhibiting the growth of skin bacteria responsible for this condition—and this "magic" antibiotic is equally effective in skin infections, in sinus infections, for wounds, abscesses and burns, and for hemorrhoids or piles. Research also indicated the amount which may be used without causing sensitivity reactions, yet produce the maximum benefits.

Laboratory and clinical research has enabled McKesson and Robbins to announce a series of preparations for the specific uses outlined above. It is to their credit that they have not introduced them until they were convinced that excellent results would be obtained and that there would be no reactions. Tyrothricin used externally is not absorbed into the blood stream as are certain other antibiotics.

That is one reason why it is particularly suited for direct application to a localized spot of irritation or inflammation on the skin, nose or throat. McKesson and Robbins have developed special products for use on these portions of the body.

Look for these
McKesson Antibiotic Products
at Your Drug Store

NEO-AQUA-DRIN LOZENGES—for the relief of minor throat irritations.

NEO-AQUA-DRIN NOSE DROPS—for the relief of congestion due to head colds, sinus, etc.

UTOL—for relief of pimples and minor burns and skin abrasions.

POSITOS—ointment and suppositories for the relief of discomfort due to hemorrhoids.

**BORIC ACID
OINTMENT
AMMONIATED
MERCURY
OINTMENT**

**ICTHAMOL
OINTMENT
ZINC OXIDE
OINTMENT**

To Every Woman Who Has Suffered Underarm Burn, Rash...or Worse...

**NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME...
THE PROTECTION OF
A MIRACLE ANTIBIOTIC
IN A DEODORANT!**



Revolutionary antibiotic New Yodora stops perspiration odor—gives safer, longer-lasting protection. Its light, creamy base keeps sensitive underarm area softer, smoother, lovelier. And New Yodora never cakes—always stays fresh—delicately fragrant. No other deodorant ever promised better, safer, surer protection from perspiration odor.

New Yodora is unconditionally guaranteed by McKesson & Robbins.

Large Size **43¢** plus tax Economy Size **69¢** plus tax



**The First...the Only
Deodorant with
Miracle Antibiotic
Pertexol* for
Sensitive Skin!**

A McKESSON PRODUCT

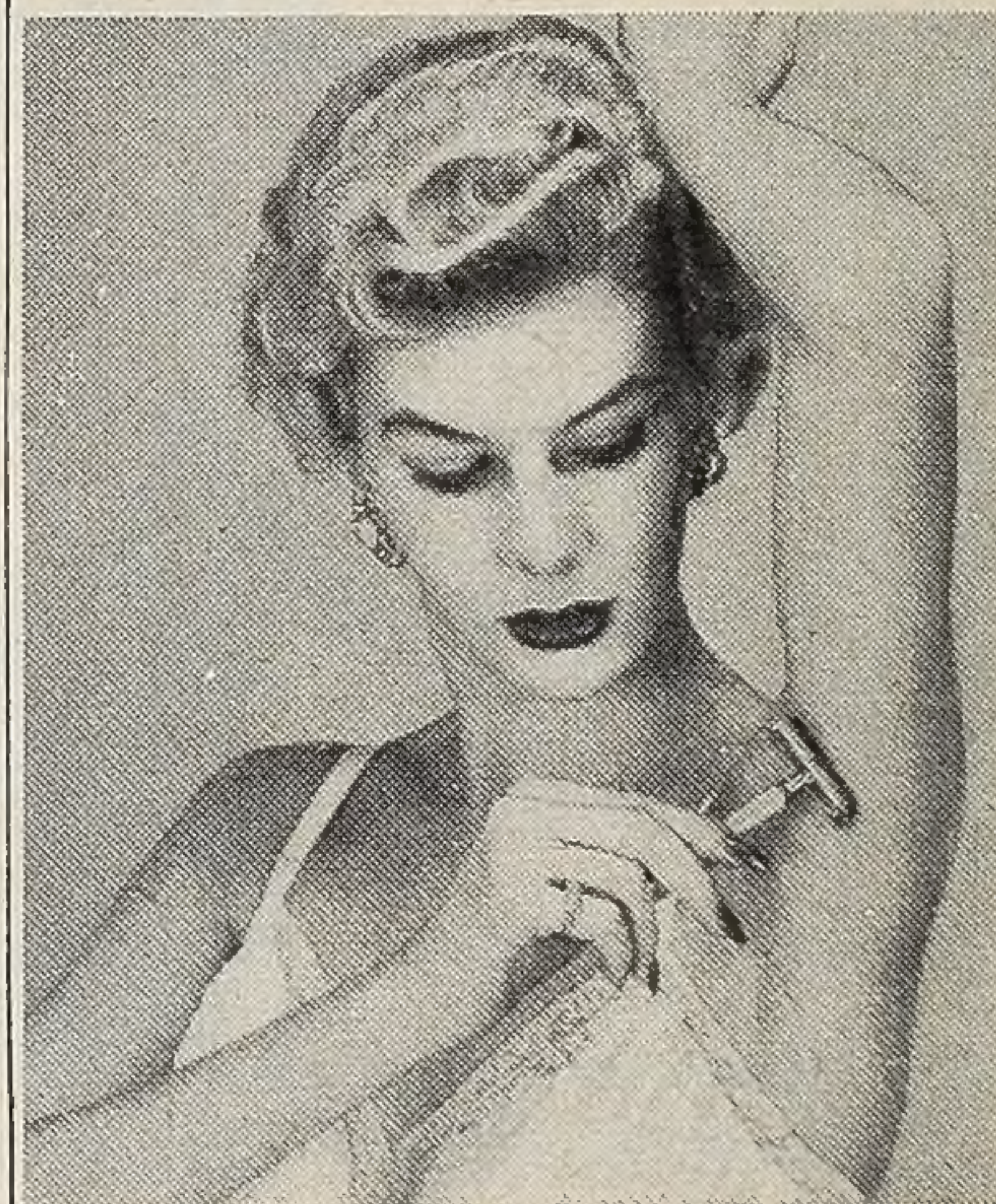
NEW YODORA

Scientific Facts About Harsh, Irritating Chemicals for Underarm Use

Laboratory tests show that these dangerous chemicals often invite trouble to sensitive underarm area. This is why you may have noticed redness, roughness of underarm skin.

Scientific Facts About Revolutionary New ANTIBIOTIC Yodora

Only New Yodora contains Pertexol*, the miracle antibiotic that combats bacteria responsible for skin irritations. New Yodora gives longer-lasting protection from perspiration odor because its exclusive antibiotic destroys odor-causing bacteria on contact. New Yodora is guaranteed not to contain harsh chemicals that irritate skin and chemically ruin your clothes.

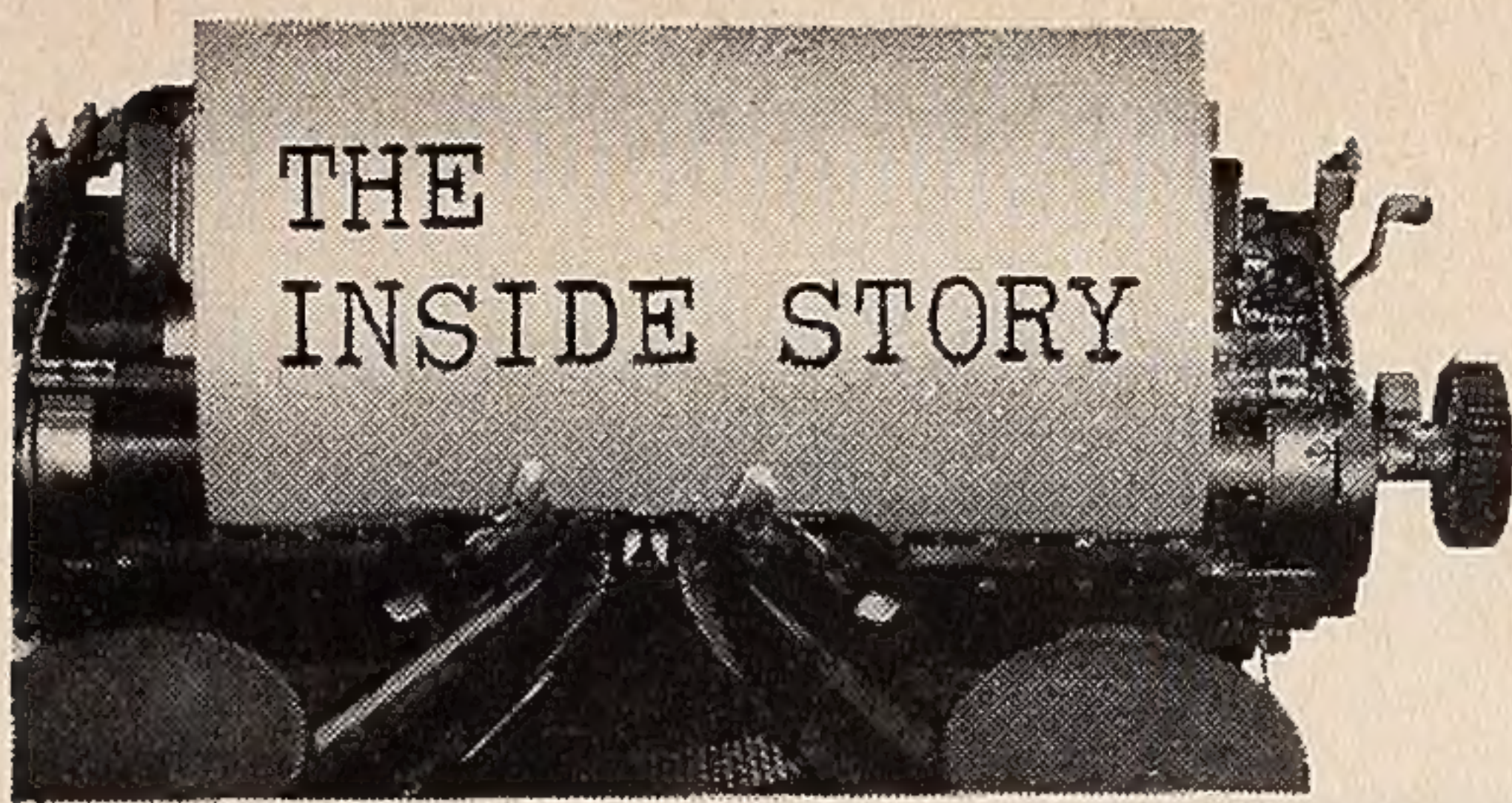


Imagine a Deodorant Recommended for Shaving!

New Yodora with antibiotic Pertexol* is so mild and gentle we can even recommend shaving with it. No other deodorant would dare suggest this!

1. Apply soft, antibiotic New Yodora—rub gently into skin.
2. Shave underarms with slow downward strokes.
3. Remove excess with tissue—smooth remainder well into skin.

That's all you need do to stop perspiration odor. Whether you shave or not, one application daily of New Yodora is the new, sure answer to your deodorant problem. *A brand of tyrothricin



MODERN SCREEN gives you the whole truth in answer to your questions.

Q. Is it true that Grace Kelly's father and brother recently did a job on the editor of a scandal magazine that put Grace in a bad light?

—N.O., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. True.

Q. Is it true that Clark Gable gave away the Oscar that he won for his performance in *It Happened One Night*?

—N.F.F., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. Gable gave it to the son of director Walter Lang.

Q. What is the true story about Fess Parker and his agent, Bill Barnes? Didn't these two have a big fight?

—C.L., DALLAS, TEXAS

A. No. When Parker transferred his allegiance to another agent, Charles Feldman, he saw to it that Barnes collected a percentage of his earnings.

Q. Joan Collins, the British actress now at 20th Century-Fox—she's going around with Sidney Chaplin, but doesn't she have a husband in England?

—D.L., LONDON, ENG.

A. Yes, but divorce proceedings are in the offing.

Q. Is it true that Ann Miller, like Jane Wyman, will shortly be a convert to Catholicism? —R.P., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Ann is currently taking instruction in the Catholic faith.

Q. Whatever happened to Claudette Colbert? Is she finished with motion pictures? —B.L., BOSTON, MASS.

A. She has just signed to do a Western.

Q. Isn't Bob Hope's wife furious at the comedian for taking so many trips?

—D.B., DENVER, COL.

A. After 23 years, Dolores Hope is reconciled to marriage with a globe-trotter.

Q. Is Gail Russell still in love with Guy Madison? I hear she is convalescing in a Culver City sanitarium.

—T.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Right on both counts.

Q. Can you tell me which movie star is responsible for the following quotation? "It is plain women who know about love. The beautiful women usually are

(Continued on page 18)

A MESSAGE TO MOVIE-GOERS ... OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE ...

1955 will be remembered as one of the great movie years!

There's never been such film fame—so much and so wonderful—in such a short space of time. As the year began your heart went all out for "The Country Girl" and sung the praises of "White Christmas." Then you cheered the roaring emotions and reeling thrills of "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" followed by the earth-and-high-heaven saga of our "Strategic Air Command" and the joyful jubilation of "The Seven Little Foys."

Yet the year is far from over—and the best is yet to come. Thanks to Paramount between now and Christmas you'll enjoy one long holiday of entertainment. Turn the page and see the treats in store for you right now. With more of the same to follow this year!

AND
THEY'RE
ALL
IN



*It's Dean and Jerry hiding from a mad
killer in — of all places — a girls' school.*



DEAN
MARTIN



JERRY
LEWIS

IN
**YOU'RE
NEVER TOO
YOUNG**

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**



with
RAYMOND BURR

Produced by Paul Jones
Directed by Norman Taurog
Screenplay by Sidney Sheldon
Suggested by a Play by Edward Childs Carpenter from a Story by Fannie Kilbourne
Songs — Music by Arthur Schwartz • Lyrics by Sammy Cahn • A Paramount Release

FREDERICK BRISSON
Presents

THE GIRL RUSH

Starring

ROSALIND RUSSELL • FERNANDO LAMAS

Also starring

Eddie Albert • Gloria De Haven

with

MARION LORNE • JAMES GLEASON

(Courtesy of MR. PEEPERS TV CO.)

Produced by

Directed by

Screenplay by

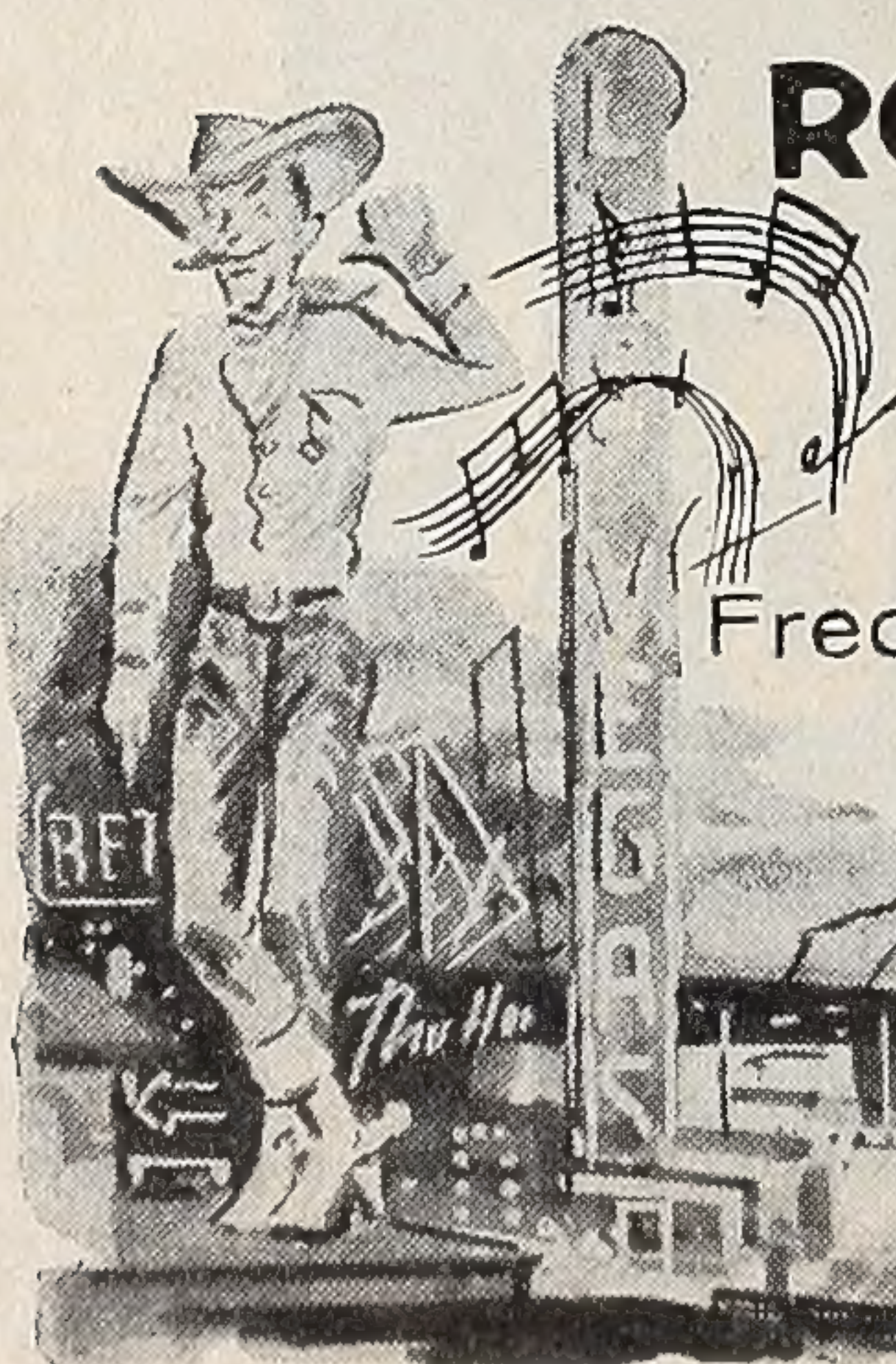
Frederick Brisson • Robert Pirosh • Robert Pirosh & Jerome Davis

Based on a Story by Phoebe and Henry Ephron • Songs by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane

Dances and Musical
Numbers Staged by

Robert Alton • A Paramount Picture

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**



Perfect in their parts! The screen's top two personalities clash and romance in a story of intrigue and intense suspense... filmed on the beautiful French Riviera.



CARY GRANT • GRACE KELLY

in
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
TO CATCH A THIEF

with JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS • JOHN WILLIAMS • Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

Screenplay by JOHN MICHAEL HAYES • Based on the novel by David Dodge • A Paramount Picture

Color by TECHNICOLOR

"HILLBILLY HEART"
"OUT OF DOORS"
"TAKE A CHANCE"
"DIM VIEW OF THE WEST"
"WE'RE ALONE"
"OCCASIONAL MAN"
"CHAMPAGNE"
"BIRMINGHAM"
"SO RIGHT FOR ME"

*It's lush, lavish, lusty, lyrical...
A wonderful musical story about that wonder
town — Las Vegas in wide-open Nevada.*



INTRODUCING NEW

PALMOLIVE *Soft* **SHAMPOO**

100% NON-ALKALINE!
Will not dry or devitalize hair!

*Agrees with the
Healthy, Natural,
Non-Alkaline Condition
of Scalp and Hair!*



*Lets Hair Behave
and Hold a Wave!*



*As Gentle and Mild
as a Shampoo can be!*



*Leaves More Luster!
More Natural Color!*



*Over Twice as much
for your money as other
Leading Shampoos!*



*Curls are Softer!
Easier to Set!
Stay Set Longer!*



SPECIAL OFFER
SO YOU'LL GET
ACQUAINTED FAST!

30¢ OFF
ON GIANT
12 OZ. SIZE

REGULAR PRICE 89¢

YOURS ONLY 59¢ WHILE OFFER HOLDS

We offer this big saving because we know—once you try PALMOLIVE SOFT SHAMPOO, you'll always use it. Tell your friends! Hurry! Regular 89¢ price (even that's a bargain) comes back when limited Special Offer supply is gone.

TODAY...GET NEW PALMOLIVE SOFT SHAMPOO!

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS **in hollywood**



IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
I'd like to spank . . .
Report from Istanbul
Don't cry, Terry
The letter box

Brando goes to a party (see page 10)

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

KATHRYN GRAYSON TALKING:

"The reason I was so insistent in denying all those ridiculous rumors that I was having a romance with this man and that one, is that I am adopting a little girl to be a sister to my Patty Kate.

"And later this year, I am adopting two boys!"

Me? I was so surprised when Kathryn told me this "in strictest confidence," I nearly fell over.

Now, don't think for a moment that I am violating her confidence. She said her plans would be known just about the time you are reading this.

"But Kathryn," I sputtered, "why should a young woman like you set about adopting a ready-made family when you'll probably marry again and have children of your own?"

This young lady, who knows her own mind, laughed, "I'm not so sure about that remarry-

Marlon Brando beat the drums (literally!) for *Guys And Dolls*!



The party for the cast and crew of *Guys And Dolls* was just wonderful. Gary and Rocky Cooper promptly went into a huddle with Marlon, talking about the places they'd been to in Europe. They're all three travel-bugs.



Sam Goldwyn is crazy about Marlon—gave him his first car while *Guys* was shooting.



Marlon's co-star, Vivian Blaine, brought husband Manny Frank—and a few weeks later, announced they were divorcing!



Brando headed for the bongos first chance he got. He's great on them—in fact, Modesto Duran, the Cuban drummer, said, "Why does he want to act? He could make a living on the skins!"

ing. And I want a full family while I can be a young mother.

"For some time I've worried about Patty Kate being an only child. Of course, she has plenty of cousins. But cousins aren't the same as brothers and sisters.

"I love big families—and I want my little girl to share the wonderful days of childhood with other children around her own age.

"It hasn't been the easiest thing in the world for me to arrange to adopt children. I am technically, or legally, a single woman. But I believe I have been so sincere in my desire to give a good home to three children who otherwise might not have one, that I have convinced the authorities that I will be a good mother.

"I was so worried when publicity started to break that I was dating millionaire Arthur Cameron—or any other millionaire or poor man. I met Mr. Cameron once, casually at a

cocktail party. I have not seen him since, and I've most certainly not dated him at romantic 'candle-lit, out-of-the-way cafes.'

"All I want from life right now is to have my family of four children—and to continue my singing and acting career in good health and God's blessing."

All I can add is, good for you, Kathryn—you're a wonderful and wise woman.

NANCY SINATRA has turned actress! Frankie's ex-wife and mother of his three children has never looked as pretty, trim and slim as she does these days, and for a long time a lot of people wondered why she didn't think of a career of her own.

But she turned a deaf ear to all suggestions until producer William Perlberg (Mrs. Perlberg is Nancy's closest friend) offered her the role of one of the nurses in *Magnificent Devils* with Deborah Kerr.

"I don't know yet whether I'm really an actress," Nancy laughed. "But I won't be long finding out. We're leaving for location in the Virgin Islands and while I haven't a big role, I do have a speaking part and a half dozen good scenes."

I couldn't help saying, "What's Frankie thinking about your turning actress? And the children?"

"Nancy, Jr., Tina and little Frankie think it's great—and when I mentioned it to their father, he just smiled and said, 'Well, how about that?'"

Oh, yes—in case you fans write in for Nancy's autograph, she's emoting under the name of Nancy Stevens—"So the initials are the same on my luggage," she laughs.

ROUGH SEASON FOR REDHEADS!

Susan Hayward started off the run of bad luck for the titian-haired beauties with the

Jack Benny fiddled ("Love In Bloom") for Noel Coward!



It was a happy reunion for Greer Garson and Noel Coward (friends from England) when they met at the lawn party for Noel.



I do think there's a new dignity about Charlton Heston since he played Moses in *Ten Commandments*—or maybe it's just fatherhood!



Two of the nicest couples, the Van Heflins and the Ronald Reagans, spent most of the afternoon together. The party, given by Frank Sennes, lasted all afternoon and evening and no one left early—not even Noel, who had to leave the next day for Las Vegas to open at The Desert Inn.



And here's Jack—fiddling. The hired quartet played Coward tunes until Jack walked in. Then—"Love In Bloom"—so he joined them!



I'd like to spank— DEAN AND JERRY

■ What's with these boys?

Does Sears fight with Roebuck? Does Hormel hate ham? That's how serious and ridiculous these headlined battles between Martin and Lewis are becoming. As a team, they have a potential earning power of \$100,000,000 over the next ten years. They are one of the greatest comedy teams ever to come along in show business.

So what do they do? They permit petty jealousies, plus some bad advice from their separate bootlickers, to bring them to the verge of an open split!

Dean says that Jerry made him "the heavy" by appearing solo at the Catskill preview of their new comedy, *You're Never Too Young*. The gossip was that Jerry, who started as a bus boy at Brown's Hotel there, was scheduled to get the entire spotlight.

Yet, there are many times in the past when Jerry has been "the heavy," resenting some extra honor, or added footage, coming Dean's way.

The sad part of all this is that the public is becoming disillusioned. It is hard to laugh at two clowns whom you know (from the morning newspapers) dislike one another.

I say make up, boys—it's later than you think!

At Brown's Hotel—without Dean—Jerry



In bus boy jacket, Jerry cleared tables—spilling the soup!



Judy Garland made the trek to Las Vegas to catch Mickey Rooney's act at the Riviera. And were they glad to see each other again! I remember when they were playing teenagers, co-starring in *Girl Crazy* and so many other musicals in the thirties and forties.



Guy Madison and his darling Sheila call their daughter "Wee Belle Hickok"—after guess who. Her real name is Bridget Catherine. This is her first picture, by the way.

laughed it up, but on the last evening, with real emotion, he thanked the press "for not asking about Dean"



"This," he said, "is every bus boy's dream!" And he dumped a tray of dishes!



Then he broke into mock sobs, swept it all up—and paid damages.

overdose-of-sleeping-pills unhappiness.

Then Will Price brought the most sensational charges against his former wife, Maureen O'Hara, charging that she is not a fit person to bring up their eleven-year-old daughter, Bronwyn, and asking for full custody of the little girl. This, heartbroken Maureen heatedly denied, but I'm afraid there's a long, bitter and messy fight ahead.

The third redhead, Rhonda Fleming, hit the headlines when she gave out an interview saying that she was asked to take a nude swim in a movie she made in Italy and also that she was so disgusted she walked off the set on one occasion.

This was when scenes were shot of semi-clad men and women making love around a Roman banquet table.

So irked were the Italian producers that they threatened suit against Rhonda unless she retracted her statements.

"I'm not taking back a thing!" snapped Miss Fleming who does not have that red hair for nothing, apparently.

SELDOM HAS A STAR returned to Hollywood more triumphantly than Deborah Kerr in her hit play, *Tea And Sympathy*. Her opening night was really a big event in movie circles.

Frank Sinatra, who was with Deborah in *From Here To Eternity*, was the first on his feet calling "Bravo" when she took her curtain calls.

Later, at the beautiful after-the-theatre sup-

per party given for Deborah and Tony Bartley by Bert Allenberg at Romanoff's, I saw Jean Simmons (in black, very chic but hot for such a warm night); Yul Brynner, the William Perlbergs (he's Deborah's next producer in the first film she's made in ages, *Magnificent Devils*); Donna Reed, in sheer, cool-looking green chiffon, and Virginia Grey living up to her name in an off-the-shoulder grey linen trimmed with pearls.

DICK HAYMES was a smash during his \$15,000-per-week singing engagement at the Dunes in Las Vegas, and everyone is glad for him that he and the Immigration Authorities have temporarily ceased fire.

But everyone wondered why he persistently introduced the beaming, happy beauty who sat ringside each night, only as "Mrs. Dick Haymes."

A FRIEND OF MINE asked Robert Taylor's press agent for an interview with Bob about his feelings on becoming a father for the first time.

"Oh, he can't do that," the p.a. said surprisingly. "If he talks to you about the baby he'll have to talk to everyone."

And, why not? Is that bad?

I'm sure there's nothing in the world Bob would rather talk about than the bouncing (really—seven pounds, eight ounces) baby boy named Terence born to him and Ursula Thiess, June 18th, just one day before Father's Day!

Bob has been such a devoted father to Ursula's two children, a boy and a girl, by a previous marriage. And, knowing him—I know he is bustin' his buttons with pride over a son of his own.

Certainly, even his press agent can't really believe that becoming the father of a son would make Bob less attractive to his army of swooning femme fans.

Any such idea is old hat, dating back to the days when Francis X. Bushman kept his family of seven a big secret.

LADY JOURNALISTS, homegrown and imported, seem to be picking off all our top male stars.

Tyrone Power is the latest to fall for a honey from the press—pretty Mary Roblee, who writes articles for one of our leading style magazines. They met when Mary went to interview him in New York while he was doing *The Dark Is Light Enough*, and when Ty went to London for a short vacation, who should pop up there, too, but—you guessed it—Miss Roblee.

Bing Crosby played host to the cutest bit of writing femininity you ever saw, Ghislain du Bossay, when the Paris fashion magazine scribe made a flying trip to Hollywood. Ghislain used to be a model in gay Paree before she turned writer. (She looks something like a French June Allyson.) Methinks Bing likes her very much! What do you bet the real reason for his trip to Paris turns out to be Ghislain? *Si bon!*

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



The Crosbys certainly keep success in the family. Bob's daughter Cathy and Bing's son Gary rehearsed together for Bob's TV show. Cathy just returned from school abroad.



Margaret O'Brien looked radiant when she got her high school diploma from University High. And the day after she graduated, 18-year-old Maggie went out and posed for her first cheesecake! (Very cute, too!)



Joan Collins (didn't I tell you you'd be seeing more of her?) came to the preview of Land Of The Pharaohs with Sidney Chaplin, who's also in it. They date quite steadily now that Joan is getting a divorce.

Wonderful Ava Gardner took time out from her globe-trotting—and romancing—to visit the American Air Divi-



Veronique Passani has Gregory Peck completely under control, to the point where everyone is convinced that they will marry when he is free. As you know, Veronique is a former reporter on a French weekly news magazine.

If this weren't enough, Anne Buydens (another fair press woman from France) and Kirk Douglas are already expecting!

Girls, if you want to marry a movie star, seems you have to be a newspaper woman!

THE HEIGHT OF BAD TASTE: The sign in the window in a Paris art store exhibiting an oil painting of Josanne Berenger (supposed fiancée of Marlon Brando) lounging on a scarlet couch in the nude. The sign reads: *Will Marlon Buy?*

METHINKS MARISA PAVAN (Pier Angeli's twin) and good-looking Richard Egan (this boy is zooming to the top in 20th pictures) are far more serious than they're letting on.

Several times in the past, Dick has been rumored romantically involved. But he is very religious and many of his so-called past "loves" have been divorced or not of his faith.

But, Marisa is of his same religion, she has never been married, and—well, we'll wait and see if these two don't mean it.

YOU'LL NEVER get me to think Ann Blyth was exaggerating one bit when she said she hoped she and Dr. Jim (McNulty) had ten children.

While they still have a way to go, the McNultys are expecting Baby Number Two early in '56 and *Kismet* is the last picture lovely Ann will make until after the little stranger makes his (her?) debut.

I said when Ann and Jim were married and I'll say again, if there are any couples more devoted and happily married than the McNulty's, they're blessed, indeed.

I'M JUST SETTLING DOWN from that most fantastic trip to Istanbul, the Holy Land, Cairo, Rome and Madrid which started out with the junket to Istanbul for the opening of the Istanbul-Hilton Hotel and continued as my long-needed vacation.

First, I want to tell you MODERN SCREEN fans, and editor Chuck Saxon, something really thrilling. Imagine my surprise to see

sion hospital at South Rinslip, England



DON'T CRY, TERRY— Everybody's looking

■ Believe me, there's nobody who can get into more jams innocently or intentionally, than Terry Moore—a gal who, with many other Hollywood celebrities, made a trip to Istanbul on the junket for the opening of the Istanbul-Hilton Hotel.

Who steals all the headlines? Our girl, Terry.

The first thing that happens is that she gets herself photographed in a gorgeous Balmain gown—but with so much of her—er, *limbs*—exposed that she bursts into tears when the picture is printed. (Couldn't she feel a draft???)

The second incident to feature Miss Terry is that she sips a bit of punch that has been spiked with something stronger than grapejuice. "I'm a Mormon! I thought I could trust these Moslems!" wails Terry—in a feature story, of course.

The third attention-getting antic on the part of Miss Moore was posing for pictures in the bath of a Sultan—fully clothed—(Terry, not the Sultan) which is considered bad taste by the Turks.

But let me say again, for a girl who can't win—she sure gets all the publicity!

With all her public weeping it's my private opinion that Terry may have also done a little weeping over the fact that her favorite boyfriend (before she left Hollywood), Nicky Hilton, seemed to be finding Mona Freeman most attractive.



the letter box

CAROLINA WEIR, DETROIT, asks: "I understand Ruth Etting is still alive. What does she think of Doris Day's portrayal of her in *Love Me Or Leave Me*?" So far as I know, Carolina, Ruth has made no public comment. But she was well paid for the story rights, as was Moe, the Gimp, by MGM.

"Is it true that Janet Leigh is a much more mature person than Tony Curtis and that his boyish fads and hobbies get her down?" is the surprising query from MRS. ROBERT DENNIS, FORT WORTH. I've never heard Janet say any such thing, Mrs. D. But aren't most wives a bit more mature and understanding than men who often can be "little boys" even after they become good husbands?

From SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA, TONY O'BRIEN, writes: "I saw 'sneak' of *Not As A Stranger* and Frank Sinatra steals it!" Take a bow, Frankie.

"Do you have any favorites among glamour girls?" VIVIAN MCTAVISH wants to know. I wouldn't tell if I did, honey chile.

"I say Joan Crawford was a star before Barbara Stanwyck. My friend says vice versa," queries "DOLLY" of DAYTON. I believe Barbara was a star before Joan, Dolly, although they started in Hollywood around the same time.



"No wonder Mario Lanza has his discouraged moments, what with columnists 'betting' he never finishes *Serenade* at Warners (not I!) and most people seemingly holding a downbeat thought about him," MARIA THORNDIKE explodes via airmail from PHILADELPHIA, "If Mario can just realize that many of us are holding constructive thoughts about him, he'll be all right!" Mario, attention!



Poor Little Liz. She started to do some glamour photos on the set of *Giant*—and her feet kicked up a fuss! So down plopped Miss Taylor, like any hard-working girl—and got caught most unglamorously. But it's not so bad—having Rock Hudson massage your feet, hey, girls?

MODERN SCREEN prominently displayed on newsstands in both Istanbul and Beirut!

When I was interviewed by newspapermen in both spots, they said to me, "We know you quite well, Miss Parsons, through your articles in MODERN SCREEN!" Pretty nice?

As you know—a gay group of us planed out of New York in early June, the party including Irene Dunne, Mona Freeman, Diana Lynn, Merle Oberon, Jinx Falkenburg, Sonja Henie, Ann Miller, Keefe Brasselle, Nicky Hilton and many star newspaper reporters. Terry Moore joined us. (See full comment on Terry in this department.)

To report every detail would fill this issue of the magazine, but here are some of the highlights:

Sonja Henie was our most bejewelled traveler—although even Sonja gasped at the magnificent display of gorgeous gems we saw in the palaces and in the bazaars.

Irene Dunne was like an ambassadoress everywhere we went. Frankly, Irene and I

were pretty pleased that we learned speeches in Turkish and spoke our pieces at a press reception before we left Istanbul.

The hardest worker was Ann Miller. This girl has the disposition of an angel, nothing is too much trouble for her. Ann was met almost everywhere by MGM representatives, most of whom hauled her away to make personal appearances with *Kiss Me Kate*, very popular over there.

Young Ed Pauley, Jr., son of the oil tycoon, really flipped for Diana Lynn. So many fans asked Diana to play the piano, an accomplishment she hasn't performed on the screen in ages! I guess a Turk never forgets!

The wives of the dignitaries seldom took their eyes off Merle Oberon—that's how well dressed she was.

From time to time, I'll have more to tell you about Rome—where I caught up with Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer—but I'm saving some good things for next month.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

HIS BIG NEW ROLE!

JACK WEBB AS PETE KELLY

He's a jazz-man of
the wide-open 20's
caught in the gun-roar
of its blazing .38's!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

PETE KELLY'S BLUES

WRITTEN BY
RICHARD L. BREEN

STARRING

JANET LEIGH
EDMOND O'BRIEN
PEGGY LEE



ALSO STARRING

ANDY DEVINE LEE MARVIN ELLA FITZGERALD ★ CINEMASCOPE

WARNERCOLOR
STEREOPHONIC SOUND



A MARK VII LTD. PRODUCTION DIRECTED BY JACK WEBB PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR





How to cope with a wolfish stranger?

- ☐ Konk him ☐ Outwit him ☐ Get off the train

You're the perfect lady you were brought up to be—but to Fang Boy you're just another morsel of smooch-bait. How to escape his clutches? (Got a bumbershoot handy?) There's a simpler way than denting his so-called brain. *Outwit him*—by asking

another male passenger to exchange seats with you. It's a perfect squelch. Fail-proof! Ever try to outwit *calendar* problems, too? You can, by choosing Kotex*, and getting the safety—the *non-fail absorbency* you need for perfect confidence.



To snare a Man of Letters, should you speak—

- ☐ First ☐ His language ☐ With an accent

So you don't know a dribble from a drop kick, hey? Better start discovering the sports page, if you want the letter-sweater lad to get your message. Learn to talk boy language—about football, basketball, track. See what an ice breaker it can be. And don't be a *date* breaker, at "that" time! Go to the games in comfort—with Kotex and the chafe-free softness that *holds its shape*!



Which does most for your social rating?

- ☐ Your gloves ☐ High heels ☐ Your hat

You'd prove you're part of the "grown up" world? Wearing a chapeau adds to a gal's social stature. Forsake the bareheaded or peasant (babushka) look. A hat's vital to your outfit—for church, club or school ceremonies; job hunting, travel. To add poise on certain days, let Kotex and those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. Try all 3 sizes: Regular, Junior, Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Free booklet! Want hints on dating, etiquette, grooming, fashions? Send for fascinating free booklet "Are You In The Know?" Gives poise-pointers selected from "Are You In The Know?" advertisements. Write P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 1095, Chicago 54, Illinois.



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

inside story

(Continued from page 5)

too busy being fascinating."

—C.L., AKRON, OHIO

A. Katharine Hepburn.

Q. Is it true that June Haver has definitely retired from the movies?

—D.L., XAVIER, KAN.

A. Just about, unless she receives an offer she can't refuse.

Q. I hear tell that when David Schine came to Hollywood he had to phone the MODERN SCREEN office in order to get Piper Laurie's telephone number. Is this true? —E.L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. True.

Q. Is the Franchot Tone-Zsa Zsa Gabor thing real or publicity?

—Y.G., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. A passing fancy for both.

Q. I understand that Bob Stack, one of the richest and most eligible bachelors in Hollywood, will soon be married. To whom? —B.G., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Stack has been keeping company with Rosemarie Bowe.

Q. Can you give me the full details of the Rhonda Fleming-Jeff Chandler friendship? —D.L., ANAHEIM, CAL.

A. Just friends, that's all.

Q. Is Shelley Winters under the care of a doctor? —J.R., ASBURY PARK, N. J.

A. Miss Winters has been in analysis for two years.

Q. I hear that crooner Johnnie Ray is publicity-crazy, that he staged those clothes-tearing pictures in Australia. Is this rumor true?

—H.D., DETROIT, MICH.

A. Ray likes to see his name in the papers.

Q. Hasn't Jimmy Durante been secretly married all these years to Margie Little? —T.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. No.

Q. Isn't the Cary Grant-Betsy Drake marriage tottering?

—G.L., NEW ORLEANS, CAL.

A. No.

Q. Is Clark Gable really the highest paid actor in Hollywood?

—V.L., NEWARK, N. J.

A. No. Gable gets ten per cent of the gross of his pictures. Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant and many others have similar deals.

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

*She was Han Suyin, the fascinating Eurasian...
He was Mark Elliot, the American correspondent...*

*A love
that defied
5000 years
of tradition!*



The price they pay when they come out of their secret garden and face the world in modern-day Hong Kong—makes this one of the screen's unforgettable experiences.

20th Century-Fox captures all the beauty and rapture of Han Suyin's true best-seller.

William Holden • Jennifer Jones
Love is a Many-Splendored Thing

with TORIN
THATCHER

CINEMASCOPE®

COLOR by
DE LUXE

PRODUCED BY
BUDDY ADLER • HENRY KING • JOHN PATRICK

DIRECTED BY

SCREEN PLAY BY

**Amazing
stick deodorant!**



**keeps
skin
and clothes
safe
from
acid-damage!**

The remarkable non-acid formula of Tussy Stick Déodorant stops odor instantly...without acid damage to underarms and fabrics!

It's neat-to-use, has convenient push-up container. Cools hot underarms as it stops odor with wonder-working hexachlorophene! Yet, unlike other deodorants with acid-action, Tussy's amazing *non-acid* formula won't irritate normal skin!

Keeps even the most delicate fabrics safe from acid-damage! \$1 plus tax



TUSSY
stick deodorant

BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

music from hollywood

ALL THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT STARS, DISCS AND D-J'S FROM HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC WORLD.



In Paramount's hilarious new Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis comedy *You're Never Too Young*, school teacher Diana Lynn tries to explain about the birds and the bees to Jerry Lewis, who masquerades as an eleven-year-old boy. "It's hard to explain," Diana begins awkwardly. "You see—well, some people are born boys and some are born girls." "I'm glad," Lewis beams. "It works out a lot better for dancing." There's always something happening at the lot when Martin and Lewis make a picture. Despite any personal difficulties they may have, there's a steady stream of gags and kidding between the boys. Dean Martin recently purchased a new Ford Thunderbird sports car. When someone asked him how he liked it, he replied, "Oh, it's all right. It keeps me off the streets." Jerry Lewis standing by cried out: "And he calls *me* an idiot." Records in release from this score are: Dean Martin on Capitol's "Love Is All That Matters" backed with "Simpatico." Alan Dean on MGM's "Love Is All That Matters." The Mascots on MGM's label with "Relax-Ay-Voo." Dean Martin and Line Renaud vocal duo on Capitol's "Relax-Ay-Voo" backed with Dean doing a single called "I Know Your Mother Loves You." Guy Lombardo on Decca does "Simpatico."

Benny Goodman had been approached many times by movie companies wanting to film his life story. It wasn't until he saw how Universal treated the life story of the great Glenn Miller that he consented to having his life re-lived on celluloid. Universal convinced him that they would portray Mr. American Jazz in the same style accorded to Miller. On his part, Benny agreed to appear as himself in a special prologue to the picture and in the final fadeout in the film, in each case leading a combo. Steve Allen, popular radio and tv personality, has been signed to play Goodman in the film. Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson and others will play themselves. Steve Allen's cast on the NBC-TV *Tonight* show have much cause for rejoicing, as they get to spend the summer in sunny California. While their boss is emoting in front of the cameras, Eydie Gorme, Steve Lawrence and the rest will be lapping up the surf and the sun. Steve's Coral album "Music From Tonight" is fast becoming a favorite with mood disc collectors.



The Second Greatest Sex, based on American folklore, is one of Universal's biggest musicals for the year. It stars Jeanne Crain and George Nader and has Kitty Kallen, petite brunette recording star, making her film debut. Kitty sings four songs in the film—among them the title song. As a recording star, Kitty sold four million records. Her biggest record to date, "Little Things Mean A Lot," hit 1,800,000. Wherever she goes, Kitty takes her six-year-old son Johnny along. Kitty and her husband Bud Granoff try to make a home-away-from-home for Johnny, who seems likely to wind up in show business. He's already broken into Kitty's theatre appearances. He comes strutting on-stage when Mom sings "When The Saints Come Marching In." He takes this so seriously that once when time ran short and this bit, had to be cut out, Johnny pouted for a full day.

For the first time in his career, Bob Hope is playing somebody other than himself in his latest Paramount movie, *The Seven Little Foys*. What's more, he's happy about it. The comedian is playing Eddie Foy, the famed late vaudevillian. It's Hope's first biographical role and he's as faithful to the character as possible. "Bob sings, dances, talks and even looks like the old man," explains Charley Foy, technical adviser and one of the original seven little Foys. "He does such a good job that I get goose pimples whenever I see any part of the picture." Hope said "I agreed to do the film on the condition that I be Foy and not Hope. I really act for the first time in my life. I never worried about characterization in my past pictures but I do in this one." RCA Victor will release a sound-track album of the entire picture. Woody Herman does the "Love Theme From *The Seven Little* (Continued on page 79)



Now...no more nightly pin-ups!

**in 5 extra seconds set pin-curls
that last twice as long!**



Just pin and spray for curls that stay! No dabbing, no spilly chemicals, no lacquer!

Who wants to pin up curls every night? Not you! But you *do* want soft, cared-for curls—all the time! And now you can have them *without* nightly pin-ups, *without* fuss or muss... thanks to new Revlon 'Satin-Set'! It takes just *five extra seconds*... gives

you soft, shining pin-curls that last for days!

New 'Satin-Set' keeps hair in place, too, *without lacquer*... lets you renew waves with a damp comb! It's *good* to hair (even little girls' curls) because it contains Lano-lite! Do buy 'Satin-Set' today!

NEW

Revlon 'SATIN-SET'

IT'S THE ONE AND ONLY PIN-CURL SPRAY-SET!



Generous Size 135* Economy Size 200*
*plus tax

© 1955, REVLON PRODUCTS CORP.

SHE KNEW WHAT

HE WAS...!

and she was afraid!

...yet even in her terror every fiber of her being cried out for his love!

Universal-International presents

JOAN CRAWFORD

JEFF CHANDLER

Female on the Beach



CO STARRING

JAN STERLING



with CECIL KELLAWAY • CHARLES DRAKE • JUDITH EVELYN • NATALIE SCHAFER

Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Screenplay by ROBERT HILL and RICHARD ALAN SIMMONS • Produced by ALBERT ZUGSMITH

TV TALK

Hal March has finally hit the big time—and the big money—in tv. As you know, after a few seasons of doing *The Soldiers* in short spots with **Tom D'Andrea**, he got the coveted co-star role with **Imogene Coca** on her new show. The show itself was not an unqualified success, but Hal was. His acting was so good that, on the strength of it, he won the M.C. job on *The \$64,000 Question*—a little assignment that grosses him more than twice \$64,000 a year! . . . **Steve Allen** has a cute gimmick on his matchbook covers: His name is printed on one side; on the other there's an eye chart just like the ones in doctors' offices. It's appropriate for Steve, too; he isn't kidding when he says he can't see without his glasses. . . . *I Love Lucy* has done more than amuse millions of Americans, make millions for **Lucille Ball** and **Desi Arnaz**, and save the Arnaz marriage (it *was* on the rocks before they started working on tv together). It has also made a new woman of **Vivian Vance**. After many years of suffering from a feeling of deep insecurity, she is now a happy woman. For the first time in her life she feels secure and she'd be happy to keep on playing Ethel Mertz forever. She has not one iota of desire to branch out and star in a show of her own. She loves the fact that she has no responsibilities on *Lucy*; that, to her, is the perfect set-up. Plus the fact, of course, that she and Lucy couldn't be more compatible or have more fun together—on the set and at their homes. . . . **Buff Cobb** and **Mike Wallace** have split up as a business team since their marriage went on the rocks, but both of them are just as active as ever. Buff, to some people's surprise, is acting very much like the business woman these days. She's formed a film-producing corporation to make a tv series based on one of the characters created by her grandfather, **Irvin S. Cobb**. Mike, whose interest in the theatre grows every day, is busy getting ready to produce a play in the fall. He acquitted himself very nicely, you know, last year when he played the romantic lead in *Reclining Figure* (produced by **Arlene Francis's** husband). Now he'll try being the boss of a big Broadway production. **Dorothy Kilgallen's** husband **Dick Kollmar** did it successfully with *Plain And Fancy* this year; maybe Mike can, too . . . Did you notice, before it left the air, how *My Favorite Husband* wasn't as charming as it used to be? Or was it just our imagination, knowing as we did that **Joan Caulfield** and **Barry Nelson** were at sword's point all the time? . . . Can you think of a more unlikely combination than **Audrey Meadows** and **Phil Silvers**? Yet they're great friends . . . **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer**, by the way, are spending part of the summer entertaining Mel's two children by his second wife . . . **Jinx Falkenburg** and **Faye Emerson** are doing fine with their respective weight problems. Jinx, you know, had gotten so thin and wan. She's blooming again—never looked lovelier. Faye, on the other hand, had gained so much weight that people who saw her on the street weren't always sure it *was* Faye. In preparation for her fall play, however, she really went on a diet—no easy chore for Faye—and the results are encouraging. She and **Skitch Henderson** have sold their Connecticut house and their small New York apartment and exchanged them for one city town house. The living room is most dramatic—severe black and white, with a huge picture by Salvador Dali over the couch.

...You won't hide your Towle under a bushel



TOWLE'S FRENCH PROVINCIAL

TOWLE'S ROSE SOLITAIRE

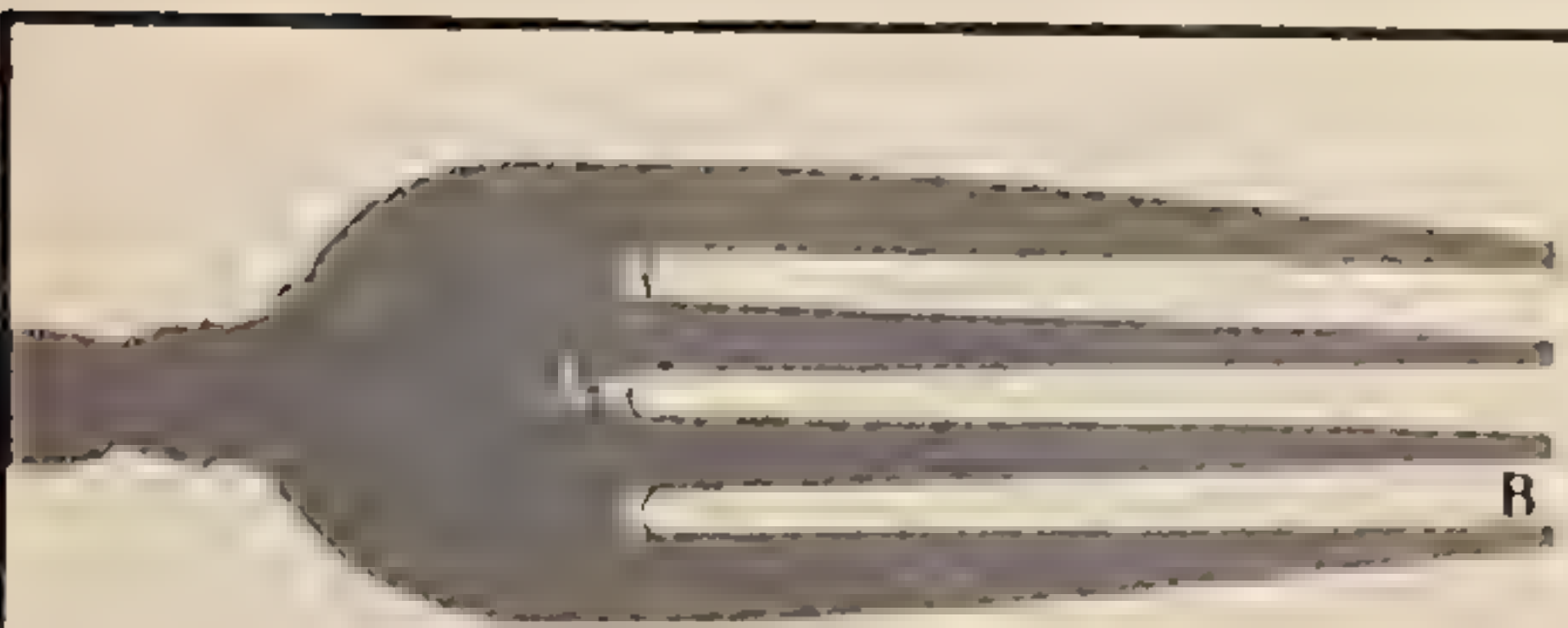
TOWLE'S CANDLELIGHT

TOWLE'S SOUTHWIND

TOWLE'S MADEIRA

IT'S MADE TO BE USED. The New England craftsmen who create Towle Sterling make it to be *practical* as well as *beautiful*. They bring to Towle a host of little refinements in design—of extra steps in manufacturing—all aimed at giving you sterling that needs no pampering—that will make *every* meal a festive oc-

casion—yet will bring to festive occasions a richer, warmer, distinctively sterling glow that is Towle's alone. There is a fine store near you where you can see first hand some of the many Towle Touches that distinguish this fine sterling. 6-piece place settings are priced from \$29.75.



Two practical Towle Touches on fork tines make washing, cleaning easier. (A.) A tiny notch between tines on most Towle forks reduces surface of that hard-to-clean area at tine base. (B.) Extra hand polishing inside of tines creates ultra-smooth surface to which food can't cling.

(CUTAWAY OF TOWLE'S OLD MASTER KNIFE HANDLE)



Another Towle Touch that makes your Towle Sterling more usable. Towle uses *solid metal* (not cement or rosin) to seal knife blade to handle *permanently*, the best way to insure you against loose blades, rattles in the handle. And, of course, Towle knives are watertight, airtight, sanitary.

The Towle Touch

...means sterling craftsmanship at its best...a direct heritage of silversmithing that dates from 1690. The Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts.

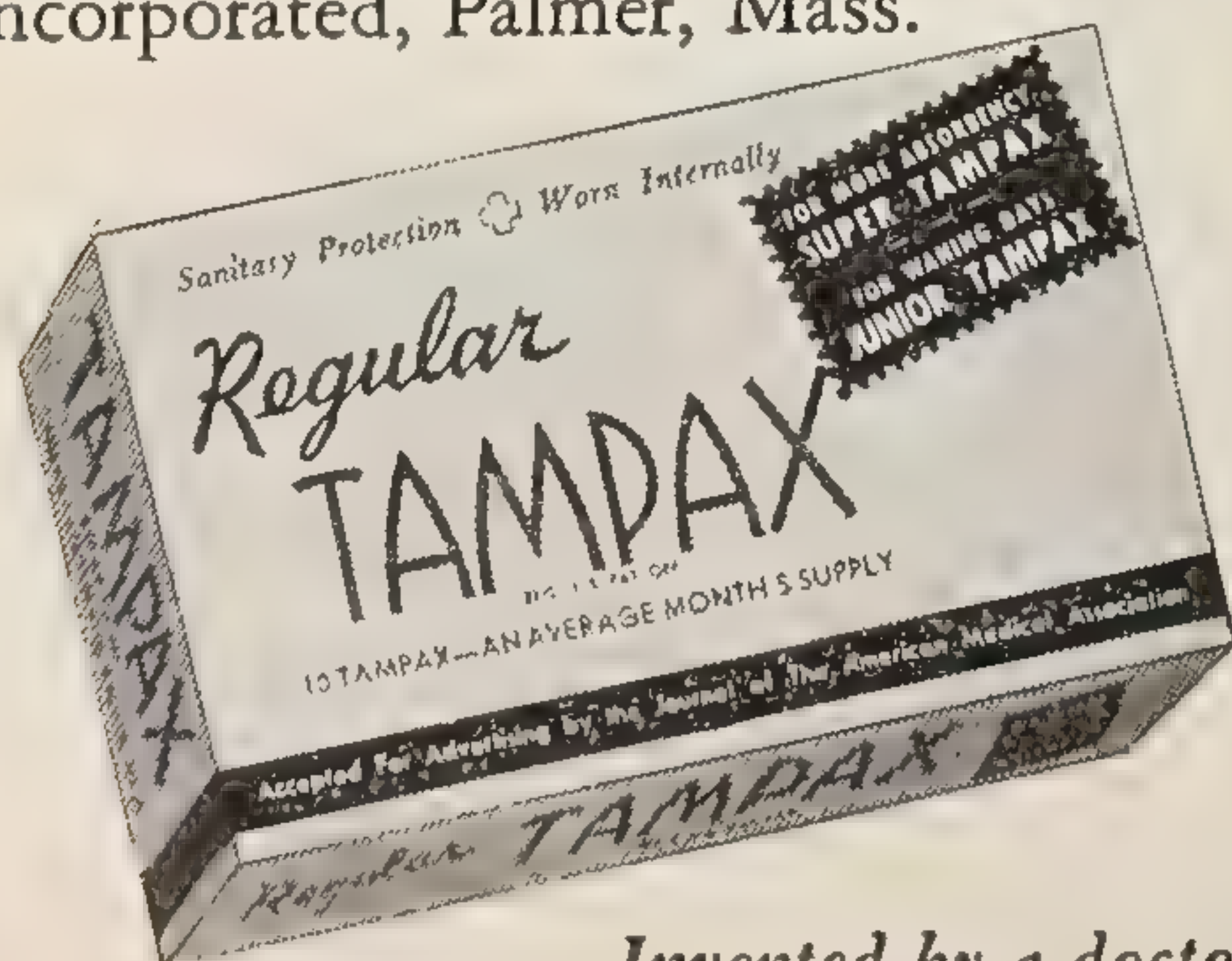


When you live out of a suitcase... take Tampax along

Whether you're an all-Summer traveler, a week-end wanderer or a two-weeks-vacation girl, *always tuck Tampax in your suitcase*. It takes up so little space and does so much for you! Instead of adding to the nuisance of "those days" with a belt and 2 pins and a pad, you wear cool, comfortable, internal protection that won't chafe, won't irritate, won't "show."

As a guest and as a woman, you're much more at ease with Tampax... no disposal problems, you know. Then, too, you feel daintier, more fastidious, more your own charming self with Tampax... it positively prevents odor from forming! When you're meeting new people, making new friends, isn't that important?

Best of all, you can go swimming while wearing Tampax... it never has a telltale outline under a wet or dry bathing suit. (You can also wear Tampax in your tub or shower; it's completely protective.) Tampax really can help make it a wonderful Summer for you... get your supply now at any drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy size gives average 4-months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



*Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women*

**WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH**

FOR SHIVERS

To Hell And Back
The Scarlet Coat
The Night Holds Terror
Female On The Beach

FOR LAUGHS

My Sister Eileen
The Seven Year Itch
Private War Of Major Benson
Special Delivery

FOR SPECTACLE

Land of the Pharaohs

FOR LOVE

Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing
Soldier Of Fortune

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



***PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** Ruth and her sister Eileen are assured by a Greenwich Village landlord that "the proper atmosphere (for arty career girls) is absolutely, positively necessary."

*MY SISTER EILEEN

A merry, mirthful musical

■ If it isn't the best musical of the year, show me another. *My Sister Eileen* is sheer delight from the moment Betty Garrett and Janet Leigh (Eileen) stumble into a Greenwich Village basement apartment all set to conquer New York, to the moment they conquer a couple of men. And the choreography is terrific (especially in a dance number Robert Fosse and Tommy Rall do out in the alley of a Broadway theatre). To get back to the script. Janet's the beauty: Betty's the wit. Janet impresses almost everyone (male). Betty knows it, feels it but is too nice to come right out and resent it. Anyway, she wants to be a writer and there's a dashing young editor (Jack Lemmon) of an even more dashing magazine who seems interested, although he also seems interested in luring such budding writers to his dashing apartment. Many odd and delightful characters involve themselves in the girls' lives, including Kurt Kasznar (the landlord), Richard York (unemployed wrestler) and Lucy Marlow (his girl). At one point, what seems like the entire Brazilian navy chases Betty all the way from dockside into her apartment and there performs a spirited Conga. A lot of daffy things happen in this film, which was originally a book, then a straight comedy, and most recently a musical hit on Broadway. It has never lost its charm, and this Technicolor version just bubbles. CinemaScope—Col.

TO HELL AND BACK

Saga of a war hero

■ As you probably know, Audie Murphy is the most decorated soldier in the whole history of America. He was eighteen and weighed 112 pounds when he joined

the army. A couple of years later (1945) he was discharged, twenty-four decorations weighing him down. With typical modesty he has always claimed that those decorations belong to Company B, 15th Infantry Regiment, Third Division, Seventh Army, the unit in which he served during the war. *To Hell And Back*, Audie's autobiography, tells of those men and traces Audie's career from his childhood days in Texas to his incredible feats of bravery on the battlefield. "It's a lousy book," Audie once said, "because it was a lousy war." Nevertheless, the movie, like the book, is an exciting experience. It is also a magnificent tribute to Audie, who truly deserves it. From North Africa to Sicily, to Naples, Anzio and southern France, Audie was an astonishing and heroic figure, loved by and loving his buddies (some of whom are played by Marshall Thompson, Charles Drake, Jack Kelly, Richard Castle). *To Hell And Back* shows the stuff this hero's made of. CinemaScope—U.I.

THE SCARLET COAT

Dashing early American history

■ For anyone who isn't exactly sure what made Benedict Arnold a traitor here is a movie that will set you straight. Benedict Arnold came recommended by General George Washington himself, but he rubbed shoulders with so many gentlemanly Englishmen he switched horses in mid-stream, or loyalties in mid-battle. Here's his whole command (American) up around the Hudson River, pitifully struggling to hold back the British, and there's General Arnold sending coded messages, riders, flares and what not to as many redcoats as he can contact. If it weren't for Cornel Wilde we might have lost the whole darn war! Wilde's so clever he convinces redcoat Major Andre (Continued on page 74)



These hands went through a revealing experiment. They were both soaked in detergents but only the right hand was treated with Jergens Lotion. Look at the difference! *This is an unretouched photograph.*

Here's Proof: Jergens Lotion stops "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Even if you use detergents every day, your hands can be soft and pretty. 447 women recently proved it!

Under supervision they soaked both hands in a popular everyday detergent, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens was smoothed on right hands *alone*.

In 3 or 4 days the difference was unmistakable. Untreated hands were roughened and reddened; in extreme cases, even

raw-looking. Hands treated with Jergens Lotion were beautifully smooth and soft!

The women were delighted to find such a pleasant, easy way to guard against "Detergent Hands." Of all the lotions tested this way, not *one* other proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. And Jergens is *never* sticky or greasy!

This wonderful hand care has been steadily improved for 50 years. It keeps your hands smooth in all weather, even if they're constantly in and out of water.

Buy Jergens today. It's heavier and creamier with a pleasing new fragrance. It still costs only 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"



*NOTICE to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.

Hollywood's favorite
**Lustre-Creme
 Shampoo...**



Yes, Ann Blyth uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

**Never Dries—
 it Beautifies!**



Ann Blyth

co-starring in **THE KING'S THIEF**

An M-G-M Production.

In CinemaScope. In Color.

Jerry do you remember...



■ Do you remember the year 1946 in Atlantic City? You told the manager of Club 500 that you had a friend who was a singer, also a riot. He said he'd give you a chance and you and your friend stayed up till dawn putting an act together. By showtime you'd thrown the script away; you didn't need it. From midnight to 6 A.M. everybody in the place got sick from laughing and by morning you and Dean were a team. Pretty soon you were one of the greatest teams in the history of show business. Do you remember how it felt back then. . . ? It wasn't only money, it wasn't only fantastic success that had you spinning, it was something you'd been looking for all your life with the part of you that had nothing to do with show business. You've said it yourself many times. "Dean's like my brother. He's all the friends I never had when I was young . . ."

Jerry, do you remember 1952 in Minneapolis? You hit the floor the wrong way in one of your acrobatic bits and they rushed you to a hospital. The theatre manager decided to close shop for the night, but Dean said he'd go on, sing a few songs. He got a big hand when he stepped into the spotlight, but halfway through the song his voice broke. There were tears in his eyes as he ran off stage. Did anyone ever tell you the way he cried when the doctor said you'd be okay. . . ? Maybe no one had to tell you. "I know Dean so well," you used to say, "I can see him coming three blocks off, and can tell if he's feeling lousy by the way he walks." What was important enough to break up a team like that? Maybe you don't want to face it; maybe you both figure you can make millions without each other, maybe you can. But don't kid yourself into thinking you'll have that special glow alone. And don't think it's only laughs that fill a theatre. There are people who roared at you and Dean who wouldn't crack a smile at the same lines coming from two other guys. You put something into those lines that no gagwriter could ever dream up; you put in yourselves and the delight you felt in clowning together. You had the rarest thing in the entertainment world—a friendship that didn't depend on the box-office take, and everybody knew it. Now you're fighting like a couple of prima donnas. In the old days you used to laugh when Dean headed for the golf course. "If he's happy, I'm happy," you said. In the old days you'd threaten to walk out on a movie if Dean didn't like his part. You never had to walk out, because nobody ignores that kind of loyalty.

Make trouble with anybody else and it doesn't really matter. Turn against each other and every single one of your millions of fans feels betrayed. They don't want you slick, Jerry; they don't want you perfect; they don't even mind if you take a vacation. They just want you and Dean together. That's the only charm that works. We're not trying to fix the blame on you, Jerry, not by a long shot. But maybe we think you're the one who can heal the breach if you want to.

Can't you try? Can't a couple of guys who were so close for so long go out of their way to find what they lost? Jerry, do you remember when you said, "If anyone hurts my partner, he's my enemy?" Don't be your own worst enemy now. Nothing is bigger than the warmth you and Dean brought into every home in the country. Nothing should be allowed to take that warmth away.

Charles D Saxon
EDITOR



ICE-COLD

KELLY *has she got a heart?*

■ Can Grace warm up? Her closest friends don't know. The most significant twist to the Kelly-Aumont romance is Hollywood's skepticism. People took a "we'll see" attitude as soon as the story broke. Not that they doubted Aumont's persuasiveness and charm. Not that they considered the affair a press agent's dream. Put bluntly, their question was—can Grace Kelly love any man?

It looks as though Grace is trapped in her own legend. She's been billed as unapproachable, reserved, self-controlled, to the point where everyone believes she just couldn't break down and be human. Or could she?

Self-appointed experts on Kelly can marshal evidence on both sides of the question. With no malice intended either. Everybody hopes Grace can warm up—to Aumont or some other man. Her friends feel it's high time she let herself behave like a woman as well as a lady.

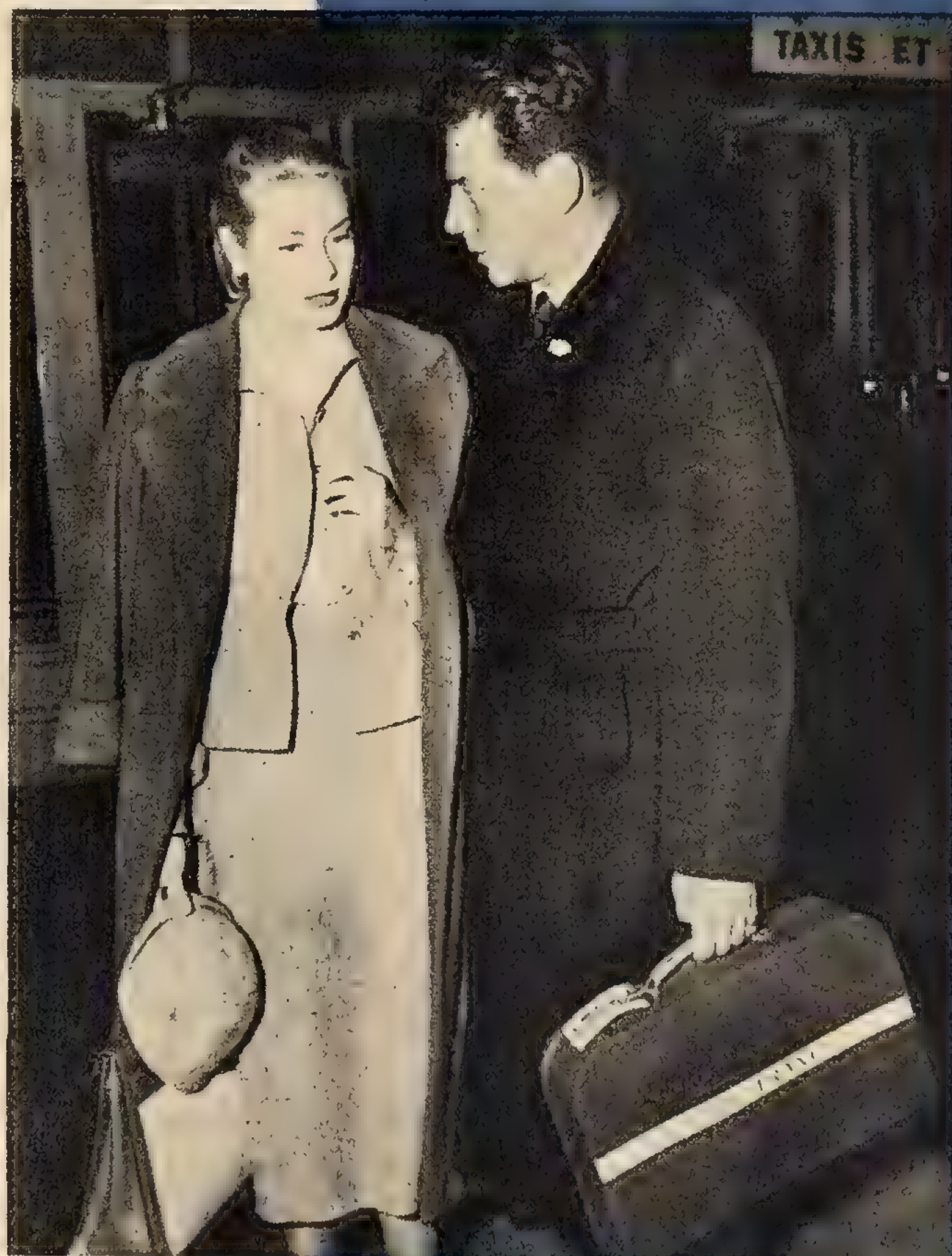
Certainly the photographs of Grace on her Paris holiday with Jean-Pierre document a new and *very* warm Kelly, radiant, pliant, in love. She looked like any woman who's been flattered, courted and charmed.

Adulation is no new experience for Grace. She's had tons of it in the last two years. Sought after for photographs, personal appearances, films, endorsements. Rewarded by Hollywood's highest honor—the Oscar. The Kelly Look has become a national byword. The Kelly face has been imitated, unsuccessfully, by young hopefuls. The Kelly comments, infrequent though they are, make news. But this was different.

Jean-Pierre treated Grace like a woman. And so she behaved like one. Besides—and this is important—it was only an interlude.

The door to freedom, a freedom she craves, was still open. She was going home in a few days. This was only a whirl, an escape if you will, an emotional binge.

Champagne, the perfumed Paris night, the magical city of lovers, the romantic Aumont, conspired, not to turn Grace's head but to open her heart. And for the moment they succeeded. But when Grace got off the plane in America again (Continued on page 80)



IN PARIS Grace said goodbye to Jean-Pierre, left without answering his gentle, almost pathetic, "I do not know if the feeling is reciprocal."



LITTLE GIRL LOST



by **WILLIAM BARBOUR**

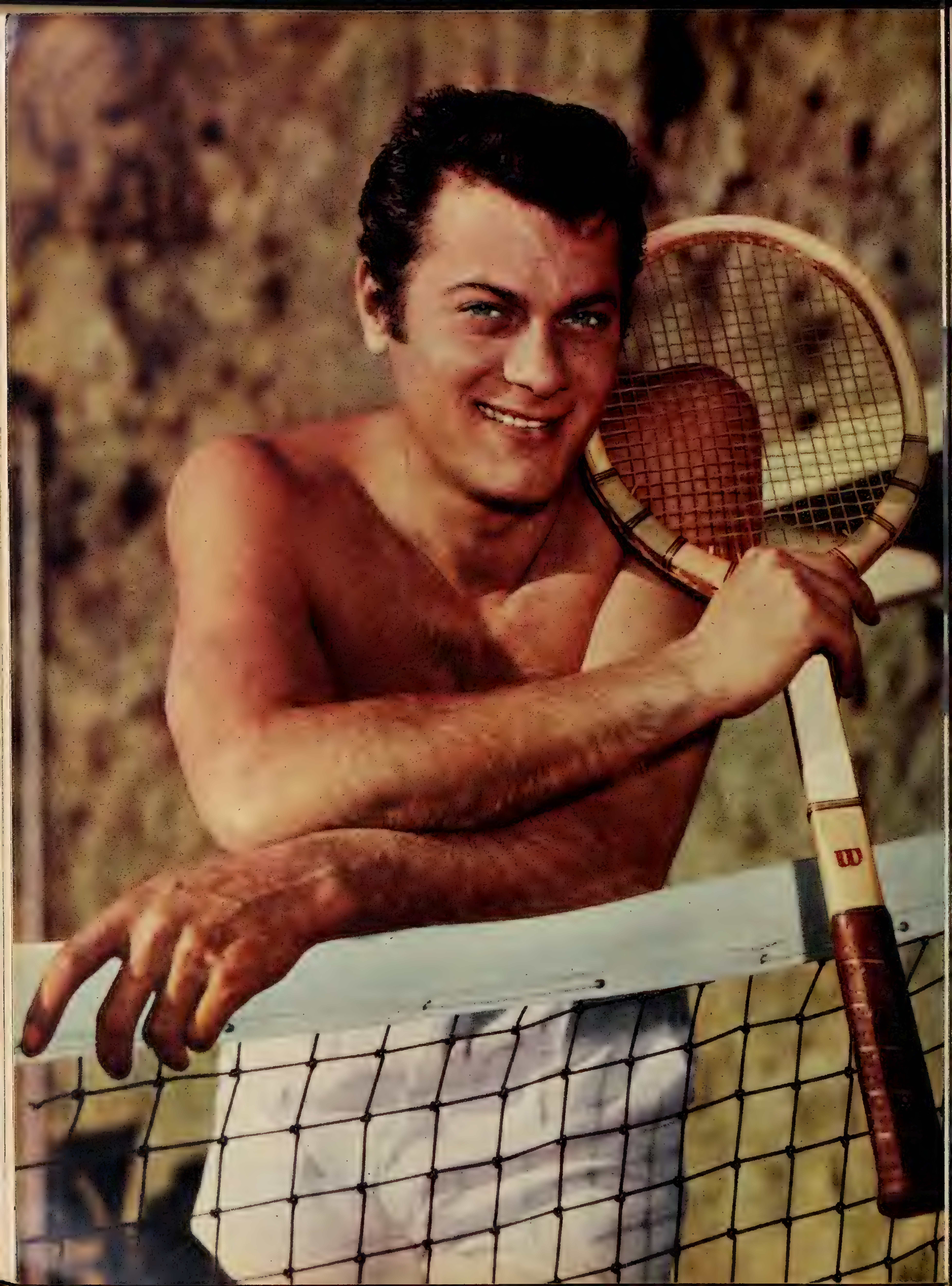
*This story may shock
you. It shocked us.
But it is the truth —
the truth about the
June Allyson who is
tragically incapable of
living with herself*

■ The Powell marriage is in bad trouble. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise—not that they're likely to. Around Hollywood everyone is talking about it. The people who, a few years ago, were claiming that the Powell home was Paradise and Junie the Angel-in-residence, are now the first to voice the gossip and the rumors—in private and in print.

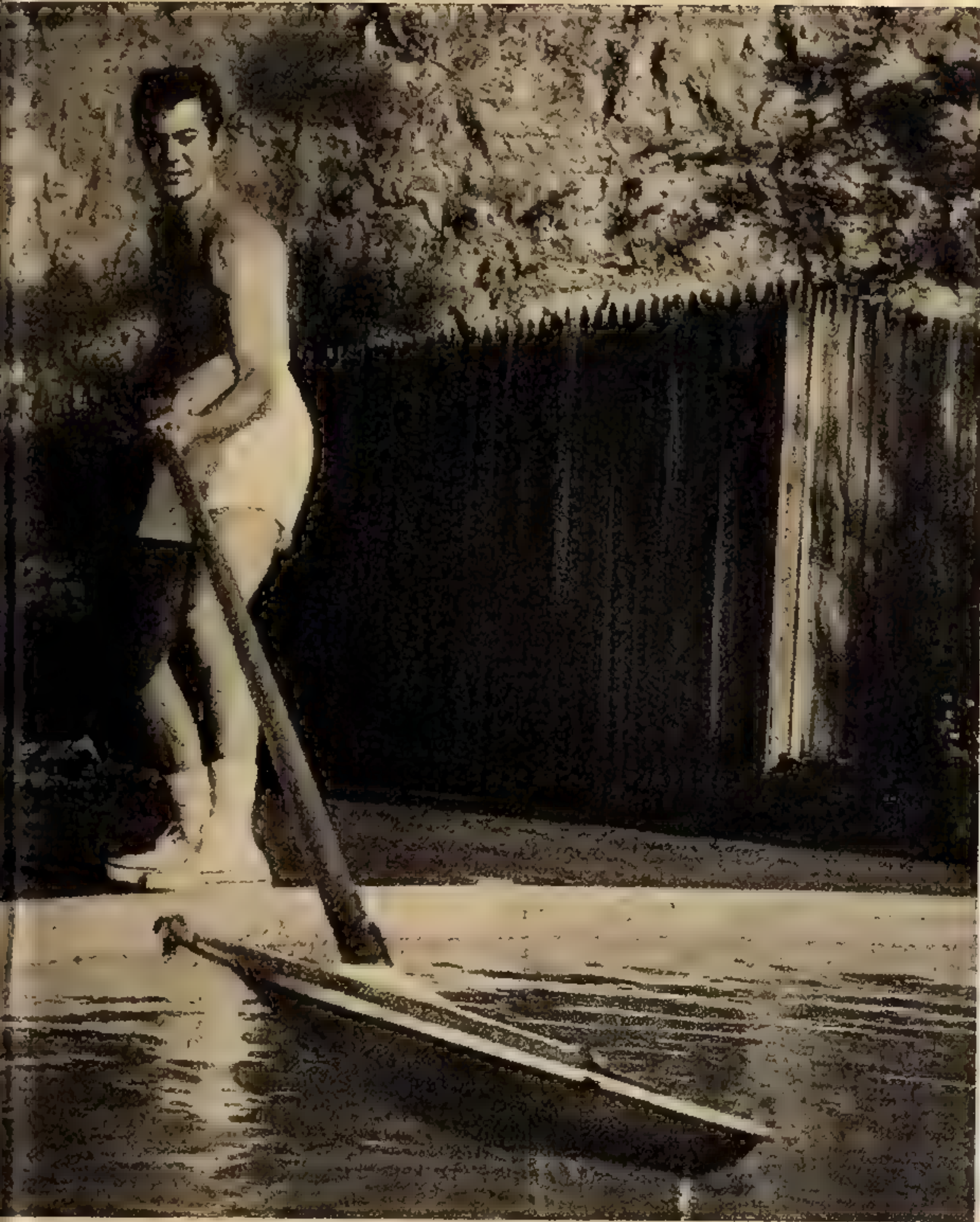
But the real story of this marriage-gone-awry is not a vicious one. It is instead one of Hollywood's real tragedies—the story of a girl who has had to learn—painfully—how to live with fame and wealth and servants, with responsibility and obligations—and somewhere along the way lost the ability to live with herself and to mature as a wife.

Go back a ways. Ten years ago, in August, 1945, June and Dick were married—to the accompaniment of the usual dire predictions. June's too young for Dick, they were saying. Not only is there an age difference, but she's immature even for her years. Certainly she won't be able to adjust to a man of forty, set in his ways. They have no interests in common. And there'll be clashes in their careers.

At first it looked as if they were wrong. It was just these disparities that kept the marriage happy. June, young and desperately insecure, clung to Dick as she might have to a father. He made the decisions, she followed his lead. The more his famous friends frightened June, the more she relied on Dick. He in turn seemed content with the arrangement. (*Continued on page 92*)



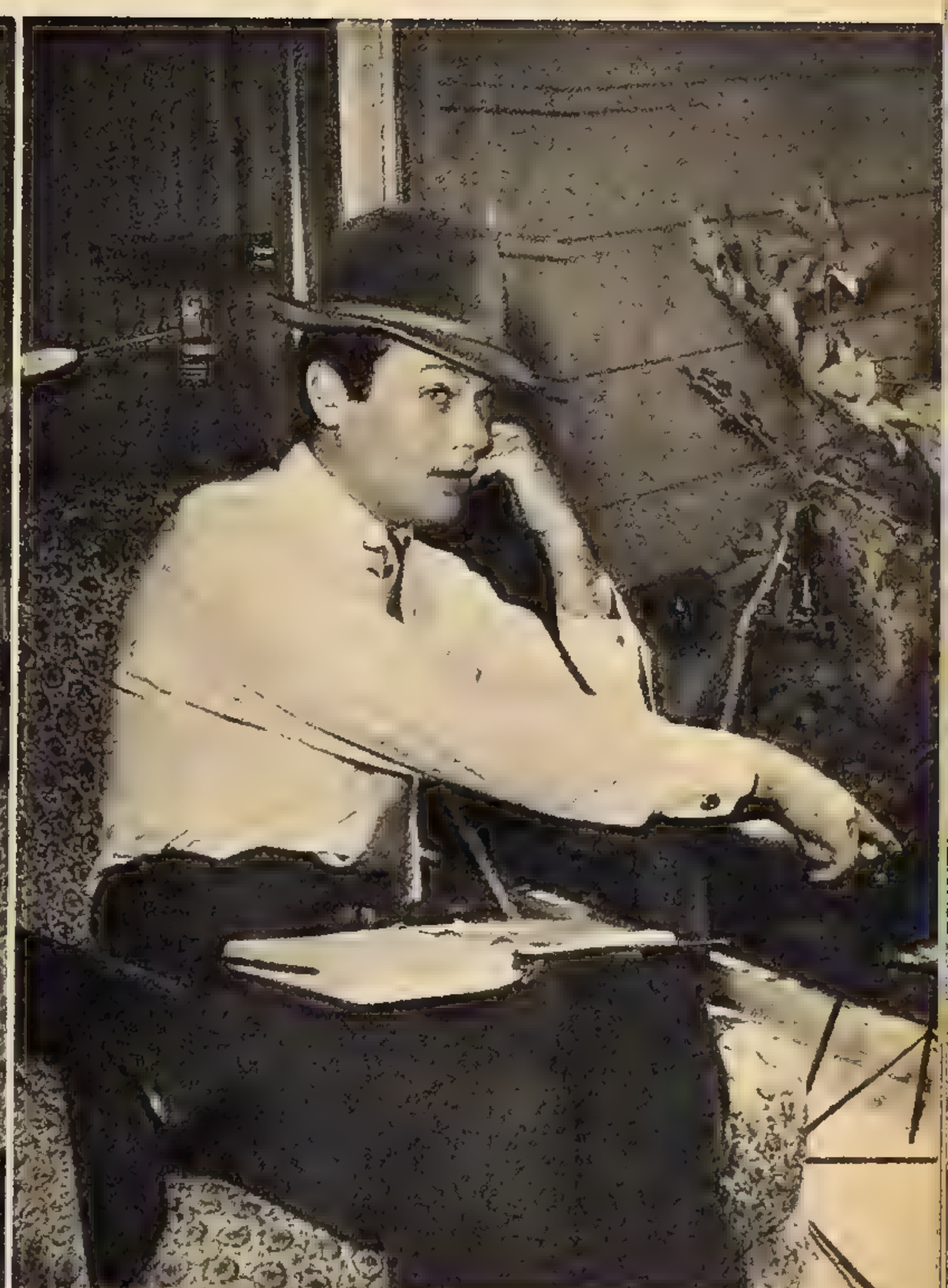
relax, Bernie— *You made it!*



Beachcomber Tony plays in his pool.



Bongo-drum addict Tony lives it up—at home.



Businessman Tony makes deals on patio.

Seven years ago they said he couldn't last—the kid from Hell's Kitchen who didn't even know how to go Hollywood / by Imogene Collins

■ At the Sands Hotel, a gay and gaudy Las Vegas establishment, there is a swimming pool, as there is at every other Las Vegas hotel. On this particular day, a young couple lay soaking up the sun by the side of the Sands' pool. The girl, blonde and curvesome, was stretched on a lounge and the young man was flat on his back on a bright orange pad that accentuated the deep tan of his body.

Janet opened one eye and looked down at her husband. "What's so wonderful?" she said. "You look like the Cheshire cat."

Tony patted his chest contentedly and sighed. "I can purr, too. Want to hear me?"

He sat up then. "You know something? This is the first real vacation we've had since we were married."

"It's the first vacation *you've* had in seven years," said Janet.

Seven years, mused Tony. It seemed now as though he'd been in Hollywood all his life. New York and the poverty and the slums and the dirty snow and sultry nights and then the war—all of it seemed so far away now.

"I'm glad I didn't stay there," he said out loud.

(Continued on page 82)

*Stewart Granger
was four months and
6000 miles away
from home when the word came
and he knew
his girl needed his special
looking after.*

FIVE DAYS FOR JEAN

■ "The first problem," said Stewart Granger as he embraced his wife tenderly, "the first problem is to pork you up a bit."

Through the four months he had been away in Pakistan this huge man who frets and buzzes and busies himself caring for his girl (whenever his travels permit) had been worried about Jean. (And she enjoys every minute of his concern.) What he had anticipated had happened—her assignment in *Guys And Dolls*, which required her to sing as well as act in such heady company as Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine, was taking too much out of her. In London, where the last scenes of *Bhowani Junction* were being filmed, Jimmy (Stewart's real name) had heard she was ill. Jean was losing weight, missing her sleep and eating poorly. Mr. G. begged for five days leave and now he was home to put things in order.

Jean ate better, all right. Jimmy took charge of the kitchen—his favorite domain—right away. He is, by the way, one of the greater chefs of the century.

Jean rested better, too.

Jimmy not only played nurse at home—he went to the studio with her every day to make sure that she didn't overwork. Which must have pleased Mr. Goldwyn's production staff no end. There was another reason for his wanting to go to the studio as well. When the two of them had discussed her chance to play in *Guys And Dolls*, he had been worried about the wish (Continued on page 94)

Jean and Jimmy are home together at last. They'll go on picture-making junkets together but most of their time will be spent at their own hearthside, or roaming their own land together, catching up on the things they love—books, pets, cooking and each other.





She wasn't always such a gay one.

There was a time



**“Let
me
Belong”**

when Sheree North hungered for only one thing—to be wanted / by Ida Zeitlin

Say SHEREE NORTH and you see the exuberant elf who broke into glory on Bing's tv show. You see the wisecracking babe who, via 20th Century-Fox, has made herself very, very popular since. You see her aglow with life and mischief and probably think what fun to be gay Sheree North, breezing your way starward from the first. Which goes to show how deceptive appearances are. Through twenty of her twenty-two years, it was no fun at all to be Sheree North or Dawn Bethel (her real name) or Cookie or Bubbles or any of the dozen handles she tried out, hoping to establish a new identity. It was nothing but a long, blind, lonely, often despairing quest for emotional security.

"I always felt like the wrong kid," says Sheree, "rejected and cast out. I always hungered to be somebody else, almost anyone else, so long as it wasn't me."

Close-up she's not the character she plays. The platinum top's dyed. She'd rather keep it dark but bows to the gentlemen who prefer blondes. The hazel eyes hold sadness. The lines of the face are soft, the voice is low. There's nothing brassy about her. While her command of English may include jive, it doesn't stop there. She talks like a person who thinks.

"The change that came in me wasn't due to success. Nor to money nor a man. All three can make life pleasanter. Or, with all three, you can be as unhappy and lost as I used to be. There's just one place where you can find security, and that's within yourself."

Dancing's a profession with her, not a way of life. Eight years ago she tagged herself a flop. "I've danced enough. If you can't make the grade at fourteen, you might as well quit." Three years ago she was all set to turn in her taps for a typewriter. When they kinescoped the Crosby program, she and her sister Janet watched for a minute. "Ech!" shrugged Sheree, flicked the knob and went back to the more engrossing project of building an upside-down pineapple cake. Ambition never drove her. The cry of her heart, if she could have given it expression, was, "Let me belong."

She had it rough. Her father walked out before she was born. They were on relief, eked out by what her harassed mother could earn. Grandmother's hands were full with the cooking and housework. The kids took care of themselves as best they could. Close in age and feeling, Janet and Don, her half-brother and sister, got some moral support from each other. Sheree was the fifth wheel who didn't speak their language nor play their games. They were old enough to look on her as a nuisance but too young to be aware of her need for them. Besides, they were out fighting their own battles.

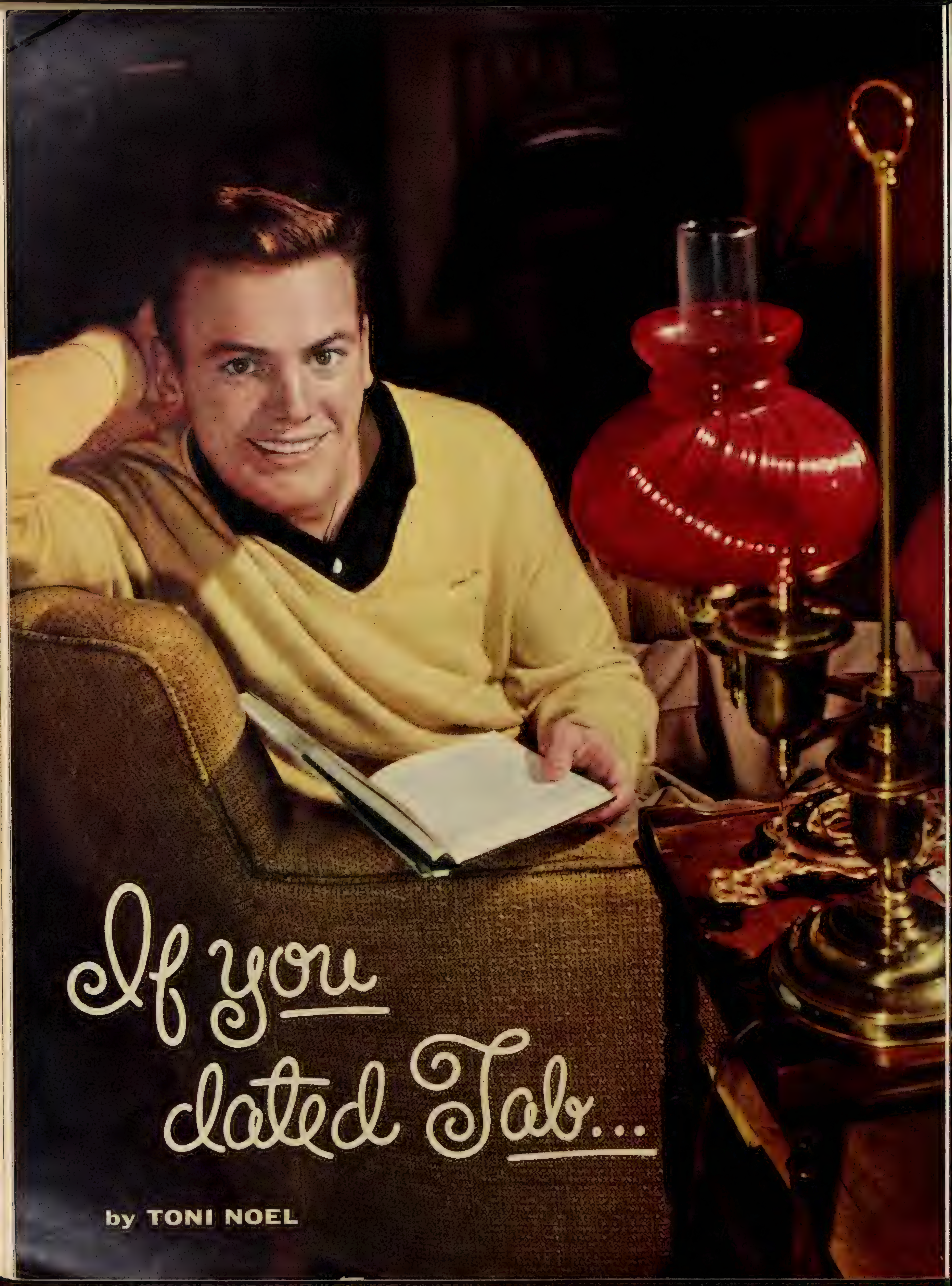
The sense of not belonging came into cruel focus the

day she matriculated at kindergarten. There she faced an array of scrubbed and shiny children, dolled up for the occasion. She also faced a battery of critical eyes, which appraised the holes in her stockings, her unkempt hair, the patched and tacky dress—a hand-me-down from a hand-me-down of Janet's. She saw that every girl wore a ribbon in her hair, and would have given her right arm for a ribbon. At home they had no nickels to spare for ribbons. At home they had no time to see whether you took a bath or not, so naturally you didn't. Up to then it hadn't mattered. Now it did. She felt the wave of disapproval surging toward her and cringed under it. She felt ugly and dirty and alone. She felt that a wall had gone up, with all the rest on one side and her on the other—an experience repeated over and over until it bit deep.

The neighborhood where they lived wasn't well-to-do. Some families fared better, some worse. But the other kids had fathers. Unlike Sheree's mother, theirs could stay at home, concentrate on the youngsters, do much with little. In addition, Sheree was a highly sensitive child. With a thicker skin and more aggressiveness, she might have defied her peers and thus won their respect. Instead, their hostility cowed her. Realizing their power, they'd abuse it, mocking her openly or behind their hands. Taunted at length beyond endurance, she'd cry out. Kids are kids and don't know when they're being brutal. Grownups are supposed to be endowed with more sense. But one teacher of Sheree's must have had problems of her own. She seemed to lie in wait for that desperate cry. The minute it rose, she'd haul the culprit to the desk, stick a paper bag over her head and stand her by the hot radiator till the sweat poured down. This unique method of discipline failed to do anything for Sheree's morale.

It never occurred to her to complain at home, where complaints weren't encouraged. Anyway, suppose Mother *should* go riding to the rescue. The very thought stood Sheree's hair on end, because then the teacher would really have it in for her. By now she was thoroughly intimidated, terrified of authority, terrified almost of her shadow. It showed in the way she walked, head down, shoulders sunk. It showed in the way she couldn't lift her eyes nor speak up to an adult, having learned in a hard school that your safest course lay in keeping your mouth shut. Only by herself was she unafraid, in a fairyland she created to escape reality. On the way home she'd filch a flower from a bush. In the bedroom she'd put on a dress of her mother's, crush the flower between her palms to make perfume and pretend to be a movie star.

There remained the compulsive need for acceptance, to be part of the group. Once, for two (Continued on page 87)

A man with short brown hair, wearing a yellow sweater over a dark collared shirt, is sitting at a desk. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. His right hand is resting on his chin, and his left hand is on an open book. To his right is a large, ornate red glass lamp with a brass base and a tall brass stand. The desk is covered with a brown textured cloth. The background is dark and out of focus.

If you dated Tab...

by TONI NOEL

... he'd give you lots of notice
pick you up on time
 ask what you want to do
notice your dress
 ... you'd eat at the Beachcomber
 jitterbug at Ciro's
 ride in a Thunderbird
 ... he'd open doors for you
light your cigarettes
 protect you in a crowd
 ... you'd go easy on make-up
 wear something tailored
 never be bossy
 keep your voice low
 ... he'd expect a good dancer
 a sense of humor
bright-eyed enthusiasm
 ... you'd keep it relaxed
 and cool and fun and
 ... he'd ask you again

■ A date with Tab Hunter could happen without your doing anything drastic, like bleaching your hair or dyeing it darger, remodeling your nose or wearing stilts. For your information, he says: "I seem to go for either sweet young things or sophisticated older women. I keep reading that I'm partial to blondes in small sizes, but it isn't true. The color of her hair and eyes or her height wouldn't make any difference to me. It's the *person* I'm interested in—just so she's shaped right. Like a girl. You know?"

If you had a date with Tab Hunter, you would join a charmed but uncrowded circle of girls. Warners' fair-haired boy is applying himself to his work (Continued on page 90)



THEY LUNCED ON SEAFOOD

Lucky Anna Maria
 had a date with
 Tab—a day's romp
 at Malibu Beach



TRIED ON CROCKETT CAPS



RACED THROUGH THE SURF



GAVE A SHUTTERBUG A BREAK

HAD A LOT OF LAUGHS



WENT FISHING ON THE PIER

Getting to know you



You think you know your fiancé pretty well—then suddenly, like Mitzi, and Jack, you're facing Forever

■ In her capacity as Mrs. Jack Bean, Mitzi Gaynor has a word or two for the prospective bride.

"Any advice you get, listen to it very carefully," says Mitzi, "but remember always carefully to forget it right away. You can't make up rules for marriage. You have to be flexible.

"Yes, of course, there are hard things in that scary first year. Life isn't all romance and roses. But every

time something goes wrong you don't have to run home to mother. If you do, you miss the pretty wonderful things that fill that first year, too.

"You see, it's just like buying a new pair of shoes. If the leather is stiff they may rub a blister for a few days. But if you're sensible you don't throw away the shoes or cut off your feet to solve the problem. You just wear the shoes a while. And then you're likely

to find they're the most wonderful shoes a person ever had."

She knows whereof she speaks. She and Jack have had their blisters, in the form of tiffs and fears both before and during their hectic, happy marriage. Occasionally it looked as if the wedding wasn't going to come off at all. Looked that way at the darnedest times—like just before the ceremony.



Cooking was no problem to Mitzi (the daughter of a chef) but it was to Jack. His scrambled eggs almost caused a divorce!



ABOVE At work Mitzi is often tense and nervous, relaxes only when Jack's daily phone calls come through—to cheer her up or calm her down.

RIGHT Temperamental opposites, Mitzi and Jack read up on tiffs-to-be-expected, but manage to make up without benefit of rules!



After / by Mark Flanders

The wedding was taking place in San Francisco in the home of a friend, and all the guests had arrived and were waiting in the living room for Mitzi to appear so the ceremony could commence. Mitzi herself stood at the top of the staircase. She had stopped to say a little prayer.

"I suppose every bride does that," Mitzi explains. "Then I started to go down. But (Continued on page 67)"

*Beauty wears many faces
It's Kelly —cool and reserved;
Taylor —warm, inviting.
Here are four other great
beauties who have created
their own Look —glowing
because The Look
is a glamorous projection
of their true selves*

THE HOLLYWOOD LOOK



GIRL NEXT DOOR

Doris Day . . . the kid everyone knows — cute and friendly, sometimes fresh. She comes clean . . . flaunts her freckles, and gives her mouth a casual swipe of lipstick. Frankly herself, she wears the Look in dungarees or diamonds

Audrey Hepburn . . . the elf
GIRL FROM OUTER SPACE from everywhere. So very lovely
and just a bit frightening.
She achieves the Look with
wit and sophistication. Deliberately
theatrical, she fools no one—and never herself





THE SPRITE

Janet Leigh . . . fast-moving
youngster, always ready
for a party or for a hay-
ride, or anything that's
bright and gay and a little
crazy. She could have been
just another pretty girl . . .
achieved a luminous beauty
because she cared enough
to work at it

THE HOLLYWOOD LOOK

THE SOPHISTICATE

Lana Turner . . . serene, poised,
worldly, eyes a mirror of troubles
past and problems solved, secure
in the knowledge of her God-given
loveliness and the mature beauty
reflected by happiness found at last



THE HOLLYWOOD LOOK

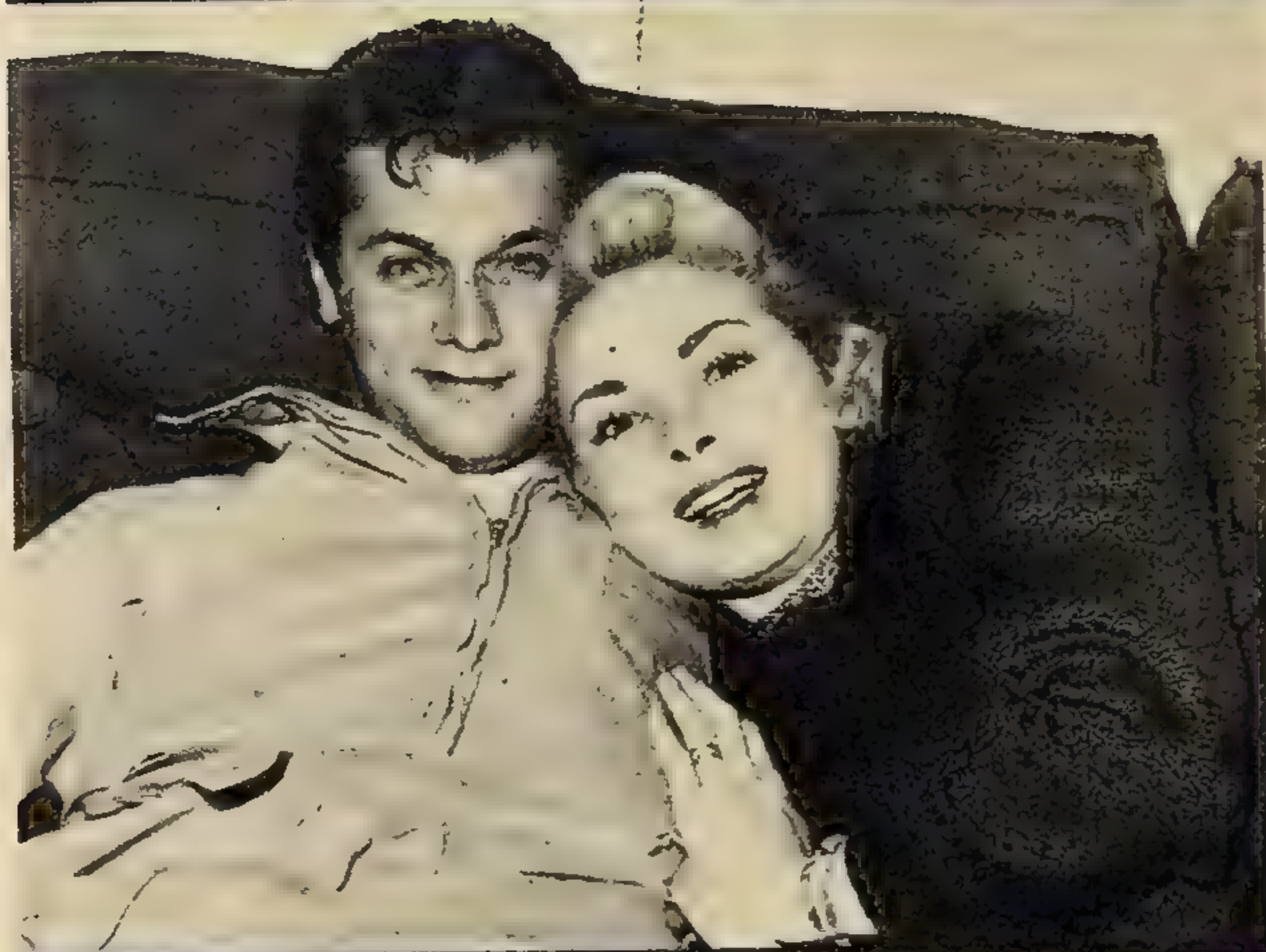
how they got it!



DORIS DAY is just about the scrubbingest girl in Hollywood. "Cleanliness is a fundamental of glamour," says Doris, "and anyhow I enjoy it." She uses a light cleansing cream to remove make-up but always follows with soap and water. She takes two, sometimes three, baths a day, usually showers. Doris never wears obvious make-up because she feels that it's artificial and aging, especially to her type. She keeps her nails short and uses a clear polish. Doris says her style just grewed. "After all there's no absolute definition of beauty!"



AUDREY HEPBURN doesn't consider herself beautiful, but Hollywood likes the way she looks. She's the same girl she was before *Roman Holiday*, except for an accentuated "gamin cut." Smart Miss Hepburn long ago realized that her huge eyes and mouth were her most expressive assets. (They are for any woman, she thinks.) She never thins her eyebrows, just keeps them in shape and touched up lightly with pencil. No make-up base, rouge, powder. But lipstick—boldly applied. Says Audrey, "Real beauty, whatever the type, is Beauty Within."




JANET LEIGH keeps herself meticulously groomed but not untouchable. Janet believes beauty begins with cleanliness. No smeary make-up, every hair in place, carefully manicured hands, spotless clothes. She depends on bath oil, a favorite brand of lanolin-base soap, a cleanser called Violet Pore Wash to keep clean and fragrant. She prefers light make-up, keeps her toenails trim and polished. She exercises regularly, eats for energy, takes diction and singing lessons. And believes, "Real beauty is a matter of character and personality."



LANA TURNER always looks divine on parade or in private. She enjoys looking dramatic but keys make-up to the occasion, the lighting and her costume. She likes being tanned and prefers being a brunette (her natural color). Have you ever noticed Lana's hands? Fine, strong and well groomed, thanks to soap and water, the daily use of hand lotion and no tension. Lana thinks beauty is every woman's business. She's spent years experimenting with her style but confides: "When I am happy, I always know I'm looking my best."

the naughty lady from Drury Lane

JOAN COLLINS



Something new has been added to the Hollywood scene. It's a saucer-eyed bundle from Britain, one look at whom caused a dazzled producer to remark, "At last—the Marshall Plan pays off!" Just in case you haven't heard of Collins yet, here's the rundown on her. Green eyes, shoulder-length auburn hair, stacked like Kansas in August. American debut in *Land Of The Pharaohs* but no newcomer to stardom. Made fifteen films and four plays in England, playing mostly juvenile delinquents, girl murderesses and all-around floozy types. Became known professionally as "Britain's Bad Girl." Show biz background for generations—old line vaudevillians on both sides—but Joanie went to veddy proper schools to learn to be a lady—until one day she blossomed and there you are. Marriage to British actor Max Reed (he was twenty and she was seventeen) on the rocks, has been running around with Sid Chaplin. Made a film in Spain called *Decameron Nights*, horrified onlookers when she lifted her long period costumes high. Spaniards said to be so shocked by her skin-tight jeans, Collins forbidden to wear them. Italians alleged to have dubbed her "The Kiss" because she was rumored to embrace every man she met. Beach cops at Ostia reported to have threatened her with jail for wearing too brief bikinis. King Farouk supposed to have sent her roses. Says there's nothing to do in Hollywood. Joan Collins has been attracting attention, one way or another, almost from the day she was born, May 23, 1933, in London. In fact, the little doll was so irresistible that when her mother used to wheel her out (Continued on page 49)



As a queen of the Nile or home in dungarees, Joan Collins fills the camera's eye



ABOVE With her sister, Joan looks like an average nice kid, not the British bombshell who rocked Merrie Old England and promises Hollywood a tremor or two.

RIGHT As an Egyptian femme fatale Joan looks like Cleopatra, carries off costume with dignity and distinction. Fox boasts she'll have thirty-three changes in *Girl in the Red Velvet Swing*.

BELOW As a cool, collected career girl Joan looks pretty much like the person he really is. At the moment anyway. For Joan has played many roles and there are lots more to come.



(Continued from page 47)

on the street strangers would lean down and buss her impulsively, until Mrs. Collins finally tacked a sign on the buggy, "PLEASE DO NOT KISS THIS BABY!"

At that point such demonstrations of affection were as innocent as Joan Henriette Collins herself, but there was still the matter of germs. And the Collinses, particularly father Will, had special reason to cherish little Joanie. She was their good luck charm.

Until Joan arrived Will had a rough go of it making a living as a theatrical agent. With her birth he suddenly got rolling and today is one of the busiest talent peddlers in Britain. Oddly enough though, neither Will nor any of the Collins family, including her mother Elsa, figured little Joan for a future in the spotlight. Neither did Joan, although a fast look at the family tree might have forecast the inevitable.

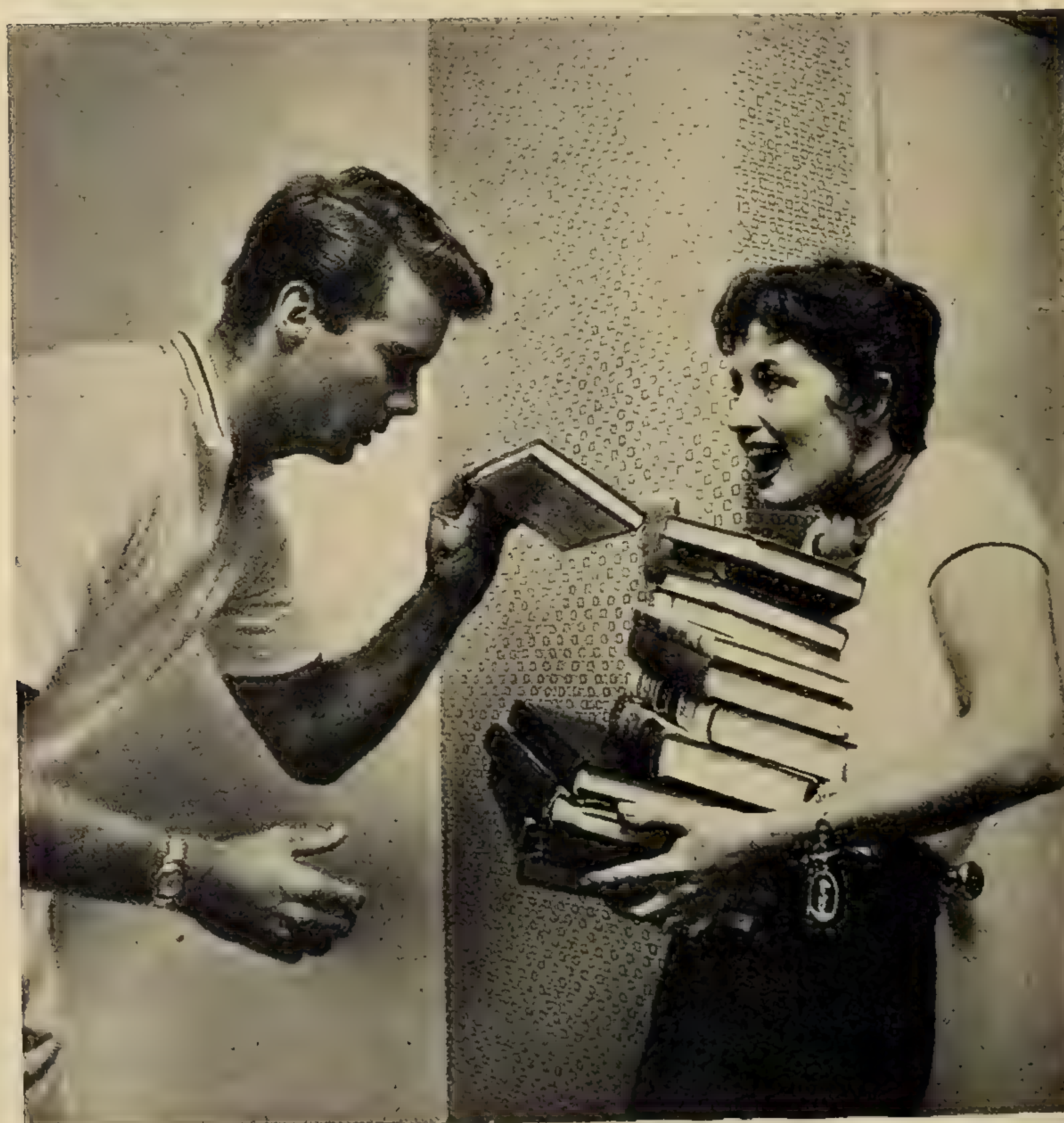
The Collins clan (Continued on page 95)

My name is May
Wynn, Girl Cleaning
Woman. This is
not my usual occupa-
tion and I wouldn't
say it's my favorite
one. But what can you
do when a real sweet
guy (one Bob Francis
in this case) tells
you he's moving to a
new apartment and
wants you to give it...

a woman's touch



Bob spent the morning doing the really tough work—like carrying his wardrobe from the car to the apartment. Someone—his lovely mother, I guess—certainly taught that boy to take care of his clothes.



I wasn't trusted with the sport-shirt collection. "Take something easy that won't get hurt when you drop it, Butterfingers," Bob said. "Like the books!" Well, they couldn't have weighed more than a ton!

A fine woman's touch this is, huh? But Bob couldn't have been more thoughtful. He not only gave me the outside to do, he gave me an apron! Also frequent helpful suggestions like, "Elbow grease, girl!"



"Coffee break," Bob announced. Some break! That boy's energy even bubbles the coffee over—and he was laughing too hard to turn down the stove! Everything we do seems to tickle Bob.



But when he's serious he's like a grave little boy—all dreamy and sweet. He'll read aloud at the drop of a hat—or the drop of the two of us onto the floor. Half the time I don't listen—just watch his face.




"Enough loafing," Bob said. "Back to work!"



But at the end—such a very lovely view.

EDITOR'S NOTE: No matter what happens, the facts are sure. As we go to press, Debbie and Eddie have actually named (to each other) the date in July. They're sure, they're walking on air. We believe it—and so we predict that they *will* be married by the time you read this. This story is about the present. Turn the page for ten eye-witness reports on how it all began.



They dood it!

■ It was decided in Palm Springs in June. While half the press was assuring its readers that Debbie was about to return Eddie's ring and the other half was suggesting she had given it back already, Debbie and Eddie were back together again, secretly making plans for the wedding. No fancy dress ball, this time. No thousand-name guest list. Fanfare had almost destroyed their marriage and they were taking no chances. As we go to press, Eddie is loading his new white Mercedes-Benz convertible for the drive west. His two-month vacation—twice postponed—has finally begun and the wedding is set for July 20 or a few days later, depending upon when Debbie is finished shooting *The Tender Trap*. The huddles, the hassles are all behind them and it looks like smooth sailing at last. The rendezvous had been arranged after Debbie returned from Korea. She had done a lot of thinking and one thing was clear. She still loved Eddie. She was sure he still loved her. The romance deserved another chance—if Eddie would fight for her, too. This was his chance. (Continued on page 85)

by Alice Hoffman





Ten Cupids tell all!



It was love at first sight

by **JOE PASTERNAK** I had lunch with Eddie one day last spring, when every young man's fancy ought to turn to love. Not Eddie's. Not that day at lunch. I was trying to sell him a picture and he kept saying how many things he had to do that afternoon. When we left the commissary, he made like he was going to fly out of the studio.

"What's your hurry?" I said. "Stick around a while."

"I have a million things to do," he said.

"We've got lots of interesting things around here," I said.

"What, for instance?"

"Well," I said, "the most interesting thing I can think of is Debbie Reynolds."

"Okay," he said. He didn't light up at the mention of her name, or anything like that. He just said okay—in a resigned sort of way.

So I took him over to the set of *Athena* and I said to Debbie, "I want you to meet a nice young man, Eddie Fisher."

Debbie looked at Eddie and said, "Oh."

And Eddie looked at Debbie and said, "Oh."

Now, these weren't the everyday kind of Ohs. They were different—as if the kids had just swallowed the whole studio in one gulp. They were capital OHs.

And after that it was like—well, it was boy meets girl and time flies out of the air. Suddenly Eddie forgot his appointments and he stayed around quite a while and watched Debbie work. To look at him standing there, you'd have thought he didn't have anything to do until Christmas.

I could sense the sparks and I thought at the time maybe I'd started something. Now I know I did, and I'm glad.

I gave him her phone number

by **JOHNNY GRANT** I've known Eddie a long time, ever since I began spinning his hit records on KMPC in Los Angeles. One day we were sitting around talking and the subject turned, as it so often does, to girls. When I mentioned Debbie as being one of the nicest girls in town, Eddie's eyes flipped open.

"You know," he said, "I'd like to get in touch with her. Do you happen to have her phone number?"

He managed to be casual about the question, but when I told

him I had it at home and he'd have to wait until I could look it up, he turned into a hen on a hot griddle.

A few days later I phoned Debbie to tell her. I thought it would be only fair to let her know because you don't go around giving away girls' phone numbers as though you were dealing cards.

Debbie's voice smiled right through the phone wires. "I know," she said. "He's already called me."

"Well," I said, "he certainly got anxious, didn't he?"



Debbie laughed. "He asked me to go out with him."

"And you're going?" (Silly question.)

"Sure," said Debbie. "Certainly."

They say I helped, but when I think about it I'm sure it didn't count for much. Eddie would have got to Debbie if he'd had to saddle an albatross and fly over the North Pole.

I took their first picture

by **BOB BEERMAN** In my job as photographer for MODERN SCREEN, I'm always happy to find a movie star. I'm even happier when I can find two of them together.

Last June, when Eddie Fisher opened at the Cocoanut Grove, I was on tap with my assorted shutters. I looked around for Eddie before the show and finally spotted him at a table sur-

THEY WERE THERE . . . THEY SET THE STAGE AND WATCHED IT HAPPEN . . . AND NOW THEY'RE TALKING!

rounded by people, including Debbie Reynolds. Beerman, I said to myself, why don't you just be clever and original and get Reynolds and Fisher together in a picture? And when I was through congratulating myself on my rare idea, I did just that. They posed willingly, which puts it mildly. If I had stopped to think about it at the time, I'd have realized that to them, this wasn't just another picture. They seemed to be overjoyed to put their heads together. But I was too busy patting myself on the back.

How was I to know she was his date that night? And furthermore, how was I to know that this combo was going to be the most photographed couple since Garbo and Gilbert?



opposite her with a notebook and pencil. My husband, Roy Rowland, directed Debbie in her first big picture, *Two Weeks With Love*, and ever since then we've been friends.

It wasn't news to anyone who had been around Debbie during those summer months. One night, at a party given by Ann Miller, Eddie called Debbie from New York. She disappeared into another room with the phone and when she emerged, what seemed hours later, her eyes were shining like two stars. We teased her. "Does he always talk that long?" "You're glowing." "What did he say?" And Debbie, usually so lively, so exuberant, just smiled back and didn't answer us.

So we all knew. And my interview with her was fine, and the story was an easy one to write. But there is this that I'd like to point out about Debbie. Her love for Eddie has shown us something new in this girl. She has always been outgoing, the life of the party, a screamingly funny comedienne. She still is, but there is another side to her, we have found. She is extremely sensitive, and she holds this love to herself as though she wanted to keep it from prying eyes. Always so cooperative and understanding with the press, Debbie has suddenly become shy. I know that if she could have her own way, the romance would be the sole property of Eddie and Debbie. She still understands that publicity is an important part of a movie star's career, but for the first time she has something that I believe really pains her to share with the world. And I admire her for it.

You couldn't live with the guy

by **JOEY FORMAN** I am what you might call the west coast representative of Eddie Fisher. Being Eddie's best friend, and being an actor who stays in Hollywood, I'm here when Eddie isn't, so he trusts me to squire Debbie around in his absence. Not exactly squire her—I'm just here when she needs to be escorted somewhere or when she needs somebody to open a jar of pickles.

By now I feel I know Debbie very well, because last summer when Fisher was on vacation out here, I (Continued on page 76)



I was Their Chaperone

by **LOUELLA PARSONS** The kids had been dating only about a month when I spent a week with them in Las Vegas. That's a short time, but it doesn't take long to fall in love when you're young, and by then both Debbie and Eddie were in so deep they didn't know anybody else was around.

I didn't go to Las Vegas with the intention of chaperoning them, but when Debbie's mother was called back to Los Angeles, she asked me if I'd keep an eye on her daughter. Debbie is too sensible a girl to need much chaperoning, but she just grinned at her mother's concern and reported to me so regularly and dutifully that you'd have thought I was wearing a uniform and carrying sidearms.

It was the easiest and most pleasant job I ever had. It was easy from two angles. 1. Debbie is the kind of girl every woman would like to have for a daughter, and she took my position so seriously that I knew where she was every hour of the week. 2. From my own standpoint, I didn't have to ask any questions. It was all there, in glances and sighs, for me to translate into the news that Debbie and Eddie were in love. And it was pleasant, naturally, because there's nothing quite so nice as watching two youngsters dreaming through romantic days:

We spent daylight hours by the pool and evening hours in the town's cafes. Everywhere we went both Eddie and Debbie were mobbed by fans, yet they had eyes only for each other. I asked Eddie one day if he was going to marry Debbie and he said, "I've got it bad for her, Ma. But don't say we're engaged, because maybe Debbie doesn't love me that much. Maybe she doesn't want me."

I couldn't help smiling. Eddie himself couldn't see what everyone else knew—that Debbie was head over heels. People with half an eye could tell just by looking at her. Me, I had two whole eyes and there wasn't any doubt. But I didn't tell him what I was thinking. I wanted him to have the fun of finding out for himself when he popped the question.

I got Their first story

by **RUTH ROWLAND** I did the first story on the romance and it was the best interview I ever had. This is only natural, because I'd known that Debbie was in love long before I sat

WHAT LANA'S REALLY LIKE

She loves kids. Cooks a mean fried chicken. Buys hats to

Lana and Lex listen to Hollywood chatter.



The queen is amused: the joke could be on her.



And belts a laugh all the way across the room.



■ Writing a story about Lana, at least a story that is new, is about as easy as updating Little Red Riding Hood. Everybody knows what happened to R. R. Hood, and everybody knows what has happened to L. Turner. (It is purely coincidental that both heroines have had wolf troubles.)

So as a refresher course, I read a few dozen stories about her, assorted pulse quickeners that stretched over more than a dozen years. They ran the gamut, beginning with sweaters and Greg Bautzer and ending with sweaters and Lex Barker. Something interesting about them—they all concentrated on Men. The curious rhythm of changing partners fascinated the writers. Lots of them turned amateur psychologist and looked for patterns and came up with reasons of their own. Some said that men grew tired of Lana, some said Lana grows tired of men, and some insisted she has a father complex.


I don't have to tell you Lana's reaction to all this supposition. Still and yet, she snorts in indignation and says, "Things just happened, that's all. There were mistakes. And as for having a father complex, that's ridiculous. I'm as un-complex as a person can be."

Inclined to agree with her, I decided that I'd ignore the subject of her marriages. They were all dillies in their respective ways and Lana tried, as far as is humanly possible, to make them work. I felt there was no reason to drag her through all that again; the stories have been printed in Hindustani, Flemish, and for all I know, Braille.

So I turned reporter and contacted her butcher, baker and cocktail-dress maker. There were also a few producers, three directors, her stand-in, hairdresser and make-up man, a cameraman or two, a movie star or two, a couple of old flames, an ex-maid and a shoe salesman. And you know something? Each of these people has been grilled about Lana by other writers an average of 5.5 times. Which, I figured, left them all rather drained of anything to say. There was one interesting thing, though. Without exception, they could still deliver their opinion of Lana. They termed her "a dreamboat," "a poor soul who doesn't deserve the unhappiness she's had," "a loyal friend," "divine," "a truly fine woman," "the greatest," "an actress of talent when given the opportunity," "an amusing companion" and "a great dame." Too overwhelming. You might even call it sticky. So I allowed as how I'd let Lana speak for herself. I'd take you to lunch with her. It would be the closest you (Continued on page 71)

fit her cars. Hates to break a greenback. She's all woman and proud of it / *by Jane Wilkie*





When we moved to
a large city there must
have been
many examples of hate
around me but the labels
that prompted them
were never very clear
to me because . . .

I DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE

by Charlton Heston

■ I have always considered myself a very lucky man on many counts, but most particularly because I was inoculated early in life against a dread disease—bigotry. The treatment was drastic—complete quarantine. But it certainly took. I was raised in a part of Northeast Michigan more heavily settled with trees than people. I must be one of the few members of my generation who went to a one-room school, and, during most of the time I went there, the one room contained eleven pupils and eight primary grades. In view of the fact that two of the eleven were cousins of mine, it's not surprising that the racial and religious make-up (Continued on page 60)



BELGIMIERE SWEATERS



FULL-FASHIONED EXCLUSIVELY BY

Catalina

A DIVISION OF JULIUS KAYSER & CO.

Sweaters that whisper lovely things about you...ermine soft...full-fashioned...life-lasting in shape and wear...Mitin mothproofed. Catalina's Belgimere sweaters, \$7.95 to \$10.95. Matching skirt, \$12.95.



HAS THE KING CHANGED?



Marriage to Kay Spreckels has put Mr. Gable in a mellow mood.

■ Clark Gable each morning greets his co-star, Jane Russell, on the set of 20th Century-Fox's *The Tall Men*, with "Good morning, boss lady."

Jane responds as the spirit moves her, sometimes with a pleasant acknowledgment, sometimes with chosen lines from the script of *The Tall Men*, such as: "I hear you brayin', mule-head, but the message ain't clear."

"When Jane Russell is the boss," Gable says, "all previous concepts of employer-employee relationships must be examined under a new light, or at least with different emphasis."

All this chatter is incomprehensible unless one knows that Gable has signed with Russfield Corp. to star in *The Last Man In Wagon Mound*. And also that Miss Russell and her husband, Bob Waterfield, are Russfield Corp.

While Gable enjoys his whimsey of referring to Miss Russell, the producer of his next picture, as his boss, Jane, as his co-star in the current

production, is having plenty of opportunity to find out what he's like.

All Hollywood says that Gable has changed and many people insist that the change is due to his much speculated-about romance with Kay Williams Spreckels. Not given to talk about his private life, while the company was on location in Mexico, the king's co-workers were frequently astonished to find out how much that gracious lady was on his mind. Sometimes looking out over the beautiful countryside he'd remark: "Kay would like to see this."

Whatever the source of his present feeling of fitness and high spirits, co-star-soon-to-be-boss Jane Russell says it hasn't softened his brain any.

"For all his 'boss-lady-ing' talk," says Jane, "when Clark signed with Russfield he didn't make the deal with my husband and me. He sent his agent. And who is his agent? Jesse James! It couldn't have been anyone else!"

(Continued from page 58) of the school was as uniform as it was. To me, men came in only one pattern—white Protestant. Not church-going Protestant, either. We had no church in St. Helen then.

It may be hard to believe that a boy could grow into adolescence in the Twentieth Century so ignorant of one of the great evils of the modern world, but that is exactly what happened to me. I can claim no particular credit for the sunny tolerance with which I viewed the world around me then. I had few playmates, knew few people, indeed, outside the family. The few boys I did know seemed very much like me. I spent most of my time roaming the woods alone, which may have had something to do with my innocence in these matters. Nature doesn't discriminate.

When we moved to a large city, where there were other faces, and other faiths, too, the vaccination had apparently taken. There must have been many examples of prejudice around me, but the group and race labels that prompted them were never very clear to me. Back home a man was a farmer, a sawmill hand, a tourist guide

or a trapper and a Protestant, of course. Here, the choice of jobs was greater and so was the choice of religions. But a man was still whatever kind of man he was on his own account, as far as I was concerned, and it never occurred to me to take into account where he worshiped or how or even whether!

Most people, of course, arrive at this point of view as soon as they are old enough to start thinking for themselves; I have always been grateful that I never had to go through the painful period of reexamining and discarding old and shallow thinking first. Again, I can claim no credit for this happy fact, it's just that I never met a man I didn't like until I was old enough to have a better reason for disliking him than the church he went to, or didn't go to.

All this has not been something I've thought much about, up until now. I'm not much on introspection, as a rule; but it's been ringing some bells for me, lately since I've been working on the role of Moses in Mr. DeMille's production of *The Ten Commandments*.

I'm a long way from any position of au-

thority on Moses. The nine months I spent preparing before we went to Egypt to begin shooting last October and the experience of building the part since have taught me more than anything some sense of the infinity of this man. The only position from which I can speak with any voice at all is that of a man who has stood on Sinai, and who has worked for a year and a half on the character of the man Moses whose life was described by Winston Churchill as, "... the most decisive leap forward, ever discernible in the human story."

Moses is proving a great experience for me, personally as well as professionally. It would be trite, and a little oversimplified besides, to say that the role was an inspiration for me; but you cannot spend a year and a half digging into a personality as vital as Moses, spend ten and twelve hours a working day trying to be that man, and still be the same when you've finished it. When we shot the sequences of Moses' exile in the terrifying Wilderness of Sin, a desert sojourn he seems to have shared with the prophets of almost every major religion, Christ, Mohammed, Buddha, I remembered my own early solitudes, and tried to relate them to what I was trying to experience, as Moses. My presumption is obvious, of course. My own wanderings had only served to preserve my innocence; Moses had come from his exile inspired with a philosophic concept whose impact on the world has never stopped echoing that Law can be more than the casual will of the government; that it can be an im-

**Have you heard the popcorn song.
"Too Pooped to Pop"? ...**

*Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter*

mutable code for men to live by, regardless of their beliefs or strengths. The same law, for all men.

I think this is the true strength of Moses' place in the life of Man, the loudest voice with which he speaks across three millenia. To Jews he is the Deliverer, to Christians he is the Lawgiver and to Moslems he is the First True Believer, but to all these faiths, and to men of no faith at all, he brought the Law by which men still try to live. You could go to church or synagogue or mosque, or be out of reach of any church, as I was as a child, and find this the same in every place.

To me there is a wonderful aptness in this: that Moses, whose message cuts so heedlessly across all the intricate barriers and lines of demarcation man has so painfully set up to keep him from his fellows, should also be claimed by all men for their own. He is all men, of course, grown a little taller.

As I said, I'm a lucky man, many times over. For Michigan, and Moses, and a little boy my wife bore me, this last Lincoln's Birthday. I've got a piece of those woods to take him to, pretty soon, too. Although he can't grow up there, our country's grown up, too, I think. We aren't so worried, even in the cities, about how a man spells his name, or what he calls his God. My son can live in the city, I think, without contracting that virus I spoke of. Oh, he'll come home some day and tell me about that awful kid in the next block, and how he hates him. But it'll be because the awful kid tore the tail off his Davy Crockett cap, not because the awful kid wears a St. Christopher. And when he goes back to take after the awful kid, the things he yells will be something like what I heard a little boy yelling after another outside just now, "Go fall in the garbage, you Maneaters I Have Known! A Bendix would eat you!" instead of the things little boys used to yell. I think this will be fine.

END

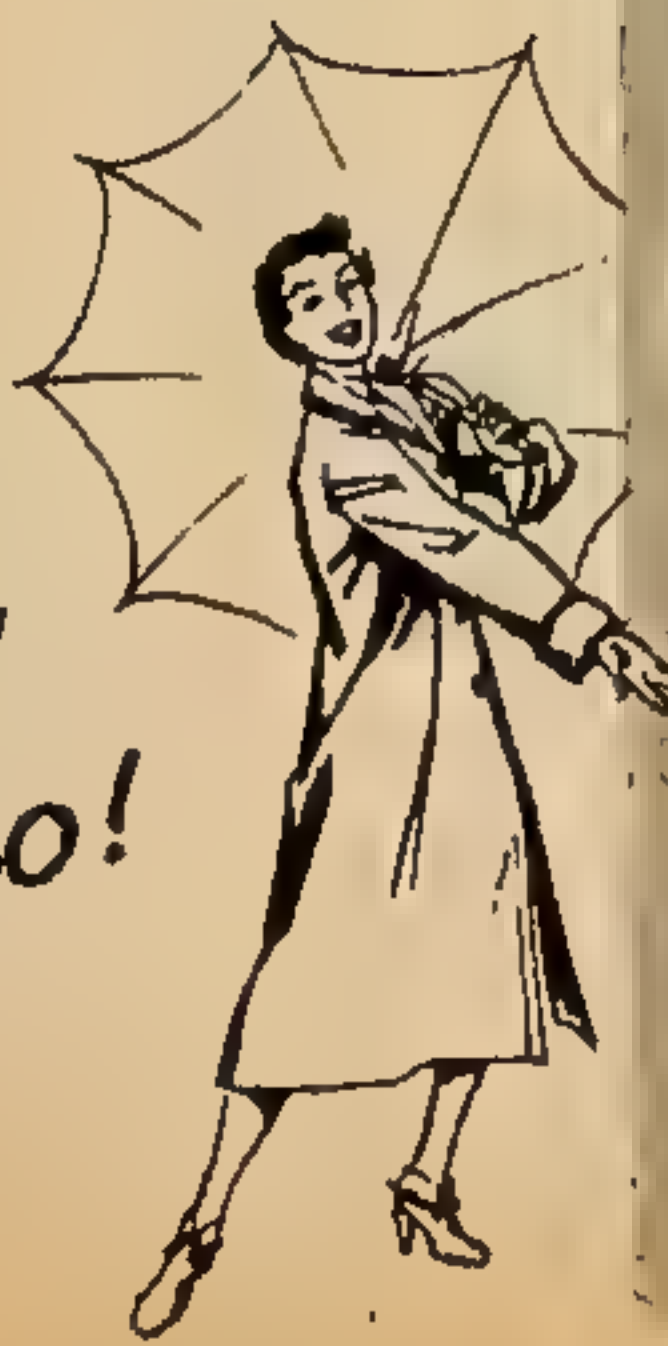
**Talk
about
lather!**



You get floods more suds...better hair-conditioning too!

NEW *White Rain*

NEW PACKAGE...
NEW
EASY-GRIP BOTTLE...
WONDERFUL NEW
LOTION SHAMPOO!



You'll be talking about lather for days after your first shampoo with new White Rain. Because it really does pile up astonishingly . . . gives you gobs more rich, gentle suds, soft as rain water. You can *feel* your hair become silken under your finger-tips

. . . Yet see what happens when you comb it out. The curl just naturally springs back. New White Rain leaves your hair in better condition, sprinkled with sunshine, fresh as a breeze, and *manageable*. New White Rain was made especially for you . . .

BY *Toni* THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOUR HAIR BEST 61

new trends for campus, country or career

■ By bus, train or plane all gals are in a hurry to get some place—to work, to school, to out-of-town business or just back home after the gay and lazy days of summer! MODERN SCREEN solves your first wardrobe problems—chooses classic sweater styles, a versatile skirt, a honey of a coat, plus exciting accessories to give a pick-up to all your clothes—the new and the old!

Our favorite travel outfit for fall is worn here by beautiful, titian-haired Piper Laurie, who is currently appearing in Universal-International's Technicolor film hit *Ain't Misbehavin'*. Our travel outfit features a treasured 100% cashmere sweater set by Catalina. The cardigan covers a short-sleeved slip-on. Imported wool skirt by Evan-Picone; the reversible great coat of Ollegro startlingly lined with Ocelot, by Swansdown.

Our accessories feature a classic-designed, simulated pearl choker with matching button earrings by Volupté—a must in every girl's jewelry box (see close-up of pearls on page 64); new, wonder-washable LaunderLeather kid gloves by Landel; Shape 2-U sheer stockings that fit the contour of every leg like a second skin in Skin Tone colors by Bur-Mil Cameo; stylish Show Case calf pumps by Deb Towners (see close-up and description on page 64). The three well-teamed pieces of famous Streamlite luggage are by Samsonite—hat box, O'nite Case and wardrobe. The Sportster portable radio by Philco. The luggage and the radio both constant companions for the busy girl.

Our tips for your trips—go by National Trailways Bus System, Greyhound Bus, Union Pacific Railroad or United Airlines—all economical, convenient with service a-plenty.

If there is any merchandise in this fashion section that is not carried by your favorite stores, write Fashion, Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., for further information.

Now! a deodorant that ends acid-damage to skin and clothes

as it stops odor...keeps you moisture-free longer!

The remarkable Tussy Deodorant protects delicate underarms and dainty fabrics from the kind of acid-damage caused by some deodorants! No more worry about sore underarms, ruined dresses! Now, you're safe from damaging deodorant acids with Tussy's exclusive "acid control" formula!

It stops odor, instantly . . . no waiting to dry! Stops moisture, longer . . . yet won't irritate normal skin! Keeps delicate fabrics, dainty cottons, linens, even nylon, safe from deodorant acids . . . *even under intense ironing heat!*

Remember—Tussy Deodorant in its vanishing cream base does more than stop odor, keep you moisture-free longer!

It ends acid-damage to skin and clothes! 50¢ and \$1 plus tax

TUSSY cream deodorant



modern screen fashions



GOING PLACES

IN STYLE

■ Sweaters for school, for business, for travel, for play—day and night—this is the fashion story! *Below*, Debbie Reynolds, next in MGM's *Tender Trap*, wears a classic *Belgimere* (100% imported lambswool) sweater-set by Catalina. In new fashion colors—short-sleeved slip-on, \$8; cardigan, \$11. *Right*, Terry Moore, to be seen in R.K.O.'s film *Alison*, in a short-sleeved, scoop-neckline sweater of 100% *Zephyr* wool, right for dressy or casual clothes. White, pink, blue, black, flame, apricot, aqua or nutmeg. About \$5. Also by Catalina.

GOING PLACES IN STYLE:

IT'S THE LITTLE



Simulated pearls by Volupté. Earrings, \$1* up; necklaces, \$3* up.



New Deb Towner pump of calf in basic and new fashion colors. \$11.



THINGS THAT COUNT



Huskies easy, hug-tight "sweater-flats"—pure comfort by Hussco. \$6.



Versatile steerhide handbag by Meeker. \$21*. Gloves by Superb.

■ A shoe wardrobe of *Huskies* by Hussco—important shoe styles the world over for casual wear. Julie Adams, next in U-I's Technicolor films *One Desire* and *The Private War Of Major Benson*, features the new "sweater-flat" (see inset above). An elasticized band hugs the foot to avoid gapping and slipping. *Super-flex* sole and cute contrasting bow. Brown, black, red, avocado, charcoal or grey smooth leather, black or grey suede. Shoes in wardrobe under \$5 and \$6. Handbag, Meeker; *LaunderLeather* pigskin gloves, Leather Glove Industries; stockings, Bur-Mil Cameo; separates, McArthur.

*Plus taxes



modern screen fashions

a new star is born



Coiffure by Colesant



Straps go in farthest loops for wide-set or scoop necklines



Inside loops for close-to-neckline halter fashions



Use farthest loops for more wide-set halter fashions



Straps crossed for criss-cross styles—day or evening



For styles that are bare on one side—use only one strap



Remove the straps completely for all off-shoulder styles

■ From every angle—for every fashion style in your all-round wardrobe there is assured figure flattery when you choose Maidenform's smash hit, brand new *Pre-Lude Six-Way* bra (actually it can be worn seven ways). MODERN SCREEN has awarded it their Fashion Trophy for Fall 1955. This magic bra incorporates, of course, all of the famous structural features of Maidenform. In the large photograph on the left the straps of the bra are placed in the conventional position (use inside loops). The smaller photographs show the positioning of the straps for the multiple needs of today's many exciting necklines. The *Pre-Lude Six-Way* bra of embroidered cotton is available at the low budget price of \$3. White only. Sold at all leading department and specialty stores.

getting to know you

(Continued from page 41) suddenly I found I couldn't. My feet just wouldn't work."

"You know you want to get married more than anything else in the world," she said sternly to herself at last. "What's the matter with you?"

Those words broke the spell. Mitzi rushed down the stairs so fast that she caught the heel of her shoe on the bottom step and almost fell flat on her face in front of all the guests. She looked around in embarrassment and saw her future husband looking at her with an expression that seemed to say, "Oh, well, this is Mitzi. I kind of expect that from her."

Mitzi caught herself and walked forward more slowly. She got through the ceremony without further mishap but with a heavy heart. It seemed to her that all her worst misgivings about that terrible first year everyone talked about had been fulfilled. How could she ever get through it when she couldn't even start the first day properly?

Dread of that first year had haunted Mitzi from the moment she and Jack had begun talking about marriage. Mitzi had seen evidence on all sides of the havoc it could wreak upon young couples. There were the movies for instance.

"In the movies, in their first year of marriage, someone always goes home to Mother," Mitzi explains. "Either your mother or my mother or sometimes both."

Then there were some of Mitzi's married friends. They were happy most of the time. But occasionally Mitzi would find them glum and preoccupied.

"We had a fight," they'd tell her. "We haven't spoken for three days."

There was another source of information about that dreadful first year to which Mitzi turned. This was those magazine articles that attack the problem with an almost sadistic grimness. They give lengthy instructions for the prospective bride and are always accompanied by questionnaires and problems to fill out and solve.

So determined was Mitzi to find out if she was fit fodder for the marriage mill that she read all the articles in all the magazines. She even looked up the back issues. She worked the problems and answered questions like: "Do you know the color of your future husband's eyes? Does he like pea soup or not?" She studied all the rules.

The trouble was, according to Mitzi, that in each issue the article was written by a different psychiatrist or doctor. They contradicted each other. In the end her head was spinning.

One worry was foremost in her mind. Jack wasn't running true to form. He didn't do all the things the magazines said he should be doing. She, too, was falling far short of what was expected. The situation looked bleak to Mitzi.

Then a bright idea came to her. She remembered that Jack had a master's degree in psychology. He could use it to bring them around to the proper viewpoint.

"Darling," she said to Jack one day, "why don't you use psychology on us? Then everything would be fine."

But Jack shook his head. "What you're really telling me is, 'Physician heal thyself,'" he explained to her. "And that's impossible. You can't work objectively either on your own problems or on those of someone you love and feel close to."

So, rebuffed, Mitzi went back to brooding over the articles, filling out the questionnaires and trying to make up her mind whether to marry or not. With the passage of these weeks of uncertainty she and Jack were getting more and more ir-



Are you really lovely to love?

...Is there an
air of freshness
about you...always?

You'll be fresh as a daisy, even on hot humid days—when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant! Prove it to yourself this way:

Buy a jar of Fresh today. Use Fresh under one arm and continue your present deodorant under the other arm for a few days.

See for yourself which prevents odor best—keeps underarms drier—protects clothing better... makes you *sure* you have an air of freshness *always*.

Fresh is a registered trademark of Pharma-Craft Corporation. Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.



Fresh is extra effective—contains the most effective perspiration-checking ingredient known. Gentle to skin... creamy smooth, not sticky or greasy. Delicately fragrant. Use daily.

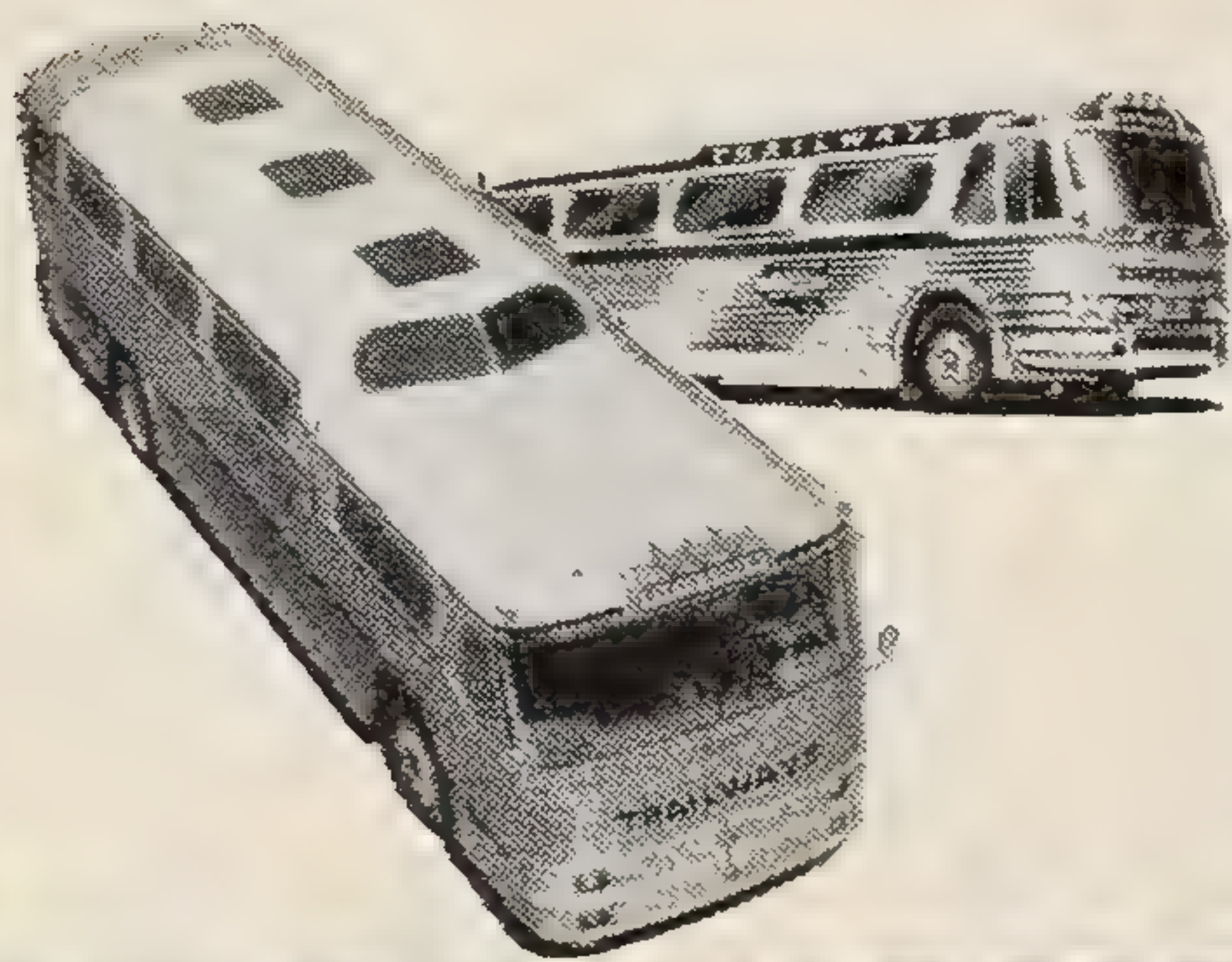
a Fresh girl is always lovely to love



**"Trailways
straight
thru,
please"**

TAKE THE EASY WAY

Trailways Straight Thru means no change of bus or baggage... You keep the same soft seat on the same luxurious comfort-conditioned bus and... at the same low fares. For your next trip plan to go the easy way... go Trailways, straight thru.



TRAILWAYS

1012 14TH STREET N.W. • WASHINGTON, D. C.

TRAILWAYS, Dept. DG95

1012 14th St., N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Please send me FREE information on a trip.

To _____

From _____

Approximate Leaving Date _____

I am interested in ☐ expense paid tour;
☐ vacation trip (check one).

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

ritated with each other. It was a far cry from the first three months that he had dated her.

"Hysterical, happy, laughing, ridiculous months," Mitzi describes them. "I nearly died laughing at everything Jack said. And he thought every remark I made was very funny."

The second three months Jack wasn't so funny to Mitzi nor she to him.

"But they were awfully companionable months," says Mitzi. "He was nice and I was kind of nice, too."

"Then for the next six months we were desperately in love."

During those six months everything was tinged with the soft light of romance. Mitzi and Jack used to go to the Bublichki restaurant for Hungarian food. Sasha the fiddler would come to the table and play Hungarian melodies for Mitzi, who is part Hungarian. Mitzi would be so affected by the tunes that seemed to echo her own tender feelings of love that she would begin to cry. Then Sasha would cry, too, playing his fiddle with the tears rolling down his cheeks. And Jack would look on, touched by Mitzi's warmth and sweetness and the soft aura of romance.

It was only after Mitzi and Jack began talking about marriage that the irritation crept in. The more they discussed marriage, the more edgy they became toward each other. Mitzi just couldn't make up her mind whether she could get through that grim first year.

She and Jack no longer laughed and joked as in the first three months. The sense of companionship they had felt in the second three months seemed to have developed a strained quality. As for the feeling of romance, it had apparently evaporated altogether. Now when Sasha played and cried and Mitzi cried, Jack ceased to be touched.

"Do you have to be so schmaltsy, Mitzi?" he would demand, thus causing Mitzi to cry harder than ever.

At last Jack called for a showdown.

"You've got to make up your mind," he said. "Are you going to get married, or aren't you going to get married?"

"Yes, we are," Mitzi said waveringly, her eye on that first terrible year.

"But when?" Jack persisted.

"As soon as I get things straightened around," Mitzi answered. It was only after she'd said it that she realized she didn't have anything to straighten around. She was just procrastinating because she was so scared. So she set the date with Jack, but the decision seemed to increase her fears.

"I was so upset during the last two weeks that we almost didn't make it," Mitzi recalls. "Everything was so icky. By the time my wedding day came I was a nervous wreck."

It took Mitzi just two days of their honeymoon to decide that there is nothing so frightening about the first year after all. Those honeymoon days were, in her words, delightful, divine and perfect.

"Jack did a complete about-face," Mitzi recalls. "In those strained two weeks before we were married he'd shout at me, 'For crying out loud, Mitzi, hurry up!' But afterward he was so gentle and sweet and kind. I thought, 'What are they talking about, all those article writers? I don't know what they're talking about.'"

It was only after Mitzi and Jack came back from their honeymoon and prepared to set up housekeeping that Mitzi discovered there was something, after all, to the talk about the first year. The apartment they found was not by any stretch of the imagination one of those dream places into which the young husband is supposed to carry his bride. The former tenants had not been particularly good housekeepers. Everything was coated with dust. The woodwork was soiled. The floors

were dirty. Jack looked around and said with masculine forthrightness, "What a mess!"

Mitzi looked around, too, but her eyes gleamed. The general dishevelment presented a challenge that delighted her. Mitzi loves to clean house because it's so different from anything else she's called upon to do. When she cleans she puts into it all the enthusiasm you see her displaying in a dance number on the screen.

"Here," she said to herself, "is where you can really show your husband what a fine housekeeper you are."

Mitzi got up at seven the next morning. She got out the Spic and Span, the Brillo, the mops, brooms, dust cloths and wax. She scrubbed and waxed the floors. She washed the woodwork and the windows. She polished the furniture. She unpacked clothes and put them neatly away. She house-cleaned steadily for two days while Jack worked at the office. At last everything was done. Mitzi surveyed her work.

"It's a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It'll impress him," she told herself with satisfaction.

Jack came home, and it must have been one of those days for him. He stood in the living room and looked about him. And then in that wonderful masculine way he said, "Will you look at this place? This is the crummiest place I've ever seen!"

Mitzi tried to recall all the advice she'd heard from older people.

"Remember, he's just a man," they'd told her. "Whatever he says or does, don't pay

Phil Foster claims that if these movie screens get much longer, theatres will soon be lined with wall-to-wall CinemaScope.

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

any attention to him. As long as you control your temper and laugh at him, you'll get along just fine."

But how do you control your temper when your meticulous handiwork of two long days has been not merely unnoticed but openly insulted? How do you keep calm when you feel like flying at your husband and throttling him?

"I got hysterical," Mitzi recalls. "I started to weep and wail. Poor Jack just stood there with his mouth hanging open."

At last Mitzi got her breath.

"Oh, how could you say that after I did all this work for two whole days?" she moaned.

Only then did Jack realize what was wrong.

"Honey," he said soothingly, "I don't really mind the place. It's just that I thought you didn't like it. So I wanted you to know I was in accord with the way you felt."

"Well, I like this place," Mitzi flared back. "In fact I love it. My fingernails are stuck in the wood where I broke them off scraping away the dirt. Those floors are patched with the skin off my knees. I like this place."

"All right, darling, all right, I like it, too," Jack said.

And that was how they weathered the first crisis. They didn't do it by rules. It just worked out by itself.

The usual bridal crisis over food didn't happen to Mitzi. She had found out about Jack's idiosyncrasies in the long courtship before they were married. The first dinner she ever cooked for Jack after they had become engaged was a gem.

"I'm not a bad cook," Mitzi says modestly, "even if I do say so myself."

Actually, she has a reputation as an exceptional cook. She inherited her talents from her Hungarian father, whose real profession is music, but whose avocation is the culinary art. Mr. Gerber is a genius

at preparing exotic dishes.

Mitzi called upon all the culinary wisdom she had learned from her father and, coupling this with her own talents, concocted a meal that would have appealed to a fastidious gourmet. The table literally groaned with delicious dishes. Jack was properly impressed. He sat down and ate everything that was put before him.

"It's just wonderful," he told Mitzi.

Mitzi didn't learn his real sentiments until just before he was ready to leave.

"You know, honey," he said then, "next time could we have hamburger?"

Mitzi was hurt. She had slaved all day, had turned out a meal that would have done credit to her father, and here was Jack asking for lowly hamburger. It could only mean he didn't like her cooking.

She brooded over it until she found out that Jack wasn't insulting her cooking at all. He really liked hamburger. It was one of his passions.

"In a way, that was a relief to me," Mitzi laughs. "I knew that when we were married I wouldn't have to break my neck dreaming up new dishes to please him. All those jokes about the bride turning out a bum meal couldn't even apply to me. I was saved one problem—the one some of the experts describe as the worst of all.

"That's what I like about long engagements. You can find out so much about your future husband before you're married. When two people are locked up in a very small area there's going to be some friction no matter how compatible you are. For instance, if you don't know your husband doesn't like pea soup and you cook enough pea soup to last a whole week, you're likely to run into real trouble."

But food did cause something of a tiff.

Jack, having been a bachelor for several years, had learned to cook for himself. The fancy dishes which Mitzi concocts aren't his specialty. He never works by inspiration. He cooks strictly by the rules of the recipe book. But he rather prides himself on being able to turn out satisfactorily the simple, standby dishes.

Once they were married, Jack insisted that Mitzi eat breakfast before going to the studio. Until then Mitzi had never bothered with breakfast. It was Jack who explained to her why she always felt exhausted. And it was Jack who did more than insist she eat breakfast. He got up and prepared it for her.

"It's a wonderful thing for him to do all by himself," Mitzi says proudly. "He still gets up at quarter of five before I do and turns off that awful alarm clock just so I don't have to hear it. Then he makes my breakfast and serves it to me. He fixes the eggs in new ways so they don't taste like eggs every morning."

It was over the scrambled eggs that the tiff started. Apparently Jack especially prided himself on the way he scrambled eggs, for he scrambled them for Mitzi four mornings in a row.

"Well, how is it?" he would ask.

"Just f-f-fine, dear," Mitzi would reply.

But Jack noticed the hesitancy in Mitzi's voice and he saw, too, that she didn't touch much of the scrambled eggs. When this phenomenon occurred on the fourth successive morning he decided to investigate.

"You don't like scrambled eggs much, do you, darling?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I love scrambled eggs," Mitzi answered truthfully.

"Well, is it the way I cook scrambled eggs?" Jack persisted.

"Darling," Mitzi answered, "do you really want to know the truth?"

"Yes, shoot!" Jack agreed.

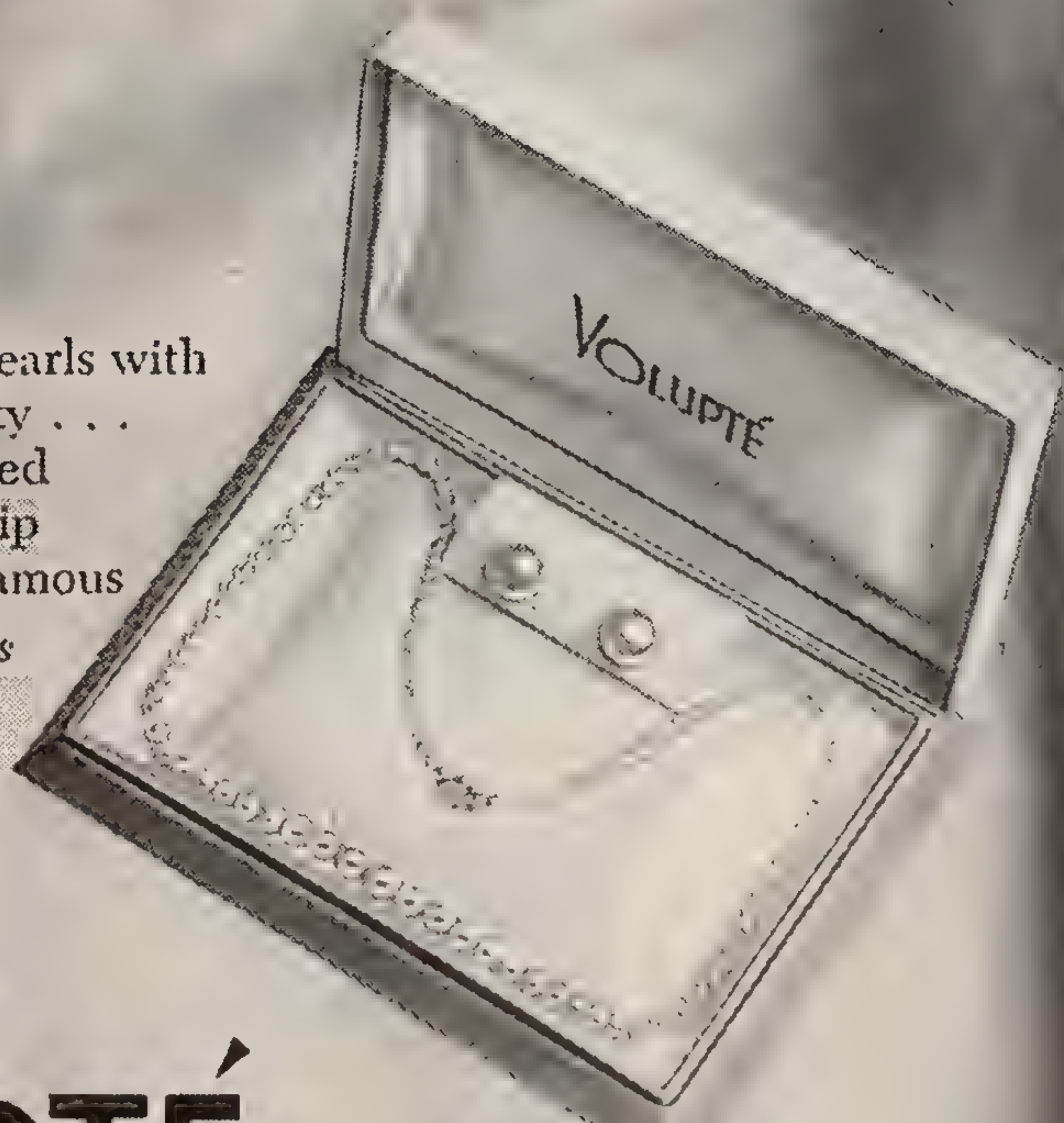
"Look, dear," Mitzi replied, taking him at his word. "You're a wonderful husband, the very best husband anywhere in the world. But I don't think much of your scrambled eggs."

mood
by cupid...
glamour by
VOLUPTÉ

No one but Volupté creates pearls with such an air of priceless beauty . . . each exquisite strand fashioned with the flawless craftsmanship for which Volupté is world-famous

"SUTTON" ensemble — lustrous simulated pearl necklace with sparkling rhinestone clasp, earrings to match.

In luxurious jewel case, \$6.00, plus tax.



VOLUPTÉ

393 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Volupté Simulated Pearls, from \$3 to \$20, at fine jewelers everywhere.

Fall fun starts with



Huskies®

"kick
off"



only
4.99

Slick little one-eyelet tie with the new very smart low look... light-stepping foam sole! Smooth leathers and suedes in gay colors.

At your favorite shoe store, or write:
HUSSCO SHOE CO., Honesdale, Pa.
Canada: Canada West Shoe Co., Winnipeg

1120

MOVIE TV-RADIO STAR PICTURES

BEAUTIFUL CATALOG INCLUDED

HOLLYWOOD FILM STAR CENTER

BOX 2309, Studio C-9, Hollywood 28, California

Newest Poses • Glossy Wallet size • Biggest Hollywood Surprise Offer Yet!

2 FREE GIFTS with every order — addresses and birthdays of TOP STARS—VALUE \$1.50 so hurry—supply limited—send your dollar today!

Beauty Demonstrators Wanted

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Up to \$5.00 an hour demonstrating famous Hollywood cosmetics in your neighborhood. Full or part time. For free samples and details write: Harry Taylor, President **Studio Girl** HOLLYWOOD COSMETICS Glendale, Calif., Dept. D-95a

\$60.00 FOR A LITTLE SPARE TIME

With NEW Christmas Card Line!

Make 75¢ profit on each \$1.25 TALL-CARD "Imperial Gold" Christmas Assortment—\$60.00 cash on 80 boxes easily. 250 fastest selling card assortments, stationery, gift items—many EXCLUSIVES including Personalized Christmas Cards, Famous Doehla line color catalog. Extra Cash Bonus; Guarantee assures up to 15¢ more profit per box. 1-Free-With-3 Sample Offer; other surprise Free Offers. Send coupon for sample kit NOW.

\$1.95 GIFT offered FREE for Prompt Action.

Only Cardinal Offers You New Tall Cards 25 for \$1.25

30-Card \$1 Box GIFT WRAPS BY-THE-YARD NAME-IMPRINTS 40 for \$1.25 Up

CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN
1400 STATE AVE., DEPT. 34-T, CINCINNATI 14, OHIO
Send money-making kit of 5 assortments on approval, FREE Personalized Samples, other FREE Offers.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Mitzi was giving her criticism with all the detached forthrightness of an inspirational cook and the daughter of a culinary genius. But Jack didn't appreciate it.

"Well, if you don't like my scrambled eggs you can make them for yourself from now on," he snapped huffily.

"Exactly as though it were all my fault that he cooks a lousy scrambled egg," Mitzi says, recalling the incident.

This tiff like the first one, however, blew over without benefit of rules.

"The way we straightened it out," says Mitzi, "is that he just doesn't make scrambled eggs any more."

"We have other tiffs, too," she continued, "just like every other married couple. But never about important things. Usually the reasons are positively ridiculous."

Sometimes Mitzi will get all dressed up to go out. She thinks she looks pretty sharp but Jack will take one glance and snort, "You're not going to wear that, are you?"

"At the beginning of our marriage that was enough to break my heart," Mitzi confesses. "I'd throw myself on the bed and cry hysterically. But now I know it's not the end of the world. It's just that Jack, like any other man, likes to have his wife look the way he wants her to look."

They settle this kind of tiff, too, without resorting to the rules.

Mitzi just says, "Yes, I am, dear."

But the tiffs, far from making their first years of marriage grim, have accented their happiness together.

Both Mitzi and Jack realize that one of their causes of friction is that they are extreme opposites so far as temperament is concerned. But they know also that this difference in their personalities has really served to enrich both their lives. Mitzi, with her wealth of cultural background, artistic, literary and musical, has rounded out Jack's deficiencies in those fields. Jack, with his practical outlook and good business sense, has helped Mitzi in the organization of all her assets. He also realizes her great need to relax, for Mitzi over-expends herself in nervous energy.

To help Mitzi relax, Jack resorts to those zany little things that are always sure to bring a laugh. He calls her from his office—a funny, kidding call reminiscent of those first three joking months.

Mitzi gets the message on the set where she's working, a note telling her that a Mr. Kronkite or a Mr. Fiddlefaddle phoned and left his number. As soon as Mitzi gets a moment off she dials the number.

"Is Mr. Fiddlefaddle there, please?" she says.

"Ya, dis iss Mr. Fiddlefaddle," he answers. "Vot iss?"

"Well, Mr. Fiddlefaddle," Mitzi replies, "this is Mrs. Brunoff that you called at the studio."

"Vot Mrs. Brunoff?" Jack says in his best German dialect. "I don't recall ever phoning you, Mrs. Brunoff."

And the conversation goes on like this for some time until finally Mitzi laughs and says, "Well, did you have your fun?"

And Jack answers, "Yes, I was good, wasn't I?"

And Mitzi exclaims, "Oh, you were wonderful!"

Whenever possible Jack comes round to the studio at noon to have lunch with Mitzi. If a business engagement prevents this he makes it a point to drop in once a day if only for a quick call. This means a lot to Mitzi, for Jack understands her mood, knows how to raise her spirits.

There was the time, for instance, in the days before Jack and Mitzi were married, that she snapped her ankle while doing an exacting number in *No Business Like Show Business*. They had to carry her into the dispensary to tape up her leg. There she sat, wrapped in a big sheet, for all the world like an unhappy little girl with the

tears rolling down her cheeks.

Only Jack knew she was not crying from pain. It was from pure anger at herself for having allowed such a dreadful thing to happen. Mitzi is a great believer in good and bad luck. It seemed to her that she was being plagued by bad luck and passing it on to the whole company. Jack alone was able to cheer her with assurances that accidents will happen.

On her side, Mitzi has learned to understand mannerisms that betray a man's secret displeasures.

"I think I was pretty bright," she says a little proudly. "Most brides go a whole year or more before they learn to read the signs. And I know them already though Jack and I won't pass our first milestone until November 18th."

"I'd like to pass out a tip right here that will save other girls a lot of heartaches. It's this. When your husband comes home irritable from work and finds fault with this and that, don't take it too much to heart. Let him complain. He's not sore at you at all but at something that happened in the office. He has to get rid of his pent-up anger on someone. And he picks you because you're the one who's dearest to him, the only one he'd dare let down the bars to. His irritation is really just a sign of his love."

Mitzi can always tell if something has displeased Jack when he visits her on the set. As soon as he shows up she always runs to greet him with a "Hello, dear," and a kiss. When he's been disturbed by something at the office he says sternly, "Don't

Hear about the men from Mars who landed in a field in the Valley, marched up to a cow and said: "Take us to your president at once!"

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

kiss me, Mitzi, you'll get your make-up all messed up."

At first Mitzi was hurt by this strange reversal of character. Now that she knows it only means something has gone wrong, she's especially sympathetic with Jack at those times.

But when Jack is really depressed, says Mitzi, he acts in a far more drastic manner. He stands in front of the mirror and looks at himself for a long while as though what he saw staring back was something somewhat less than human. Finally he hits himself a resounding blow in the stomach.

"I'm getting fat," he says in a tone of disgust, whether it's true or not.

Mitzi knows that this is a sign of real unhappiness and that Jack can be cured of it only by going on a diet, even if he doesn't need it.

"So we go on a diet," Mitzi says in a resigned voice. "Ohhhh."

But diet or no diet, tiffs or no tiffs, Mitzi has this to say about the first year of marriage that started with her almost falling flat on her face on her wedding day: "It's been wonderful, every minute of it. Jack has made me one of the happiest people in the world and I know he loves me too."

Sometimes after one of their tiffs Jack will say, with the bleak despair of which only a male is capable, "I don't understand it at all. Why are we so unhappy when we should be very happy? We've got the whole world in front of us. Life is beautiful. And here we are quarreling with each other."

Then it is Mitzi, remembering all those articles she read and all the groundless fears that almost prevented her from marrying, who comforts him.

"Darling," she says very calmly and quietly, "after all, this is our first year. Remember?"

END

what lana's really like

(Continued from page 56) could come to knowing what Lana Turner is like.

Lana was on time for our meeting at the Brown Derby. Conversation in the restaurant dropped from a babble to a buzz and every head turned slowly, as though watching a tennis match in slow motion, to follow her progress down the aisle to the booth where I sat.

She walked past the stares with a poise born of long practice, slid into our booth and removed the pale yellow cashmere coat that accentuated her sun tan and the blue of her eyes.

"Today," I told her, "we're not going to mention men. Not one."

"Olé," she said. "That will be a refreshing change." She seemed genuinely pleased, and I thought how dreary it must be for her, being probed by assorted strangers about her life and loves, and husbands past and present.

I started by asking about twelve-year-old Cheryl, and Lana threw up her hands in a helpless gesture. "That one! She's taller than I am! You can't imagine what it's like to look up at a child and lecture her. The psychological effect is all wrong. I pace up and down when I have to scold her and know I'm getting nowhere, until finally I say, 'Sit down, young lady, sit down!' After that, it's better."

"You mean you're still having troubles?" I said innocently. "Five years ago she was pinching you and her grandmother."

"Well, I talked her out of it," said Lana. "I told her it was dull and unattractive and that seemed to get through to her. Now she's telling fibs—little fibs that don't even have a point. Honest to Pete, there's always something!"

She told me about the new governess, a Frenchwoman who has brought up two daughters of her own, and who is teaching Cheryl French and embroidery and old-world discipline. "Thank heaven for that woman! She keeps calming me down. She tells me that between eleven and thirteen they try to see how much they can get away with. And the other day I asked what happened after thirteen and she looked at me with a hopeless expression and said, 'Boys!'" Here Lana gestured again, waving her arms. "Already we've got boys. Every time I answer the doorbell there's some young, gum-chewing character in a leather jacket with hands stuck in his pockets." She sighed. "I guess no matter how old she is, I'll always have my work cut out for me."

"Does she see your movies?" I asked her.

"Some, not all. She can't understand why I won't allow her to see some of them, like *Flame And The Flesh*. But I never shrug off a question—about anything. I always try to explain. About the pictures I tell her many of them are dull to children, but that some day she'll be able to see them all."

"Is she getting accustomed to the idea that her mother is Lana Turner?"

"I think so. She's old enough to understand now. When I go to her school she gets a big kick out of the way the other kids stare at me. But it's funny you should mention that. Just last night she showed me a page from a magazine that one of the girls in school had brought her. For a minute I was scared. I thought maybe she'd got hold of some so-called exposé that swore I'd run away with a pearl diver in Saipan or something equally ridiculous—you know the type. Anyway, it turned out to be about Cheryl. Some youngster had written wanting to know her full name and age, and said he thought she was cute as a button. It was her first

two-part story

author: GOSSARD

Part I: The bosom is youthfully "framed" by Gossard's popular plain-and-fancy cotton uplift #1871 of the frame-type cups. Reinforced undercups. White. A, B, C. \$2.50

Part II: Legs are set free by Gossard's elastic lace *pantie girdle legs can't feel. That up-shaping and elastic net edging, turn the trick. Boneless pull-on. Satin elastic panel. #610. White. S-M-L. \$5.95

*U. S. Patent #174054

Gossard
youthful Line of Beauty



at leading stores and shops or write us, we'll tell you where
THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., 111 N. CANAL ST., CHICAGO 6 • New York • San Francisco • Atlanta • Dallas • Toronto

New! Clearasil Medication 'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED...hides pimples while it works

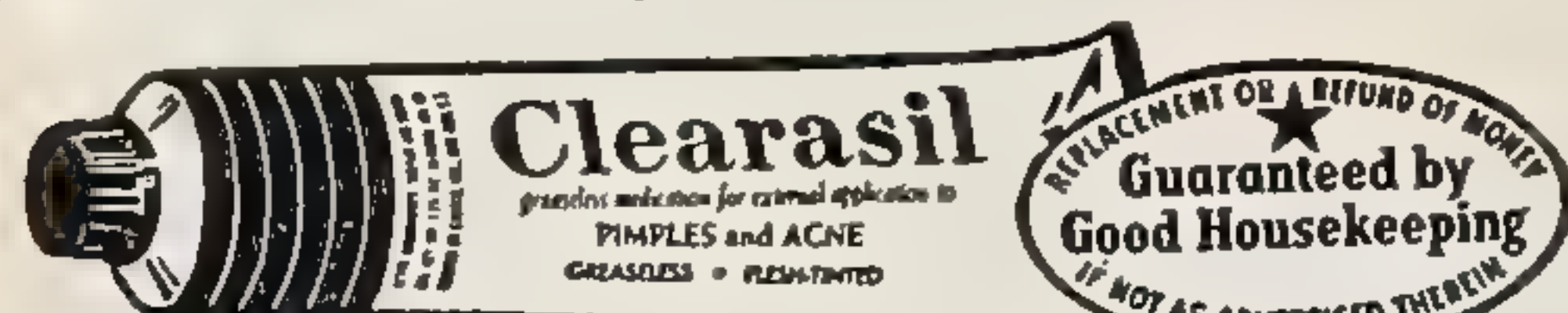


DOCTORS' TESTS PROVE
9 out of 10 cases cleared up
...or definitely improved

Doctors' clinical tests prove this new-type medication *especially* for pimples really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. And CLEARASIL's *antiseptic action* stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Skin-colored to hide pimples and end embarrassment. Greaseless, stainless...pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America's largest-selling specific pimple medication...because CLEARASIL has helped so many boys, girls and adults. **GUARANTEED** to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back. Only 59¢ and 98¢. At all druggists—Get CLEARASIL today.



Now also available in Canada (slightly more)

AT LAST! SOMETHING NEW AND SENSATIONAL IN CHRISTMAS CARDS 50 for \$1.50

MAKE Extra MONEY FAST

SUPERB SATIN VELOUR & METALLIC Show rich New Cards never before offered...Get orders fast! **FREE SAMPLES** of Gorgeous Christmas Cards with Name 50 for \$1.50. Gift Items, Stationery, Napkins, Kiddie Books. Several \$1.00 Boxes **ON APPROVAL. Write today!** PURO CO., 2801 Locust, Dept. 55-L, St. Louis 3, Mo.

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

If you did not or cannot finish high school, here is your opportunity. Study in spare time at home. Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to residential school—prepares for college exams. Standard texts supplied. Credit for subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. Diploma awarded. Be a High School graduate. Start studies now. Free Bulletin. Send coupon.

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H614
Drexel at 58th St., Chicago 37, Ill.

Without obligation, please send **FREE** descriptive booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Residents: Complete Canadian Course Available. Write American School, 1610 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal.

dip into notoriety and she tried hard not to let me know she was kind of pleased. Her main concern was that the magazine had misspelled her middle name. "They left the *a* off of Christina, mother," she said. "Isn't that awful? They do things like that all the time, don't they?" So I told her now she knew how I felt. And I think she glimpsed for the first time the reason I get so upset when people sling my life and my feelings around any old way they want to."

I remembered that Lana had once said that the life of a movie star would be a perfect one if it weren't for all the slop that goes with it.

"You've had a pretty rough time on that score, haven't you?" I said.

She raised her eyes toward heaven, and the answer was far more eloquent than words. So I changed the subject.

"You can't cook, I suppose," I said, and the negative approach got a rise out of her.

"I certainly can! I make the best fried chicken you ever tasted, and furthermore I won't share the recipe!" She laughed. "I won't even allow anybody in the kitchen when I'm making it."

"Pardon me," I said.

"You know, nobody can do it like I can. I try to tell the cook and she waves me away as though I'd insulted her. I suppose she figures any idiot can fry a chicken. Well, not my way. I'm particularly fussy about the gravy. I suppose it's nostalgia or something, but I like it the way my mother used to make it when I was a little girl—old-fashioned country-type gravy. Once the cook made it for us and the gravy was like glue. And when I tried to tell her again she got huffy. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to make it myself one night and leave one paltry little wing for her to taste the next day. And when she asks me how to do it I'm not going to tell her. Let her figure it out for herself!"

Lana looked triumphant, and I laughed. "Nobody would picture you being such a domestic dragon."

"Me? Domestic? Ha!" she said. "I just said I could fry chicken, that's all."

"What about food in general? Do you like food?"

"If they could figure out a pill that would do it," said Lana, "I'd be happy as a clam. I'm one of those dull people who eat only to live. Making out the menus at home is my worst chore. It's bad enough deciding what to eat the same day, but how do I know on Tuesday what I'm going to want to eat on Saturday? Sometimes they want me to make up menus more than a week ahead, and then I fall apart and tell 'em to rotate. Just rotate and leave me alone."

"What happens if you're temporarily out of servants?" I said.

"I can stand it just so long, and then I'll pitch in and do it. But don't think I enjoy waving a dust cloth around."

"Do you have an economic streak?" I asked. "You're reputed to spend money like water, but you must call a halt somewhere."

"I don't spend *money*," said Lana. "You might say money is my economic streak. I can charge anything. I think I could buy a battleship and charge it without a qualm. But it's the funniest thing how I hate to pay cash. It kills me. I can't bear to see that green going across the counter. Now, checks are easy. A check for a thousand dollars doesn't look any greener than one for fifty cents."

"How's your temper?" I asked.

"It takes a long time, but when it finally blows, everybody should leave town. And then it's over in five minutes. The silliest little things will set me off after months of steaming about big things. You know,

I've often wondered what it would be like to blow my top every time I feel like it. I suppose it would be fun, but I'll bet I'd feel like a fool."

"Are you a day person or a night person?" I asked.

"Night!" she said, and for emphasis slapped the table so hard that the silverware bounced. "Mornings are awful! And don't talk to me until I've had a cup of coffee. No—make that two cups. It used to be one, but now it takes two." She laughed. "I guess it's later than I think."

"If you hate mornings so much, you must crumble when you're working and have to get up at 5 a.m.," I said.

"I drive like a mole in the mornings," said Lana. "It's a wonder I ever get across town to the studio. If it's a bright day the sun hurts my eyes, and if it's a gray dawn I'm in danger of falling asleep at the wheel. I fixed it, though, for Diane. My make-up man had to go right by our house, so he picked me up every day. And he might as well have been driving a hearse for all the company he had."

"I read an article the other day that said different people are at their best at different hours. The author suggested that we should conduct our most important business at our best hour. All I have to do now is figure out how I can make all my business appointments for 11 p.m."

"What object do you own that means most to you?"

She thought a minute. "You know, I don't think I have an answer for that. If you'd asked me two or three years ago I probably would have said one of my pieces of jewelry. Or the Ming horses. I have some really lovely things. But somehow they don't mean much to me any more. I mean, I enjoy them and I'm fortunate to have them, but if something

Jerry Marshall said of a certain actress: "No wonder she's afraid of her shadow. She's the one who makes it!"

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

happened to them I don't think it would bother me very much. Why do you suppose that is?"

"I'd say you were growing up," I said.

"I'm sorry I can't think of any particular thing," she said.

"No matter. The answer you gave me is better. I'd thought maybe you had a Mosaic backscratcher that used to belong to your grandmother, or a Florentine flagon you couldn't live without."

Lana laughed. "Heaven forbid," she said. "Things—things by themselves—don't count any more."

"Do you have a hobby?"

"Golf," she said, "if you could call it a hobby. But I don't have hobbies—they get in my way. I've never understood people who collect things. As for golf, I enjoy it when I get there, but the thought of having to get ready and get out on the course bores me. Unless I'm actually doing it, it strikes me as a lot of nonsense, chasing the silly ball all over the place. Come to think of it, once I get there I go through a lot of torture. Whenever I'm getting ready to swing I think to myself, 'Now I've got to hit this stupid thing,' and I can imagine it making faces at me. The whole thing would be much easier if I just picked up the phone and canceled the game." She paused. "I'm about to take up painting again."

"I didn't know you painted."

"Once, for three weeks, fire and water couldn't keep me away from the canvas. And then I folded up everything and put it all away in a closet."

"And you're doing it again?"

"Not yet, but I can feel myself going

over the hump, and maybe soon I'll drag it all out of the closet again."

"What's your earliest memory?" I asked.

"The railroad went by our house in Idaho. And my days revolved around the times the trains would come through. I remember if nobody waved back at me my whole world collapsed."

"How would you describe your humor?" I said. "Whimsy, or slapstick, or what?" I wanted to see what she said, because Lana laughs easily and has been described by others as their greatest audience. Not only that, when she laughs, she belts it clear across the room.

"Well, I guess I'd say my humor is all over the place. If something strikes me funny I'm off, and there's no stopping me."

"Where and how did you learn to love music?" I asked.

"A long time ago," she said. "When I was married to Artie I met a lot of musical people and naturally became interested in it. I grew to love all types of music. Almost all kinds, that is," and she laughed. "I can't say I dig Haydn, exactly."

"When you're ill do you run to the doctor, or do you figure that time and your own physical condition will effect a cure?"

"I used to see a doctor if I had a hang-nail. And because I did I have the best stocked medicine chest in town. By this time I figure I know what to take for everything, and believe me, if it starts with anything from A to Z, I've got it in the medicine chest."

We spoke then of psychiatry, and Lana said that in her opinion lots of people, people who can afford it, go to psychiatrists

A long life, says Jack Lemmon, is what you get if you give up everything that makes you want one.

*Jim Henaghan
The Hollywood Reporter*

unnecessarily. "Some people lean on others for help," she said. "This astrology business that says you can't put a toe out of bed until your star is in the right house or something. And numerology, what is that stuff? I think you're on your own, and everything you do and have comes from inside you. From you and God, and I think if you have to have somebody else to help, or use as an excuse, there's something wrong with you."

I plowed on with questions. "How do you feel about telephones?"

"Can't stand 'em," she said. "They're fine when they're necessary, but I don't like to yak for the sake of yakking. There's nothing worse than the woman who has nothing better to do than chatter. You can tell the type right away because they always start off by saying 'What're you doing?' I have the worst urge to answer, 'Wasting time, right now.' Wouldn't it be wonderful if you had the nerve to say what you feel sometimes?"

"What is your worst fault?"

"I procrastinate," she said promptly. "I tend never to do today what I can put off until tomorrow."

"What's your prime virtue?" I asked, and Lana was properly modest in saying she didn't think she had any. I thought I knew the answer myself, because if there's anything Lana is admired for, it's her loyalty. Those who were her friends years ago are still her friends.

"Do you intend to stay active in movies for the rest of your life?"

"No," she said, "but I'll stay with it until I have some other income equal to what I earn in pictures."

"If for some reason you could no longer act, what would you do?"

"Something with clothes. Designing, probably."

"Are you stubborn?"

"No," she said slowly. "I really don't think I am. I'm thinking of work now. I always give. Sometimes I think they shouldn't do a scene a certain way, but I never insist."

"What makes you cry in movies?"

"Loneliness, I think. It tears me apart. But of course I'm a patsy for tear-jerkers. I love to cry at the movies."

"What about your pet extravagance?"

"It's always been shoes and I guess it always will be. I have two salesmen who send shoes out to the house all the time, and I always buy them. I can't help myself. Last month Bill sent me two pair and I set my jaw and took them back myself. I thought I was being very courageous—until I bought four pair while I was in the department."

"If you were allowed three books on a desert island, what would you choose?"

She took a long time on that one and then she said, "I don't think I'd need three. If I had *The Prophet* with me I'd be all right. I've lived with it for years. It's so beautiful."

"Who is your severest critic?"

"Myself," she said without hesitation.

"How do you react to seeing yourself on the screen?"

"When you ask me that, all I can think of is that screen test with the tight sweater. I was just sick about it. I didn't know that was what I looked like to other people. It never entered my head that they would exploit it. I don't think I'll ever recover from the shock."

"Do you take to people quickly?" I asked.

"If they have warmth, I get along fine with them right away. But it takes a long time for me to get to know people—really know them."

"What do you first notice about people?"

"Whether they're loud or quiet. I hate loudness in people."

"Are you careless?"

"You could trail me by picking up hankies," she said. "I love beautiful handkerchiefs and I'm proud of the ones I own, but somehow when I get home I've always lost the one I took with me. Most women lose gloves and earrings. With me, it's hankies."

"Speak to me of hats," I said.

"Hats," she said. "Sometimes I think if I don't get a new one I'll scream. On the other hand, I often go without one. I say to myself, 'Nobody else will be wearing a hat,' so I don't either. Isn't that awful of me? And I should add that the hats I buy depend on the car I'm driving. I drive a big car and buy big hats and then I buy a little sports car and I can't get into it with the big hats, so I have to go out and buy some little hats." She grinned. "At least, it's a good excuse."

"Are there any advantages you feel you've missed?" I said. "For instance, do you wish you'd gone to college?"

Lana Turner smiled. "What I've learned in this business they don't teach at college. Six of them couldn't have taught me what I've learned in Hollywood."

And that about wrapped it up. Before she left, Lana thanked me again for excluding the subject of men, and said the interview had been fun for her.

To me, at least, Lana is a woman of great humor, of honesty and courage. She is one of the rare actresses who is not consistently labeled with the five-letter word used so freely in Hollywood to describe a nasty female. Lana has kept her balance and sense of values. If she has lost anything through these years of cinema fame, it has been her own happiness. It is something she seems to find only periodically. The important thing is that she has never lost herself.

END

MARY'S not a MISS anymore



**She learned the
BEAUTY SECRETS of the
famous POWERS MODELS**

So can you! You can learn the beauty secrets that lead to romance from the world's foremost beauty authority, John Robert Powers. Gayla offers you these priceless secrets on an exclusive double-face RCA record. Just by listening you can learn to have lovely, lustrous hair . . . achieve the most attractive hair styling . . . be more glamorous. You cannot buy this record anywhere, but Gayla can send it to you.

Remember, Gayla **HOLD-BOB** is the bobby pin preferred by the Powers Models . . . and by millions of women everywhere. Gayla's many patented features enable them to open easier, glide into the hair more smoothly, hold more securely, retain their springiness and holding power longer.

It costs no more to get the best . . . so insist on Gayla **HOLD-BOB** bobby pins . . . and send for YOUR record today.

offered only by

Gayla®

HOLD-BOB®

**World's Largest
Selling Bobby Pin**



24 Gayla HOLD-BOB 10c

Send today _____ © 1955 G. P. I.

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois A-9

Yes, I want the record telling Beauty Secrets of the famous Powers Models. Here's the top of a Gayla **HOLD-BOB** bobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope plus 25¢ (for handling).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

USE EXCITING GAYLA MIST SPRAY HAIR NET FOR THE PROFESSIONAL LOOK. IT'S NEW!



**IF you're
STOUT**

Send for This
FREE
Style Book



SIZES
38 to
60
BUST

SAVE MONEY on smart dresses, coats in Sizes 38 to 60, styled to make you look slimmer. All at really **LOW** prices.

A smart collar and panel-effect add slimming lines to this Woven Check Gingham Coat Dress, only \$3.98. Others \$2.98 up. Coats from \$12.98.

\$3.98

Mail Coupon for your 100-page Style Book. It's **FREE** and postpaid!

Lane Bryant DEPT. 18
INDIANAPOLIS 17,
INDIANA

Please mail me **FREE** Style Book for Stout Women. (18)

Name _____

Address _____

Post Office _____

State _____

F-55

LIVING COLOR CARDS Pay You **\$50**
ON 50 BOXES

Show
New
CHRISTMAS
CARD
Sensation

New Living Color Process Christmas Cards sell fast from **FREE** Samples—you keep \$1.00 cash on every box! Also profits to 100% on biggest selection of Gift Novelties, newest **SLIM CARDS**, 7 Personal Lines, Children's items, etc. New Catalog Shopping Plan, Year-Round Gallery Display, Bargain Specials boost earnings! No experience needed. Get Assortments on approval, Imprints and Color Catalog **FREE**.

BOULEVARD ART PUBLISHERS

235 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 549-C, Chicago 4, Illinois

Send for
Samples

GIRLS! START RATING FOR DATING

Any of 10 different type guys with the **NEW Date-Meter**. It suggests: What to talk about—Things to do—and places to go with your favorite beau. Let this date Success Meter help make your "Date Dreams" come true. Send \$1.00 to "Paula," P.O. Box 135, Beaverton, Oregon. Your Date-Meter will be sent by return mail. Postpaid.

FREE ENLARGEMENT
of your Favorite Photo



FROM FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS

Just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful studio quality 5 x 7 enlargement of any snapshot, photo or negative. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, and get our Bargain Offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing each enlargement. Original returned. We will pay \$100.00 for children's or adults pictures used in our advertising. Act NOW!
HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-104
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

movie previews

(Continued from page 24)

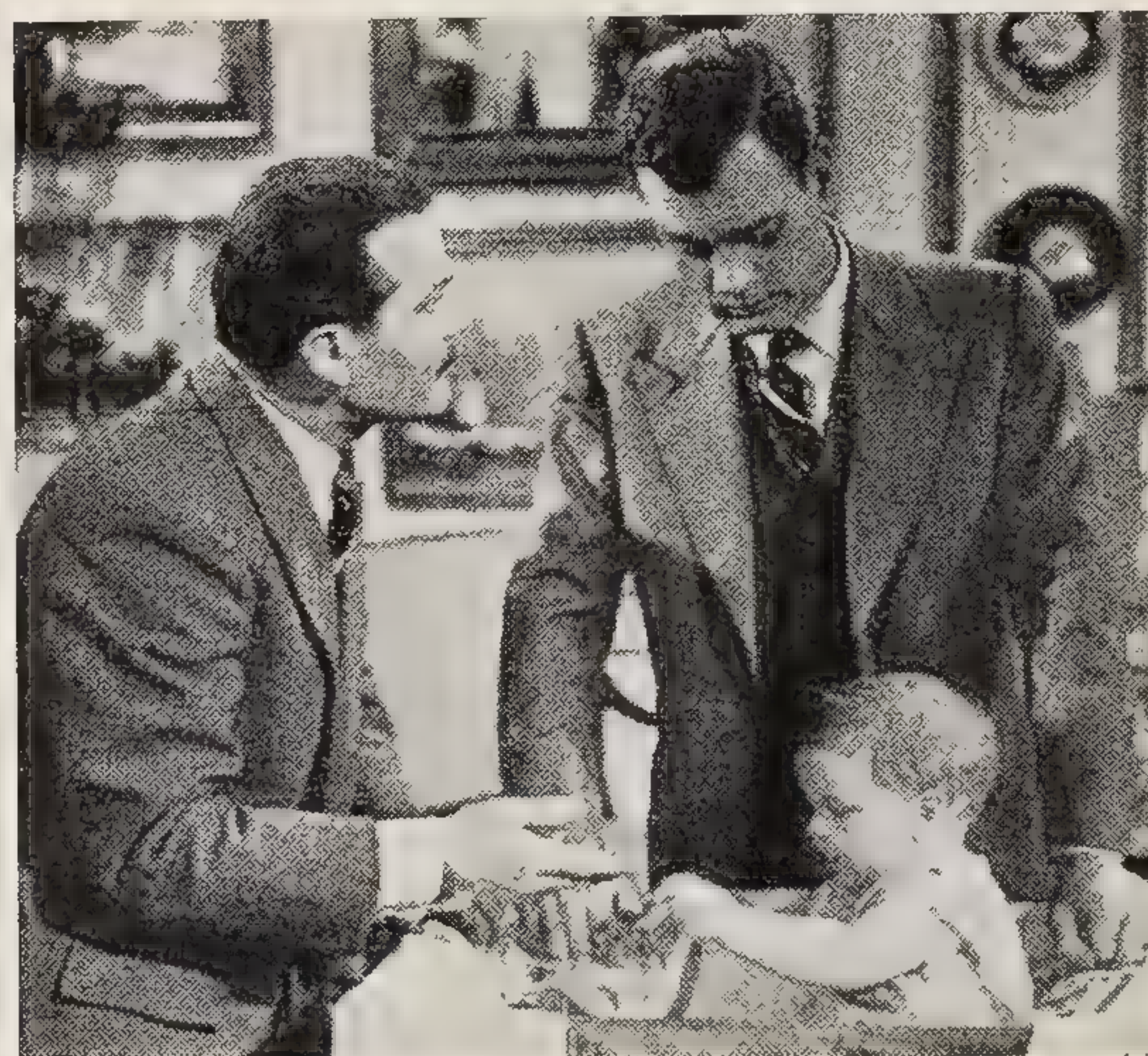
(Michael Wilding) that his loyalties are with the English; but he doesn't convince George Sanders, who keeps setting traps for him. One of these traps would've worked but for Anne Francis, who also switches loyalties (from Wilding to Wilde). Anyway, none of them there spies escape, although a touching friendship develops between Wilding and Wilde. I liked this picture fine. CinemaScope—MGM



THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH

Temptation of a summer bachelor

■ Most husbands are not lucky enough to have Marilyn Monroe for an upstairs neighbor even when the whole family is home. Tom Ewell's wife (Evelyn Keyes) and son are off on a summer vacation. Not only is Marilyn upstairs but she is more than willing to come downstairs to cool off (air conditioning downstairs). Naturally, this hardly cools off Tom Ewell. It very nearly drives him out of his mind. Tom has been married seven years—and there's the itch—he's ready for some kind of romance. But the only kind he can handle, being a very upright and timid editor of lurid pocket books, is the kind that never materializes. Marilyn in the flesh, or even in summer cottons, is much too real. And that's about it. Ewell fantasizes what *can* happen, gets it all mixed up with what *does* happen and torments himself so hilariously you hardly notice that nothing much happens at all. CinemaScope—20th-Fox



SPECIAL DELIVERY

It's a boy for Uncle Sam

■ Boredom is rife in this U.S. Embassy nestled against the Iron Curtain. Things pick up considerably when a baby is lowered over the embassy wall. Joseph Cotten's paternal instincts are aroused and if you don't think that makes for "farce with an international background" you're right, but don't go away. Eva Bartok is coming. She is coming to mind the baby. The local Commie bigwig is sending her, and pretty soon he's going to send a mother to claim the child for the Soviet. But before this great climax occurs there's a lot of running around by the giddy embassy staff (four men, including Olaf the cook) for diapers and bottles and plenty of hot water. And, oh, yes, Joseph Cotten's amorous instincts are aroused.—Col.

ULYSSES

A great epic in Technicolor

■ When you read Homer's *Ulysses* at school you take it kind of seriously, but when you see Homer's *Ulysses* in VistaVision you laugh yourself sick. Especially at the sight of all those early Greeks stamping on a pitful of grapes to make instant Burgundy for the one-eyed giant, or at the sight of a rather catatonic Circe (Sylvano Mangano) turning all those early Greeks into plump pigs before Ulysses' (Kirk Douglas) very eyes. It's also pretty funny when Kirk turns to Circe after six months and says, "I must go." What's your rush, boy? You've only been away from home twenty years. Besides, Anthony Quinn has Ithaca and faithful Penelope in the palm of his hand. VistaVision—Para.

THE PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON

Forty boys and a blowhard

■ Major Benson (Charlton Heston) has been in the army fifteen years, but he still doesn't know enough to keep his mouth shut. In his opinion the only way to whip raw recruits into shape is to fill 'em with whiskey and a lust to kill. Too bad a national magazine quotes his opinion, because the next thing Benson knows he's commander-in-chief of a military encampment whose fighting men range in age from six to fourteen, and whose orderlies look suspiciously like nuns. Only redeeming factor for Benson is the lady doc (Julie Adams) who nearly always comes running at the cry of, "medic!" It's a cute movie, and the littlest tyke of all (Tim Hovey) walks right off with it. CinemaScope—U.I.



LAND OF THE PHAROHS

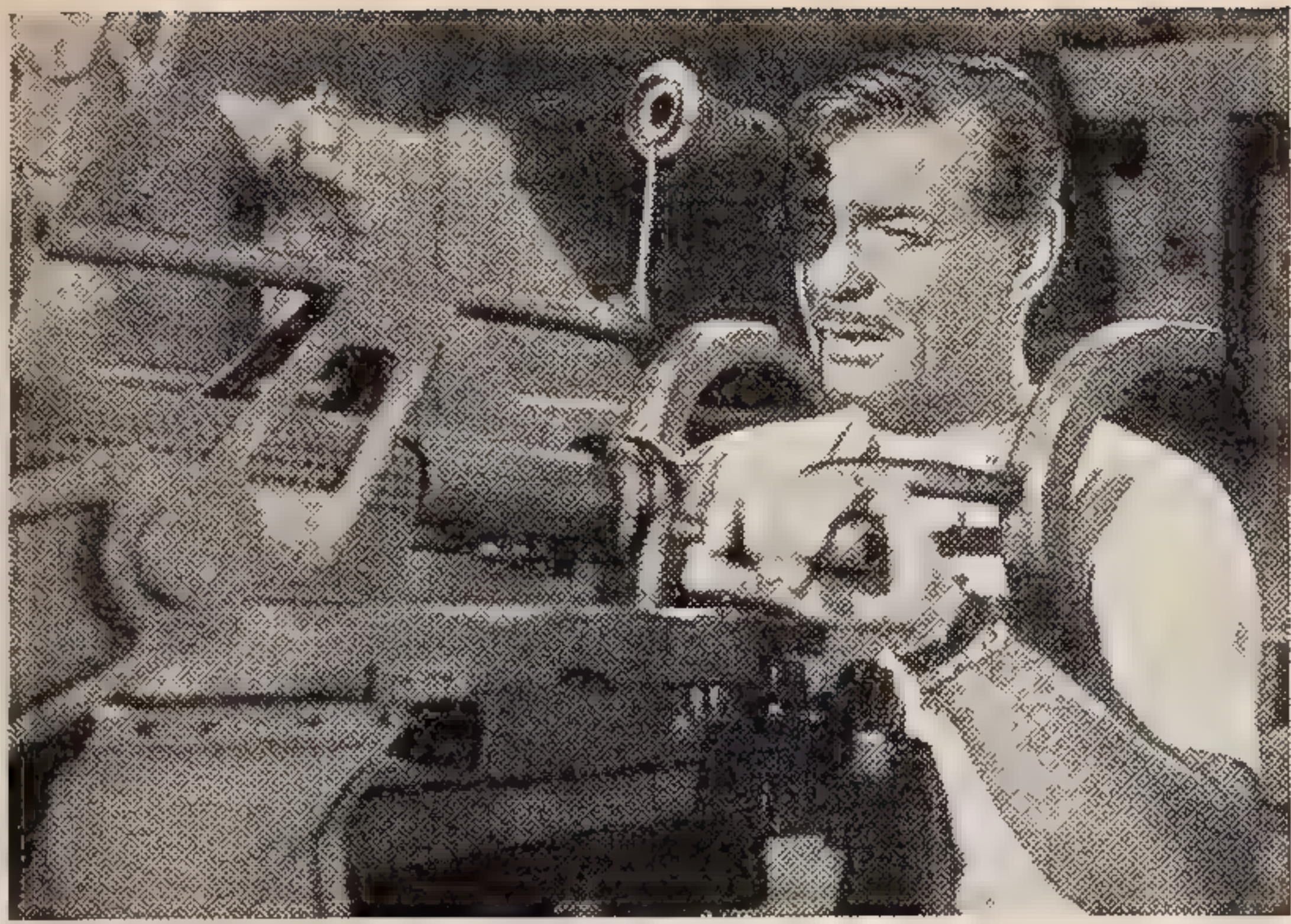
Pageantry in the Pyramids

■ A marvelous opening spectacle—the return of the Pharaoh (Jack Hawkins) and his legions after the defeat of the Kushite tribes five thousand years ago—catches the whole sense of the strange, magnificent splendor that was Egypt. Here, too, as never before, you witness the building of the largest pyramid in Egypt—a task requiring over fifteen years to complete. The story is about the Pharaoh's obsession with his destiny; the pyramid is to be his inaccessible tomb and will house an untold fortune in jewels and gold. This obsession leads him from his gentle queen into the more passionate arms of Princess Nellifer (Joan Collins) who plots his downfall. The story's dramatic enough, but it can't compare to the magic of an ancient time so well re-created. CinemaScope—Warners

LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENORED THING

Poignant problem love affair

■ In this movie you get the feeling that 20th Century-Fox is straining for the greatest love story of all times. Naturally, it misses, and some of the lines which undoubtedly are meant to be eternal sound all too transitory. Like: "Give me your hand," uttered tenderly by American correspondent William Holden to Eurasian M.D. Jennifer Jones. Being Eurasian, Jennifer is faced with the problem of living in two worlds, and you get a chance to see both of them. She is a physician in a hospital where certain British elements intrude with snobbery. If it weren't for this general air of solemnity hanging over Hong Kong *Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing* might have lived up to Fox's expectations. Jennifer Jones has known only one love—her late husband's—and like she says to Holden, "Don't wake a sleeping tiger." Holden wakes that tiger, all right. And is sent to Korea. What happens next I won't say. CinemaScope—20th-Fox



SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

Or, the glory that is Gable

■ Hong Kong: lots of old roués in the lobby of an old hotel. In walks Susan Hayward. She is looking for her husband (Gene Barry) but pretty soon she finds Clark Gable, and it's the measure of the girl that she keeps looking for anyone, let alone her husband. He, by the way, is an adventurous photographer who got himself caught by the Reds. Clark Gable is just an adventurer who made himself a million by an equal amount of shady deals too obscure for the police to prove. For the love of Hayward he sails right into Red territory and brings hubby back. The whole thing doesn't make much sense but The King can still put anything across with a flourish. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

THE NIGHT HOLDS TERROR

Chills in your backyard

■ Sad to report, there are maniacs loose in the world. Like the trio of youths who come across smiling Jack Kelly as he is driving home from work. Next thing Kelly knows he is lying face down on the Mojave Desert waiting for jumping John Cassavetes to shoot him in the back. Kelly's wife (Hildy Parks) and two kids are lucky to see him again. But the company he brings home makes life confining. Any second anybody may drop dead before this trigger-happy trio. As they say at Columbia—this nightmare can happen to you. So next time you're out in your Jaguar don't stop for anything but a red light!—Col.

FEMALE ON THE BEACH

Clear case of murder

■ All Joan Crawford wants is to be alone in her beach house, but a couple of next door neighbors (Cecil Kellaway and Natalie Schafer) sic Jeff Chandler onto her. Jeff has an arrangement with these neighbors, who raised him from a fisherman into a classy gigolo. In fact, that's the arrangement. All the rich, lonely ladies fall for him and he splits the profits with his benefactors. One of those ladies (Judith Evelyn) fell so hard she never rose again (stone cold dead, is why). And why is the question that haunts Joan, who's worldly enough to love a gigolo—but a murderer? No, sir! (If the suspense doesn't kill you, the dialogue sure will.)—U.I.

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT!

You've got another chance to see six great films now in re-release. Run, don't walk to your local theatres playing these super-specials.

CAMILLE There will never be another Garbo, and this was one of her best—the story of a tragic Paris courtesan and her loves—with Robert Taylor. One of the world's most famous romances.

THE INFORMER Victor McLaglen's Academy Award best as the Irish underground stool pigeon who sold out his gang. A classic suspense chiller.

GOING MY WAY with Oscar winners Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald as the two famous priests. Remember Bing singing "Would You Like To Swing On A Star?"

THE WIZARD OF OZ Judy Garland in her top role, with Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, Jack Haley, Billie Burke and a host of stars as the famous citizens of the land "Over The Rainbow."

WUTHERING HEIGHTS Did you hear the haunting cry "Heathcliff, Heathcliff" before it became a by-word? Merle Oberon was calling Laurence Olivier in this all-time honored film.

New! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY

Now safely stops odor 24 hours a day!



Proved in comparison tests made by a doctor. A deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped odor only a few hours. Yet New MUM *with* M-3, under other arm, stopped odor 24 hours! M-3 *clings* to skin, destroys odor bacteria all day long.



New MUM with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics. Originally a doctor's formula, New MUM contains no harsh astringents, *will not block pores or rot fabrics*. Creamier, won't dry out in jar. Use New MUM daily.

New **MUM**[®]
cream deodorant
with long-lasting M-3
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)



Another fine Product
of Bristol-Myers

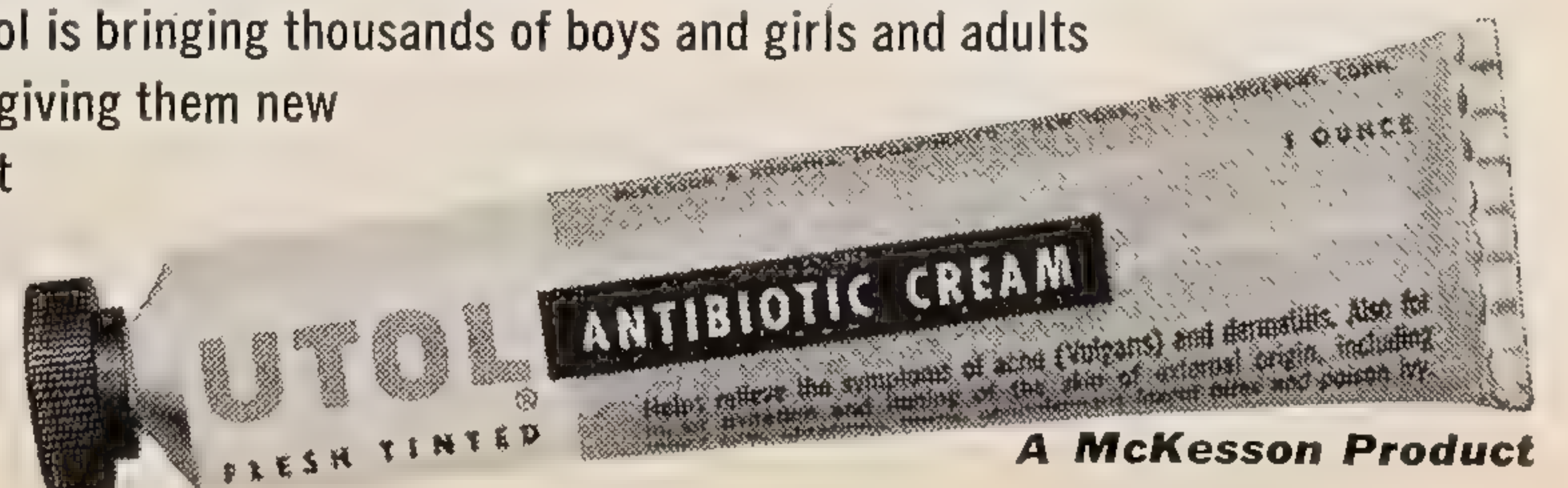
At Last... a medication
that really works!

As indicated by actual tests and color photographs.



FROM THIS....TO THIS
in just 10 days!

Exciting results of actual skin tests show the new antibiotic UTOL is the answer pimple sufferers have been waiting for. Wonderful Utol comes in a true skin color, just like a powder base, and helps to hide ugly pimples while allowing the miracle antibiotic in Utol to help clear up pimples faster. Amazing Utol is bringing thousands of boys and girls and adults the help they've longed for — giving them new poise and confidence. Sold at all drug stores on a money back guarantee...there is no product like Utol for fast pimple relief.



A McKesson Product

clash of STEELES

When Joan met her new step-daughter, it wasn't like a movie!

■ Picture it as a Joan Crawford movie. The first dramatic contact between the young daughter and the glamorous step-mother, and in the shadowy background, invisible but ever-present, the scorned mother.

The beautiful step-mother should have taken the youngster in her arms, and amid tears and sobs cried, "My daughter!" And they should have been inseparable forever.

What actually happened was this. Joan and Al Steele were honeymooning in Paris. Sally Steele, Al's daughter by his first marriage (Joan is his third wife), was touring Europe with three college friends. She happened to be in Paris the same time. She contacted her father; he introduced her to Joan. It was all very casual.

The next day Earl (Celebrity Service) Blackwell threw a party for Joan and Al. He invited Sally.

When Sally entered the room, Joan made a dash in her direction. Gripping her arm, she cried out gleefully, "It's Sally. Hey, folks, look what I inherited. I only met her yesterday."

Sally looked embarrassed, but Joan was doing her best to introduce her into proper society. "Honey, how would you like to meet Johnnie Ray?" she said.

Sally, a cute, pert brunette in her early twenties, grunted in unenthusiastic consent, but it was quite plain that she wasn't much impressed by Johnnie. "Hi," she said, and then rambled on to a by-stander about

the excitement of being in Paris.

"You really should try the metro*," —she turned to Joan—"It's sensational, just lots of fun." (*Subway, not studio.)

Joan, weighed down by her topazes and diamonds, looked slightly startled at the prospect. Chewing her gum vigorously, she eyed her step-daughter and said, not unkindly, "Listen, kid, you live your life, and I'll live mine, huh?"

There was quite a disparity between the way they lived in Paris. While Joan and her Prince Consort dwelled in the luxury of the Plaza-Athenée, Sally and her friends roughed it in a cheap Left Bank students' hotel. While her old man and his new wife patronized Paris' top restaurants, Sally and her chums had bread and cheese and dark red wine in their rooms. Joan and Al motored through Europe in a Cadillac, followed by a truck carrying Joan's luggage. Sally had a Peugeot (a little French car) her father had rented for her to make up for forgetting her birthday in January.

When asked how it felt to have a movie star in the family, Sally answered glumly, "I don't want to comment on that."

As the party waned, Steele turned to his daughter and said, "You're coming to dinner with us?"

Sally, probably thinking of the budget victuals in the days ahead, sighed and nodded. "Yes, I'm coming."

ten cupids tell all

(Continued from page 55) shared the house in Coldwater Canyon with him. Debbie never drove home from the studio that she didn't stop by, and there wasn't a time I didn't have to pitch in and help Eddie to coax her to stay a little longer. I was the third wheel—whenever I hove to, whether it was the living room or the pool, they'd drift away, holding hands and yakking.

Right away, even before Eddie told me he was serious about Debbie, I could see he was a dead duck. The guy couldn't even see straight. One sure tip was the fact that he got up early. Back in New York he always slept until noon, but in Coldwater Canyon he couldn't sleep. He was up every morning at the crack of dawn, singing at the top of his lungs. Nobody else could sleep, naturally. It sounded like a whole army of Hessians had just taken over. He used to barge into my room like a bull at eight in the morning and yell, "What're you sleeping all day for?"

And when I'd open one eye and inquire what he was up for, he'd just laugh and go galloping through the house singing, "I'm in love! I'm in love!"

I got to looking pretty haggard, but I didn't complain. Not too much, anyway. You couldn't be around that twosome and avoid having some of their happiness rub off on you.

I sold Eddie the ring

by **GEORGE UNGER** And it wasn't easy. Eddie wanted to buy a ring all right, but he wanted to be so sure it was something Debbie would like that it took him several moons to decide.

It figured that he would consult me about it. I work at Mendelsohn Brothers on New York's Diamond Row, and it also happens that I've known Eddie a long time. Ever since he started going with Debbie he and I have gone to the fights on Friday nights, and back in Burbank Debbie was always advised that she could spot Eddie in the front row, on her tv set.

Anyway, Eddie told me he wanted a ring and all he knew about it was that he wanted an emerald-cut diamond. He looked at rings and looked some more, and then there were conferences about it at his apartment in The Essex House. And there were conferences at Mr. Sarnoff's office (he's chairman of RCA) and more conferences at the office of Milton Blackstone, Eddie's manager.

He finally picked one out, and then Jennie Grossinger saw it. She is the Jennie Grossinger of Grossinger's Hotel, where Eddie Cantor discovered Eddie singing. She didn't think it was good enough for Debbie and Eddie respects her and her judgment so much that we put the ring back in the case and started all over again. "After all," Eddie said, "she's a woman and she knows about these things." And when the two of them decided on the seven-and-one-half-carat stone, Eddie was really happy. He worried a little that the ring would be too big "on Debbie's tiny hand," but he told me after he had given it to her that it didn't look too large after all.

Now that it's settled, I'm happy that I had a part in all this. Knowing Eddie so well I'm sure he'll make a fine husband, and I can't wait until they have kids. He has been so wonderful with my three-year-old daughter—always sending her toys and dresses from wherever he happens to be—that I know he's going to make a great father. A little anxious maybe, but great.



The dinner burned, but who cared?

by **LORI NELSON** I think it was last September when it happened. Anyway, it was a month before Eddie Cantor's big party when the engagement was announced. Debbie and I were planning to cook dinner for Eddie and Joey Forman. It was a big project because neither of us can cook. We dreamed up the menu a week ahead of time, and when the day came we picked up the boys to go marketing with us. Debbie was somewhere around the canned soups and I was at the meat counter, trying to pretend I knew the difference between steaks. Eddie and Joey were with me, clowning around, and they looked like two cats who had swallowed two canaries.

Eddie said, "Shall we tell her?"

"Go ahead," said Joey.

Eddie was grinning from ear to ear. "Let's not," he said.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, what is it?" I said.

And then Eddie dug into his pocket and pulled out a beat-up piece of Kleenex and opened it carefully, and there was a ring with the biggest diamond I ever saw. Naturally, I screamed.



"Have you decided on the steaks, Miss?" asked the butcher. He must have thought we were nuts.

Eddie was holding a finger to his lips. "Sh! You mustn't tell her!"

I promised I wouldn't, and asked if he planned to give it to her that night. He said he hadn't decided, so of course I was in a purple snit for the rest of the day (and so was Joey) trying to act as though it were any other day.

Debbie tried to help with the dinner. She really did, but Eddie kept calling her out into the living room. So I struggled with the pots and pans and when things were

Did Gary Cooper ever kick you in the shins?

Did you rescue Grace Kelly from drowning or hold Liz Taylor's baby?

Did you ever have an adventure with a movie star?

If you have, write it up—briefly, please—and mail to the "It Happened To Me" Editor, MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, 261 5th Avenue, New York, New York. If we print it, we'll pay you \$10.00.

If you have a snapshot, taken at the time of your incident, send it along.

but remember:

IT MUST BE TRUE

IT MUST BE DIFFERENT

IT MUST BE EXCITING

IT MUST BE BRIEF (500 words or less)

Happy Family



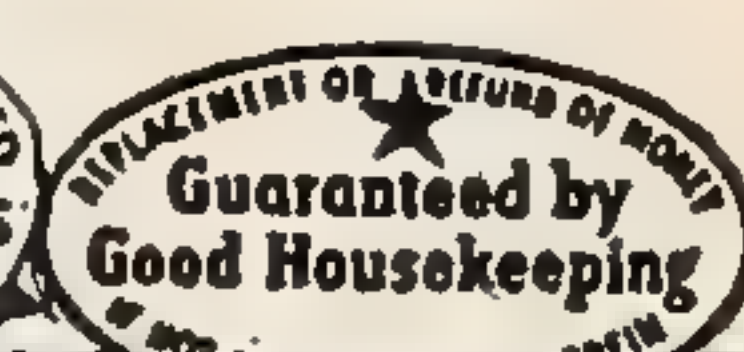
Rosemary DeCamp reads a bedtime story to 3 of her daughters. Miss DeCamp is featured on television's "Bob Cummings Show" (NBC) and the "Death Valley Days" series.

Trundle Bundle...

makes families happy . . . gives parents peace of mind . . . keeps children warm and cozy. Available in bag type garments . . . the regular . . . the "grow" and also the new Toddler with legs and detachable plastic soled boots. Four fabrics for the four seasons.

Solid colors, gay prints and checks. Estron Trundle Bundle or Toddler as shown about \$7.95. Write for name of store nearest you.

TRUNDLE BUNDLE PRODUCTS COMPANY
525 LAKE AVENUE SOUTH • DULUTH 2, MINN.



BABY'S SAFEST SLEEPING GARMENT

Glamorize summer-dried hair Use VITA-FLUFF Shampoo!

. . . the original cream shampoo—used and recommended by professional beauticians to keep your hair gleaming bright, beautifully controlled. There's a special VITA-FLUFF Shampoo to solve your individual hair problem.



Duon Inc.

Exclusive with
professional beauticians . . .
sold only in beauty salons.

ORIGINATOR OF FINE SHAMPOOS
CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA



Frantic over Oily Skin?

That awful "shine"! . . . how it can shatter your poise. Don't you put up with it! Start now to use this special treatment to *clear away* excess oil. It's recommended by leading skin doctors. It's quick . . . it's easy . . . it works like a charm!

Every night and morning, after washing your face, smooth on a snowy-thick coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave the Cream on for one minute. The "keratolytic" action of this greaseless cream *dissolves off* oily dead skin flakes. Wipe cream off; splash face with cold water. This daily de-oiling treatment with Pond's Vanishing Cream makes *your* skin tingling fresh. Girls say: "Takes away that oily look!"



New Ass't of
Photochrome
Christmas Cards

Make \$50, \$75, \$100 Extra Money
**Start a Greeting Card
& Gift Shop at Home**

179 new easy ways to make money! Show friends new TALL Style Christmas, All Occasion greeting card assortments, amazing value gift wrappings, personal wedding invitations & announcements. Make up to \$1.00 per box plus cash bonus. Write today for Free Trial outfit of Feature boxes on approval. 77 FREE Samples Personal Christmas Cards, Stationery.

FREE 48-page Catalog
& Selling Guide

NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS
North Abington 923, Mass.

EARN BIG STEADY PAY

as a Practical

NURSE!

LEARN AT HOME IN 12 WEEKS
Earn to \$60 a week, in good times or bad as a Lincoln graduate with Diploma. Fascinating work. High-school not needed. Simple lowest-fee course. **AVERAGE LESSON-COST ONLY \$1.74.** Send today for **FREE BOOKLET.**

LINCOLN SCHOOL OF NURSING
805 Larrabee, Dept. 89, Los Angeles 46, Calif.
Rush 16-page **FREE** Booklet "Careers in Nursing"

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

almost ready we phoned Mother Reynolds to come over. We had wanted to fix this banquet all by ourselves and so we held her off until the last minute. Five minutes after she arrived, Eddie called Debbie into the bedroom, and two minutes after that there was a whoop that made me drop the beans all over the floor.

Joey came racing into the kitchen yelling for us to hurry into the bedroom. Debbie sat on the couch by the window, curled up like a kitten, holding the sparkler in both hands. Her face was red and she was laughing and crying at the same time, and from the expression Eddie was wearing you'd think he had just captured Debbie Reynolds for his bride.

Then Debbie came into the kitchen, where she was no help at all, and neither was I, because by that time we were both crying.

It was a great night. The steaks were cold, the biscuits were burned, the beans were forfeited, and the potatoes never did get done. But nobody seemed to mind. Joey went out and got a bottle of champagne and we all drank a toast and swore ourselves to secrecy.

None of us was really surprised. Not me, anyway. I'd been at Debbie's house when Eddie called her for their first date. And midway through the conversation she'd put her hand over the phone and said to me, "Guess who! It's Eddie Fisher! Eddie Fisher!" And her eyes looked like two Roman candles that had just been lit—and they stayed that way all summer.

So after all, it wasn't much of a secret. It was like not mentioning something the whole world knew.

Round and round we went

by **FRANK GREENE** As a New York cab driver, I've been asked questions by cops and old ladies, about criminals and lost umbrellas, but this is the first time a reporter ever asked me about the conversation of two kids in back of my cab. As it happened, out of all the cabbies in New York, I've taken Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher on two trips. The first time I didn't recognize them. Who looks at passengers, anyway? But these two kids climbed in and the boy told me to take them to Leone's and a minute after that this voice came up around my ears. He was singing to that girl like a regular Caruso, and maybe I'm forty-six, but there aren't many Americans, even forty-six,

who don't know Eddie Fisher's voice when they hear it. It was a pleasant trip—like a concert on wheels.

The second time was last February. I remember it was cold as a deep freeze when I picked up the kids in front of the Plaza Hotel.

"Drive around," Fisher said.

"Around?" I said. "Around where Skip?"

"The park," he said.

It had snowed that day, and the park's snow didn't have any orange peels or milk bottle tops in it, and it was a pretty night. You ask me what they talked about? To tell you the truth, they didn't talk about anything. Conversation, you might say, was out.

I gave the party for them

by **EDDIE CANTOR** If I say so myself it was a nice party. It wasn't meant to be a regular Hollywood blowout and it wasn't. I did it for the kids because I wanted to save them having to go around to the homes of 200 people (a mild estimate of their friends) and announce the glad tidings.

I found out myself when they were at my house working over a list of invitations, and Mrs. Reynolds said, "I guess this is kind of an engagement party."

"What do you mean—'kind of'?" I said. "Is it or isn't it?"

She smiled. "I guess it is."

And so we had the party in October at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Debbie and Eddie weren't nervous—just plain pleased. That's one of the great charms about these kids—they're so naive and wide-eyed and so surprised and grateful when anyone does anything for them.

I suppose everyone feels the way I do about them. They're a lovely couple, young America in love. I think that to the younger generation, they represent the modern version of Romeo and Juliet. And I think they're going to be very happy. This isn't going to be a typical Hollywood marriage; I don't believe they'll ever let show business interfere with love. **END**

P.S. Back in 1953 Eddie told MODERN SCREEN that the one girl he wanted to meet when he went to Hollywood—he hadn't been out there at all—was Debbie Reynolds. She was the first girl he mentioned, and Eddie has never been a name-dropper.

"DEAR JOHN" . . .

During the war I was working on the production end of the Fred Allen radio show. One day I was told that Victor Mature was slated for that week's guest appearance.

Contracts in hand, I rushed to the Broadway theatre where the U. S. Coast Guard was playing its Tars And Spars revue. But on my arrival, Mr. Mature informed me that as an enlisted member of the Coast Guard he was not authorized to sign the contracts and that they'd have to wait for his superior officer. By the time the ensign was located I had spent almost the whole day backstage, chatting with Mr. Mature.

Over Danish pastry and coffee, he commented on the miniature captain's bars I wore for an Army beau and complimented me on my loyalty. He remarked that he thought such loyalty almost always impossible in view of frequent wartime separations. His girl, he said, had waited six months for him, and far from blaming her, he felt grateful that she'd waited that long. With a start, I realized that the girl of whom he spoke was Rita Hayworth—who had just married Orson Welles.

Anita Raskin
Savannah, Georgia



music from hollywood

(Continued from page 20)

Foys." It's titled "You're Here, My Love" on the Capitol label. The Spencer-Hagen Orchestra on label "X" does the "Love Theme" instrumentally.

● Actor, writer, producer José Ferrer has added a new talent to his repertoire. While at work in *The Shrike*, in which he stars with June Allyson, José composed the background music for the picture. During the filming José bought a small sports car. His pet great Dane, a massive animal weighing well over one hundred pounds, likes to accompany his master on drives. Since he, when seated, towers above the top of the windshield, he fell out of the car one day when José swerved to avoid a cyclist. Luckily, the dog was unhurt. Now José has installed a safety strap that fastens around the dog, similar to those used in airplanes. José will join Rosemary Clooney in England when he makes the English production *Cockleshell Heroes*. Rosie is on tour with their son, Miguel José, through England, Scotland and the Continent, doing singing dates. She will return to do her radio show live the middle of September.

● Dimitri Tiomkin, three times Oscar-winning Hollywood composer and conductor, makes occasional bloopers which provide studio musical circles with some of their best laughs. Artie Bernstein, prominent bass-player who made history with the old Benny Goodman band in its heyday, tells a story about a sound-track recording session with Tiomkin. The maestro wasn't getting just the effect and response he wanted to out of the band. "I want you to play like—like—" shouted Tiomkin, searching frantically for the right words, "play like Ken Stanton!" Ken Stanton?! Bernstein relayed the story to Stan Kenton, who promptly implored his band to "play like Timmy Diomkin!" Incidentally, Tiomkin conducted the score, which he also composed, for the Howard Hawks production, *Land Of The Pharaohs* (reviewed on page 74).

Month's Best Movie Albums

DADDY LONG LEGS by Ray Anthony and his Orchestra. Capitol Records EAP 1-597

Four songs from the Twentieth Century-Fox Picture *Daddy Long Legs*. "Sluefoot," "Something's Gotta Give," "Dream," "Thunderbird." Ray Anthony fans won't be dissatisfied with these couplings. Ray really swings it out, particularly on "Thunderbird."

JOHNNY DESMOND SINGS MOVIE THEMES vocal with orchestras directed by Don Jacoby. Dick Shores and George Cates. Coral Records EC 81123

Four songs "The High And The Mighty," "My Own True Love (Tara's Theme)," "The Song From Désirée (We Meet Again)," "Wayward Wife." Very popular songs of sentiment and romance by Johnny, who sells with remarkable ease.

THE WIZARD OF OZ vocal by Lee Forester. Orchestra and chorus conducted by Joel Heron. MGM Records EP-X1151

Four songs from *The Wizard Of Oz* Re-release of the old Judy Garland picture.

"Over The Rainbow," "We're Off To See The Wizard," "If I Only Had A Heart," "Ding Dong! The Witch Is Dead."

Formerly available on 78 r.p.m. only, MGM Records re-released these renditions for the fans buying EP's. This is not the sound track but a good buy anyway.

INTERRUPTED MELODY by Walter Ducloux conducting vocal soloists and the MGM Orchestra. MGM Records EP-X304

An original cast recording of musical selections recorded directly from the sound track of the MGM picture *Interrupted Melody*, starring Glenn Ford and Eleanor Parker. A memorable souvenir of the movie is provided by this fine album. Many of the brilliant scenes from the movie can be re-created in your home. The movie is based on the life story of Marjorie Lawrence, one of the Metropolitan Opera's great stars. Another Met star, Eileen Farrell, supplies Marjorie Lawrence's voice in the film.

DISC JOCKEYS' CHOICES: This month's best Music From Hollywood!



Wayne Cody—KALL—Salt Lake City, Utah

"My pick is Nat (King) Cole's great recording of *Blues From Kiss Me Deadly*" Cole's record is a great favorite here. Mickey Spillane and Cole make a great combination. This could be Nat's big hit for 1955."



Mike Woloson—WNOR—Norfolk, Va.

I choose *Summertime In Venice* by Dave Rose. It is one of the smoothest pieces of background music in some time. My listeners' initial reaction convince me this song will become something of a standard. It lends itself especially to the picture *Summertime*."



Irwin Johnson—WBNS—Columbus, Ohio

For me: *Not As A Stranger* by Frank Sinatra. The popularity of music like this is a happy indication that the rage for tuneless rocking rhythm may have run its course. *Not As A Stranger* seems almost like an oasis."



Ed Stokes—WMGM—New York, N. Y.

"I go for Jack Shaindlin's *Academy Award Favorites*. Jack is a first class musician who brings us lush music, the type that soothes the soul of all incurable romanticists, and judging by the mail I get, this is indeed a nation of sentimentalists."

Why worry? Wear Sani-Scants!



They really solve the problem!

For safety's sake when "those days" are near... for peace of mind when "that time" is here... Sani-Scants really are a blessing. They look as trim as everyday panties, but they have pins and tabs inside so you need no belt. And Sani-Scants have a moisture-proof panel to guard you against embarrassing accidents.

Another wonderful thing about Sani-Scants; they conceal, never reveal! Next month, why don't you try Sani-Scants? \$1.35 to \$2.50. Longer Brief style, \$1.75 to \$2.50. Small, medium, large, extra-large.

Kleinert's

*Pity poor
Leslie—she
went home a
star and found
they don't
know her in
France!*

CHERCHEZ LA CARON



■ Then there is the legend of the Prophet of Old who was shunned in his native land. . . .

Once upon a time a young French girl went to seek her fortune in fabulous America. By her rare talent she wrested fame and fortune from the Hollywood hills.

But what about her own country?

Alas, in France Leslie Caron exists in the minds of her countrymen only as a former very good ballet dancer who now makes films in America. Not enough of her pictures have been shown in France to stamp her face as a familiar label.

This was all too apparent when Leslie made an appearance at the "Kermesse aux Etoiles" in Paris. This yearly charity fair, held during the height of the Paris social season, sparkles with stars who sell their signatures in behalf of war wounded.

Night and day, for seventy-two consecutive hours, admirers stamped, pushed and shoved in the rain, wind and mud for an autograph, a cordial word, a smile from their favorites. Leslie's John Hancock was demanded, of course, but no police cordons were needed to keep away the crowds.

And when it was over, Leslie, dressed in a magnificent mink coat, made her way, in the rain alone, unrecognized, unhailed, through the Tuilleries, black with human forms.

A few yards away, women fainted, some lost their shoes, police panted in their efforts to protect Los Angeles-born singer Eddie Constantine, the Number-One film box-office draw of France, ignored and completely unknown in his native America.

Bella Darvi (who inspires in her fellow-Frenchmen a puzzled expression of non-recognition and a shrug of the shoulders) used her "star-card" to invade the booth of raincoated Marlene Dietrich to ask *her* for her autograph. Marlene, who had flown from London for the event, complied, but she showed no favoritism. She signed simply, "Marlene Dietrich," with no dedication. (Could it be that she has never heard of Bella Darvi either?)

ice-cold kelly

(Continued from page 29) She was wearing her white gloves once more—and that cool, collected Kelly look.

She admitted that, "Jean-Pierre has asked me. I haven't said no. He's awfully nice you know." Another time she flatly denied there was anything between them now but added the teaser, "There would have been two years ago."

Two years ago Grace Kelly was nobody. Today she's somebody. She would benefit little professionally from a romance with a star like Aumont. Now she knows her way around. She doesn't need to be tipped

off on the right places and people. She's arrived, and she's gotten there on her own terms.

Jean-Pierre, although popular in France, is hardly a big name in the States. A link with Grace is invaluable to him, publicity-wise. He doesn't deny that. He doesn't even deny that his first interest in Miss Kelly was publicity-inspired; Jean-Pierre has always had a knack for headlines. But that was just the start. Now he is deeply, sincerely involved with her. His proposal was no joke, no attention-getter. Proof of his sincerity is the fact that he has stopped talking about Grace and his own feelings. Reporters have had, recently, a hard time getting statements from

Jean—formerly the darling of the give-us-a-quote boys. "Please don't press me," Jean-Pierre begs now. "Grace's family is very proper, very careful. I do not want to make a bad impression. Any statements must come from them."

Grace's family hovers in the background of her every move, her every relationship. She may not be entirely typical of them, but her upbringing colors her life, her reactions to the world. The Kellys make a habit of success on their own terms. (In any field.) Grace went into acting. Being a Kelly she won without compromising herself. The Kellys have taken home Pulitzer prizes, Olympic gold medals, diamond trophies and now they have an Oscar on the mantel. It's just another trophy.

It's hard to believe Grace would have used Jean-Pierre two years ago to climb the ladder of success. She's always made it on her own. Natural beauty and competent acting have carried her to the top. Perhaps she only meant that two years ago she hadn't tasted success and so love and marriage would have appealed more.

Certainly Jean-Pierre has done everything he can to show her the delights of both. In Cannes they swam by day and romanced by night. They had amusing lunches, romantic, candlelight dinners, wine in sidewalk cafés. They held hands in the movies. In Paris, Jean-Pierre showed Grace every aspect of that varied and wonderful city. They night-clubbed. They danced. They sight-saw. Then he started on the joys of domesticity.

Grace had installed herself in a Champs Elysees hotel. She was seldom in it. Every morning she left for the country with Jean-Pierre. He owns a charming manor house near Malmaison—a town famous for the house Napoleon built there for Josephine. She died there five years after he divorced her, and the town has much that is quaint and curious and historic.

There Grace met Jean-Pierre's daughter Marie-Christine. She is a delightful child. Nine years old, she speaks three languages perfectly. She adores her father, loves playing hostess for him. She takes care of him like a little mother. Every night she sees that there is a snack and something warm to drink waiting for him. If he comes home too late for her to be up, she leaves a tray at his bedside.

Jean-Pierre returns her affection with interest. Once he gave her a mink coat. Nobody laughed. He was trying to relive the moment of pride and happiness he knew when he gave her mother her first. They have preserved as best they can the feeling of being a family. They look like two who have known a happy home.

Marie-Christine is a good hostess, solicitous of her guests. Grace was welcomed with dignity and aplomb. She must have reminded Grace of herself as a child, poised, not easily embarrassed. The picture could not help but be appealing.

But Grace loves her career. Not because of the money or the adulation. Because of the power. She doesn't misuse power. No temper tantrums, no regal commands, no ultimatums. The power Grace enjoys is the power to be her own boss, run her own show. Independently wealthy, thanks to her father, Grace could buy her way out of any film contract. And she needn't even mention it to Dad because J. P. Kelly has made his four children legally independent of him financially. He believes in letting them handle their own affairs and made it possible years ago. The Kelly family is more like a corporation with the children paying their parents their share of family expenses.

Happily, the role Grace wants to play privately fits her public personality. Or rather it did before Aumont. He managed to crack the Kelly composure, and even

Meet Itchy Tom—
also known as

THAT WORRYING EWELL

■ Tom Ewell, star of *The Seven Year Itch*, is an experienced worrier.

He acquired the habit while studying law at the University of Wisconsin. Tom spent more time working on college theatricals than he did with his law books and he was very worried most of the time—not because he was afraid he'd flunk but because he was afraid he wouldn't. His fond hopes of never becoming a lawyer seemed more than likely to come true when a tent show came to Madison. When it left Tom went with it.

For twenty dollars a week he played everything from Chinese warriors to aged English butlers, as well as a dummy trombone in the band (to make it look bigger).

Then he went to Nashville where he worked in a local little theatre.

At the end of a year, he set out for New York, where in no time at all he found himself washing dishes in order to eat. A later fling at pictures was equally unrewarding. He just worried along. Had he known how long this sort of thing was to continue he might have worried even more. For it did continue—through twenty-seven plays, all financial flops.

During the lean periods Ewell washed dishes, worked in drug stores, hawked magazines door-to-door and did any job he could that would keep him close to Broadway.

He enjoyed one good stretch of employment, the comedy *John Loves Mary* in 1952. And then came *The Seven Year Itch*,

By this time even success made him worry.

Wife Marjorie is hoping that *The Seven Year Itch* will break him of the habit but Tom's making no promises.

"I'll always remember how elated I was," he says, "that time I opened in a Broadway play and on opening night after the performance a visiting delegation from Owensboro threw a dinner for me at the Astor. I thought I had at last arrived."

But the show closed in a week and some of the delegation who had lasted longer than Tom's current funds happened to shop at Macy's one day. And there was Tom—Owensboro's gift to the theatre—

82 demonstrating model airplanes!

relax, bernie—you made it

(Continued from page 33) "Stay where?"

"New York. I've been awfully lucky, you know that? I wanted to be a movie star, and no matter which way I turned everything seemed to lead to it."

Janet giggled. "What do you suppose you'd have done for a living if you'd stayed back east?"

"I'd have ended up in the garment industry. Pushing one of those closets on wheels through the traffic." He lighted a cigarette. "As a matter of fact, I bet I would have. There was a girl—her father owned a pants factory or something—and I think she had her eye on me."

"Do tell," said Janet.

"I was adorable, didn't you know?" He flourished his cigarette in an exaggerated gesture. "No kidding, though, I bet I'd have ended up with her. We'd have had a batch of kids and gone to the movies on Saturday nights. I'd have played stickball on Sundays and shot pool on Wednesday nights. And then, because I was his son-in-law, the old man would have given me a good job and we'd have spent a month in Florida every year. And I'd have been miserable."

"At least you'd have had a month off every year. Out here you can't get more than five days to catch your breath."

Tony grunted in agreement. This time he had had five whole weeks. Time to catch up and look back. Time for a breather.

The garment industry made him think of the day, not too long ago, when he had addressed hundreds of members of the California Apparel Creators, who had given him an award as the best-dressed man of 1954. That had tickled him, that award. He used to be criticized for his clothes, and no wonder. He'd gone hog wild when he began making good money and gone out and bought a wild assortment of stuff. Once he'd even gone in for string ties. He couldn't figure why these people had chosen him and he thought to himself that they should see that drawer at home that was filled with bright red socks. Maybe it had been the fact that he'd switched to the new narrow trousers and shirts with pleated or lace fronts, the "Edwardian Look" that he'd taken to with some trepidation. Nonetheless, he'd made a speech to the people and ad libbed the whole thing. He'd told them his father was a *schneider*, the Hebrew word for tailor, and said when he got home that night and told Pop he'd talked to people from the garment industry, Manny would slap him on the back and say, "Congratulations, son! You've finally made it!" It had brought a laugh, and he wondered now at the ease with which he had spoken to all those people. Seven years ago he'd have dropped dead with fright.

He'd learned a lot, there was no doubt about it, and he was happy, really happy these days.

Hollywood, he mused, meant harder work than most people realized. Take the roles he'd played. *Six Bridges To Cross* was the only one for which he didn't have to spend months of learning to do something. For *The Rawhide Years* he'd learned to ride like a cowhand. So *This Is Paris* had required singing and dancing. For *Flesh And Fury* he not only boxed, but had to learn to portray a deaf mute. In *Purple Mask* he fenced, in *Johnny Dark* he drove a racing car, in *Houdini* he mastered sleight-of-hand. For *The All-American* he'd had to learn football for those bone-bruising closeups. The next picture coming up, *Trapeze*, was going to mean learning how to be an aerialist—if he didn't break his neck first.

Even his screen test, he remembered, had required weeks of work with a stunt man, learning how to leap, dive and fall. He smiled to himself, thinking of the day he had gone home black-and-blue and Mom had covered her eyes with her hands and moaned, "Give all this up! It isn't worth it!"

Had it been, he asked himself, and knew the answer before the question formed in his mind. Sure it had been hard work, but he was doing what he liked. And furthermore his roles, difficult though they might have been, represented dreams come true. Hadn't he wanted to be a cowboy when he was a kid? And hadn't he day-dreamed about the derring-do of fencing, of being a football hero and a fighter, of being a daring young man on a flying trapeze? Hollywood had given him all this, and he had found it stimulating and exciting. It was a challenge, he told himself, and a damned sight more interesting than he would have found the garment industry.

He thought of himself as he had been when he came to Hollywood seven years ago. A brash kid, consumed with ambition, who didn't know a camera from a mike boom, least of all the protocol of the town. He grinned, remembering how uninhibited he had been, how he used to walk into producers' offices unasked, and talk to them as though they were his uncles. How he even used to borrow money from them. They had seemed to take it with good grace, but it was a wonder he hadn't been fired twenty times over. In retrospect, he could see now why some people had looked at him askance and wondered what kind of a bit he was pulling off; how others, trusting him more, were bowled over by his candor and seemingly refreshed by it. He recalled the woman who had met him at one of the first Hollywood shindigs he had attended, and how he had overheard her say later, "How disarming that boy is!" He had wondered at the time what disarming meant. Without arms, he had figured, taking the word apart, and didn't know whether he should be pleased or angry.

He thought about the places he'd lived, that little house they had when Mom and Pop first came out, and how he used to ride to the studio on a bike, and then wash his clothes on Sundays to help Mom. And the second house, the one in the valley that he'd bought that furniture for. And then rooming with Marlon for a while, and what a ball that had been. He'd gone home again with his parents and brother Bobbie before he married Janet, and then they'd had the apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. Him, Bernie Schwartz, on Wilshire Boulevard yet. And then the penthouse with all those stairs, and a flash of pain crossed his mind as he wondered for the thousandth time if it had been those stairs that had caused Janet to lose the baby. And the last place, the one where they lived now on Coldwater Canyon. This was the best, and the happiest, he told himself. It had all been like steps—up, up, all the time.

It hadn't been easy, of course. Hollywood was difficult to absorb. It wasn't so much the elegant manners. Things like the proper silverware had never given him much trouble. All you had to do was watch your hostess and remember the next time that the funny little fork was the one to use for seafood cocktails. His mother had drummed it into him to always be kind and considerate of others and with training like that, being a gentleman came easily. The trouble had come with learning the complexities of the industry and most of all in controlling himself, in watching himself carefully, in not letting his job drive him nuts. The responsi-

bilities to all those people who worked with him, the living of days jammed with appointments; he had not been cut out for living by a schedule, but he had made himself do it. He realized suddenly that he had learned a great deal, that by now he had a pretty good grasp of the whole picture. He guessed he wasn't an idiot after all. He knew what he wanted now and knew how to get it. He didn't let people push him around any more. He wanted the right kind of publicity, something with class and a little dignity, and as the thought occurred to him he wondered why this kind of thing was more important to him now than it used to be.

The answer was probably his attitude toward acting. At first it had been a game. The athletics for the screen had been fun, real fun, but now he was more serious about it. He valued the rare chances he had to bring moments of truth to the screen. That's where Marlon was so smart. He never did anything hokey, he didn't use trickery in his acting, he brought the truth to the screen and people were impressed by it. Tony thought how much he really wanted to prove himself a fine actor, to have authority in his work. This life was his slot, and he was suited to it.

He crushed out his cigarette and lay back on the pad. It was silly of him even to question the disadvantages of stardom. Hollywood had gotten him out of the slums, and he no longer had to fight for a buck. That was a great part of it, he thought, that relief from chasing a dollar. He had found what he wanted to do in life, and he was suited for it. He could never be happy in a stagnant job.

Not that he disliked New York. He wouldn't change his background or his childhood for the world. People could talk all they wanted about country life for kids—the sweet-smelling hay, the clear air, all that poetic stuff. All they really got, he thought, was too much fat in their systems from all that gooey cream and thick milk. He'd been lucky if he'd had a bottle of skim milk every day, but what New York had given him was the education of its streets, the knowledge of how to get along with the other guy, the decency of knowing how to help the neighbor who's down and out.

He remembered going back and how it had saddened him. He'd gone around to some of the old neighborhoods, full of nostalgia, almost wallowing in it, and how shocked he'd been. The old landmarks were gone, the kids he'd known had moved away and nobody knew what had become of them. His initials had been traced in cement on that street in the Bronx, but now the whole pavement had been ripped up, and even old man Hauptmann's grocery store had disappeared. He'd located some of the old gang, but somehow there wasn't much to talk to them about any more. It was as if he had come from a different world. He had moped about it and it had been Janet who'd given him the answer.

"You can't go home again, Tony," she'd said. "Of course it's sad, but you're looking for things that aren't there. And as for the people changing, it's only natural. It's egotistical of you to think they have no right to change."

She had been right, of course. It had taken him a few days to get over it, but it had made him realize that his childhood was framed in one setting, his adult life in another. They were two things separate and distinct. New York to him now was a strange city, as much as Walla Walla—it didn't have the emotional ties it used to. The people had changed and he'd changed.

He demanded much more of himself now, demanded a better-paying job, a better understanding of his craft and of

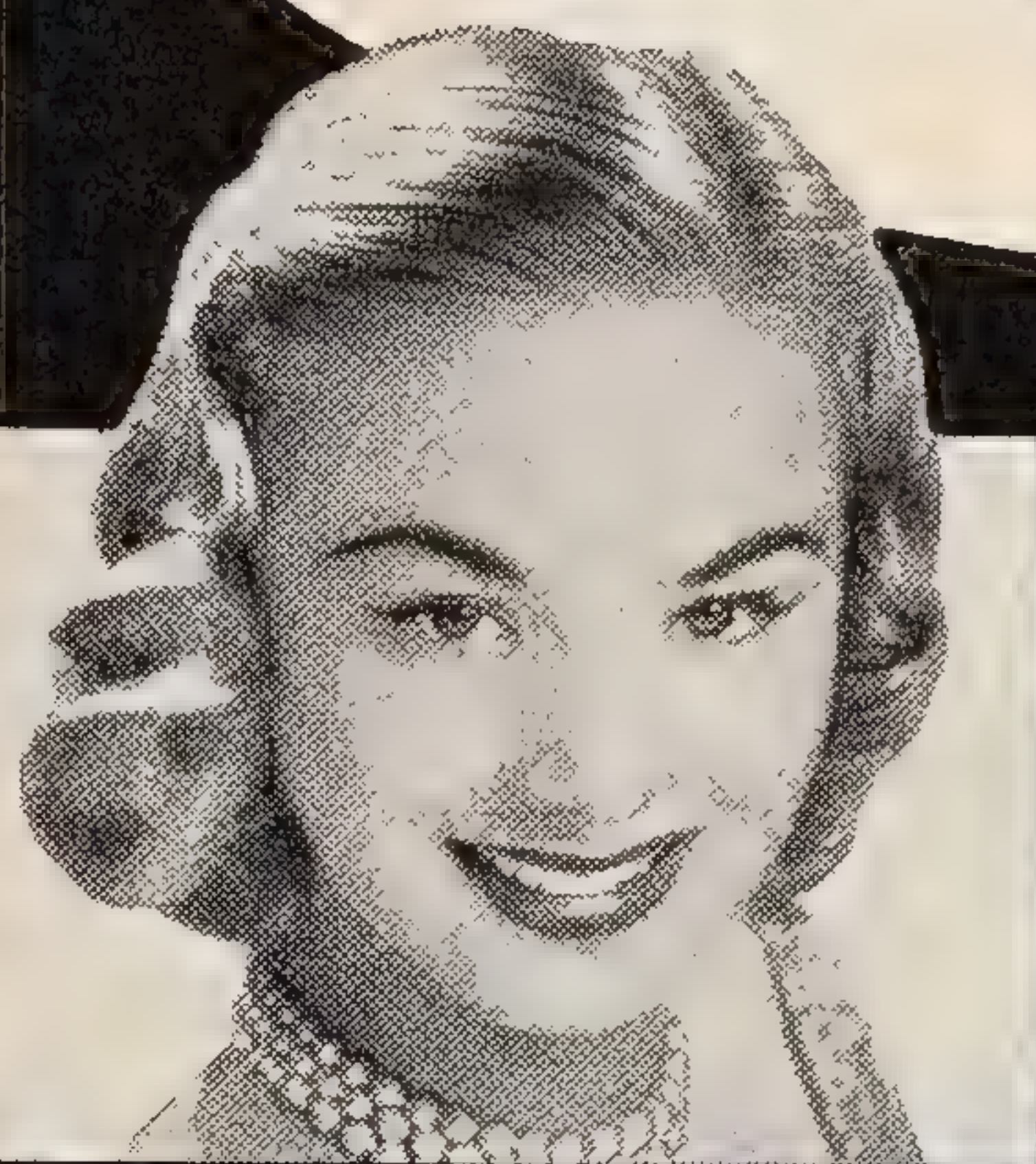
COLORINSE



Thrill to an exciting new "YOU" as Nestle COLORINSE glamorizes your hair with glorious color-beauty. COLORINSE sparkles your natural hair shade with gleaming color-highlights... silken lustre... alluring softness. It's wonderfully easy-to-use... rinses in—shampoos out! 12 marvelous shades. 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.



Nestle Color-Magic for your Hair!



Nestle COLORTINT gives your hair richer, deeper color-glamour! It intensifies your own hair color or adds the wonderful NEW color you've always dreamed of! More than a rinse but not a permanent dye—lanolin-rich COLORTINT also hides gray hairs and blends-in bleached, streaked or dyed hair. 10 enchanting shades. 29¢ and 50¢ sizes.



COLORTINT

This is the ONLY Vaginal Suppository for FEMININE HYGIENE that can make ALL these claims!



Zonitors assure hygienic protection for hours.



Zonitors are powerfully effective yet harmless.



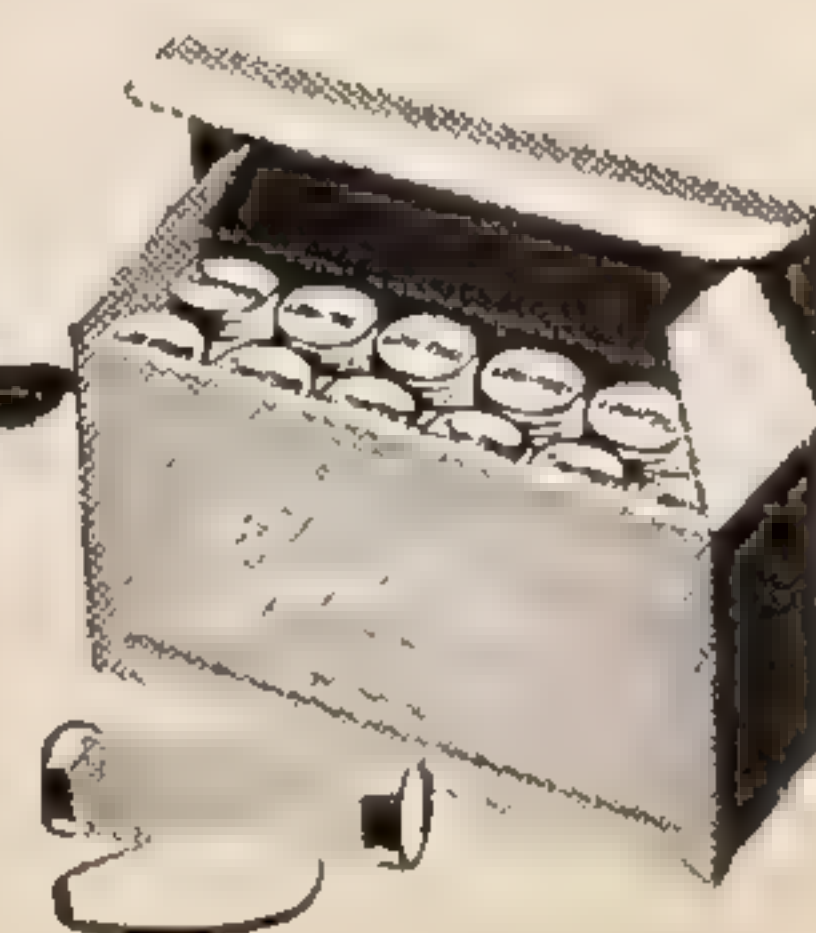
Zonitors are daintier, more convenient.

As a means of hygienic protection in feminine hygiene, a suppository is unequalled for convenience and ease. Zonitors offer so many *extra* advantages:

1. Zonitors are greaseless, stainless. They require no extra equipment. Young wives are delighted with their ease of use, compactness and ease of concealment.
2. Zonitors contain the same powerful germicidal and deodorizing type of medication as world-famous Zonite liquid.
3. When inserted, Zonitors form a protective hygienic coating which lasts for hours. They're not the old-fashioned greasy type which quickly melts away.
4. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. Safe to the most delicate body tissues.
5. Zonitors completely deodorize. They keep you so dainty. A blessing to fastidious young wives.

Buy Zonitors today. Only 98c per dozen.

Zonitors®
Vaginal
Suppositories



where he stood in the business. Writers had admired him, he remembered, for his drive, for his insistence on perfection. Actually it was nothing to admire, he thought, because it stemmed from a selfish motive. He knocked himself out only because he wanted to prove to himself that he could master something, and he got such great satisfaction out of doing a good job. Besides, it had brought him the roles he'd enjoyed so much. Would they have given him all those pictures if they'd had any doubts about his being able to learn riding and magician stuff and all that? Particularly, would they have offered him this role in *Trapeze*, under the direction of the great Carol Reed, if they hadn't known that he'd take to the trapeze like a monkey? Thank God, he thought, for his health, for without it all this would have been impossible. And thanks, too, for the sense that made him realize his body's value, how he remembered to take care of himself and rest his body once in a while.

There had been times when he had caught himself feeling pretty self-satisfied. He'd be stretched out by the pool at home with a couple of hours between studio chores and think to himself, "Boy, everything is real crazy," and then he'd stop and say, "Wait a minute. For every good day you're going to have a bad day, so come off the smug bit."

Had he gone Hollywood? Whatever that meant. He asked himself honestly and then told himself no. If it was sense of values they meant by it, he certainly hadn't changed in that respect. He was no different than he'd been seven years ago. Sure, he had a nice home and good food and an expensive car and servants and all those material things and it was great, but he still felt that he could drop it all tomorrow if he had to, and adjust to living in a cave without too much damage to his nervous system. As a matter of fact, he thought with a grin, should the bottom ever drop out of everything, he might take off for India and be a Yogi. The idea fascinated him.

The toughest part of Hollywood, he thought, was the pressure of advice and criticism. He had gone through what every other star had gone through—he had wanted people to like him and tried hard to please. Then he'd found he couldn't please everybody and had gotten angry with both himself and others. He'd told himself he didn't care, but the truth was that he *did* care. And finally he'd come to understand, like the others, that there was nothing he could do about it, that he simply had to fit himself into his niche, one that was true and comfortable, and stay there. And he had learned that no one could be depended upon for advice, that he had to make decisions him-

self. It was the last stage, he hoped, because he felt now he had the problem settled.

As for the criticism from Hollywood that never ended, the hell with it, he thought. The only people he really had to answer to were the fans. They were the ones who counted because they had put him where he was. It was that simple.

The interviews had been rough, sure, but the thing that made it easier was that he had nothing to hide. The lack of privacy might bother some stars, but he didn't feel it really bothered him. He didn't need much of it and if he did want it he could always get it. He remembered the number of times, particularly at Hollywood cocktail parties, that his eyes had glazed over. And it wasn't from the one highball that he limited himself to; it was merely a withdrawal into his own world. When he wanted to be alone, even in a crowded room, he always could be.

One bad thing about being an actor, it made you restless. You were never satisfied, always wanting a new kind of part, a new leading lady, always reaching. But then, on second thought, was that really bad? It was his nature to be that way. If he'd ended up in the garment industry, he bet he would have talked the old man into adding vests and knee warmers to the line.

He was happy where he was. He'd found his place. Brother Bobbie was growing up healthy and sweet, and his parents were happy living out here and gradually making new friends to replace the ones they'd left behind in New York. Come to think of it, he guessed they'd gone more Hollywood than he had. Momola sometimes nearly busted at the seams when she met new people, trying not to announce that her son was Tony Curtis, the movie star. And when they went to see his pictures, Bobby always punched Momola in the ribs and said, "Whyn't you tell the lady up front that you're Tony's mother?" And Momola would giggle and tell Bobbie to hush up.

He stretched himself and looked up at Janet and thought, she's another thing, the most important thing Hollywood's given. He couldn't imagine himself single any more. At first, after they were married he'd tried to keep his foot outside the door—he didn't like the idea of losing his bachelor freedom. But by now, for years in fact, he'd known that marriage was the only way for a man to live. When you came right down to it, he'd been luckier than anybody he knew. He valued his childhood, his family, his wife, his career—and his future looked rosier than ever. He began singing softly, "He flies through the air with the greatest of ease, the daring young man on the flying trapeze—"

Janet laughed and leaned over the arm of the lounge. "I don't have to pay you for your thoughts. Listen, promise me something. Promise you'll be careful when you make that picture. Don't get reckless sixty feet up. I love your neck."

"Sure, sure," said Tony.

"I don't know why it is you're always given these strenuous things. You'd think they could put you in a drawing room for a change."

"Maybe some day I'll be a basket weaver in a picture," said Tony. "Don't give up hope."

"Hmphh," said Janet. "If you are, they'll have you weaving your baskets in a submarine full of holes."

Tony laughed, and the laughter came easily. He was finally rested, even anxious to get back to work next week. He stood up and ran his hand over Janet's hair. "Let's go get a hamburger. And stop fretting. Life can be beautiful." **END**

Have You Voted Yet?



Here's your second chance to vote for your favorite stars in Hollywood's most famous popularity contest—the MODERN SCREEN Silver Cup Awards! If you didn't vote last month, now's your chance to nominate your favorites as the top stars and new stars of 1955. You are the judges—your votes will determine the winners. Fill out the coupon below—answering every question carefully and completely—and send it in. Tell your friends to hurry their ballots to us, too. The winners will be announced in the February issue of MODERN SCREEN, on sale January, 1956!

I VOTE FOR _____

MY FAVORITE FEMALE STAR OF 1955

I VOTE FOR _____

MY FAVORITE MALE STAR OF 1955

MY OTHER FAVORITES FOR 1955 ARE:

1. _____ MALE

1. _____ FEMALE

2. _____ MALE

2. _____ FEMALE

3. _____ MALE

3. _____ FEMALE

4. _____ MALE

4. _____ FEMALE

5. _____ MALE

5. _____ FEMALE

FOR THE TOP NEW STARS OF 1955, I NOMINATE:

MY THREE FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE WERE:

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

THE STORY I LEAST ENJOYED WAS _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

AGE _____ OCCUPATION _____

MAIL TO:
SILVER CUP BALLOT BOX
MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125
MURRAY HILL STATION
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

they dood it!

(Continued from page 52) It was Eddie who did most of the talking in Palm Springs. He had to. Debbie had said, time and time again, for him to read in print as well as hear in private, that she loved him, that nothing had changed but the wedding date, that she didn't know what was going on on the other side of the country. Eddie had said nothing—nothing but vague, off-the-record statements about the "wrong time for marriage." Statements that had managed to creep into the columns and leave Debbie as confused as anyone else.

Debbie does not relish confusion. For all her bubbles and her brightness, she's as level-headed as many far older women. She likes her life planned and well-defined; nothing is more unpleasant to her than vague, amorphous thinking. And if there was one thing that this great, unhappy to-do taught her, it was that when Eddie said he didn't know, he wasn't hiding anything—he just didn't know. That's worse than knowing it's all over to someone like Debbie. Her fiancé wasn't running his own life, he was letting his managers, his friends, his sponsors, his fans, half the world run it for him. He hadn't stood up to them when they told him that he didn't have it made yet, that he was still in the build-up stage, that he couldn't broadcast from the West Coast but would be on the road for at least a year. Was he unable to fight for his right to marry her?

So they sat in the house in the desert and talked. Debbie wore her ring, and if she twisted it nervously from time to time, at least it was still on. Temporarily, maybe, but a sign that things weren't over yet. Eddie told her how mixed-up he was, how harassed by the rumors and reports, how upset over everyone's thinking that those concerned with his career didn't want him to marry. He told Debbie that Milton Blackstone, his agent, liked her, had repeatedly denied stories that he was trying to break them up—had been particularly stricken over the rumor that he objected to the marriage on religious grounds! Debbie listened quietly.

Sunday night, still in Palm Springs, they watched television and heard Walter Winchell announce that Debbie had flown into New York to see Eddie. For the first time in months, they laughed together, realizing how easily mistakes are made. But in Debbie's mind that if loomed as large as ever. Something had happened once to spoil their idyll; she wouldn't have it happening again. She remembered it too well.

It had been a nightmare. From two who wanted above all to be together, they had become two who were apart. Apart in every way—and Debbie was at a total loss, so sick at heart that a doctor put her under sedatives for three days. Afterward she felt stronger, but what then? What does a girl say when she has talked about her plans for the wedding, the reception, the honeymoon they are going to have, and suddenly the whole picture begins to dim and act as if it is going to fade out altogether?

What do you say if you are the kind of girl who has not just a few, but hundreds of friends, and they all want to know what has happened, even if they have too much tact to ask? What do you say when you meet them?

That was Debbie's situation when the telephone in her home rang and proved an inspired interruption in her life. The caller was her good friend, Johnny Grant, one of Hollywood's most popular disc jockeys, and a man she has known even before she had gotten into the movies. Johnny was calling just to say goodbye. He was heading a planeload of Hollywood

entertainers to put on shows for GI's in Korea, Japan, Okinawa and even Formosa. It would be his seventh such trip.

It was a Sunday. She was home and planned to stay home. She had no urge to go out and see people. Johnny said his group would be taking off on Friday, just five days away. And then—and as if he knew it would be a heaven-sent idea in her present mood—he asked, "Why don't you come along?"

It seemed only like a split-second before she heard herself answering. "I think you've got a deal," she told Johnny.

For the next few minutes they both did some busy telephoning from their respective homes. When it was over, MGM executive Benny Thau had given Debbie permission to take special leave from the studio. A fine dancer, Leon Tyler, had agreed to go into immediate rehearsal with Debbie to smooth out some routines they could perform together, and a half dozen other people, from musicians who gathered the proper song orchestrations, to doctors who prepared to inoculate her with shots, had promised their cooperation. Then Debbie phoned Johnny back and gave him her definite acceptance.

Debbie was in the air for stretches as long as ten hours or more on some of the jumps between California and Japan and Korea. The players would see her sitting alone, lost in her thoughts. Sometimes, she would try to break out of it. She would visit around, perch on the arms of their seats.

Once she was walking down the aisle when she looked at the hands of one of the fellows and saw that his fingernails were in a sad state of neglect. She plumped herself down on her chair, got out her manicure set and called out to him. "You poor guy!" she said. "You come here!"

There, some 16,000 feet above the Pacific, she did his nails. It was a diversion, but only for a while. When it was over her problems were still waiting for her.

When the big transport plane landed at the airport in Seoul, Korea, thousands of American GI's were waiting. The first passenger to emerge was Debbie, and there were mass cheers. But there was more than that, too. Debbie had flown 5,000 miles to raise their morale, but the boys acted as if they thought her own morale needed hiking. They called out:

"Don't worry about losing your Eddie!"

"You've always got us, Debbie!"

"We'll help you forget . . ."

She'll probably never admit that as she stood there and waved her eyes got misty with tears—but she wasn't sure forgetting was what she wanted.

Some of the Air Force kids staged a kidnapping in which she was the principal. They thought they would make better hosts for her during her stay than the regular Army escort assigned to her. Debbie found herself in a car being sped out of the airport, before a convoy of jeeps loaded with MP's headed them off and brought her back to the main party.

The trip to Korea and Japan lasted seventeen days and in that time Debbie did twenty-two shows. She also visited enlisted men's clubs, officers' halls, and attended special events in her honor. With the GI's she sparkled. But the troupe who traveled with her reported that much of the time she was quiet, lost in thought.

Eddie must have had a good hunch about the way things might be with Debbie. He sent word that he hoped she wouldn't forget to eat. Johnny Grant came back from the Korean trip weighing nearly ten pounds more than when he left. It seemed there was many a meal at many an Army luncheon or dinner in which Debbie couldn't do more than nibble at her main course. And, not wanting to hurt the feel-

WIN A

\$1,000
MINK
STOLE



jubilee
BRAS
to complete
the vision of a
lovelier YOU

First Prize: A \$1,000.00 MINK STOLE.
Plus 25 other prizes of deluxe radios.

RULES

- You don't have to make a purchase to qualify.
- The luxurious mink stole will be presented to the person who writes in 25 words or less the best conclusion to . . . "I purchase my bras at . . . because" (name and address of favorite store)
- Write or print legibly on a 3" x 5" card (Postal Card) your entry in the contest. Be sure to include your name and address.
- Closing date is midnight December 5, 1955. Presentation to be made prior to Dec. 30, 1955.
- Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie between two or more contestants.
- This contest is not open to any person employed by or associated with the sponsor.

Style illustrated No. 492

Finely detailed bra to retail at \$1.00

send entries to: Dept. 15
JUBILEE BRA
180 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
DIVISION OF UNITED MILLS CORPORATION 85

IT'S A BOY FOR BOB!



Terence Taylor has the calmest Mom and most nervous Dad in town!

■ They haven't lost a father yet at St. John's Hospital, where most of Hollywood's famous go at baby time, but they were worried for a while about Spangler Arlington Brugh, otherwise known as Bob Taylor. A father for the first time at forty-four, Bob had good and sufficient reason to be nervous, for the baby had been expected in May. He was then on location for *Quentin Durwood* in Europe, talking every day by transatlantic phone to his lovely wife Ursula Thiess. The expected day arrived and passed. A nerve-ridden Bob flew the ocean the first week of June, expecting that the blessed event would certainly have occurred by the time he arrived.

Friends reported that on the day before the event, Ursula had an almost uncontrollable desire to scrub the kitchen floor, and that she felt so light-headed that it was almost like having one too many at a cocktail party. Bob, home at last, anxiously watched as the unborn baby periodically tried to poke a foot through Ursula's tummy.

"Honey," he said, "do you think the baby will come tonight?"

"You'd better relax, sweetheart," Ursula said. "I think it's several days off."

Ursula, used to retiring early, and realizing that Bob was dead tired, suggested that they turn in. But she lingered unduly long, hiding the pains that suddenly came on in the early evening. Not until shortly before eleven o'clock did she quietly tell Bob.

Pretending a great deal of calm, Bob backed the car out of the garage, only slightly sideswiping the shrubbery. They drove to St. John's Hospital where they'd had a standing reservation for days. As Bob signed the register, Ursula stood by, merriment mixed with the pain in her big dark eyes. Then they took her away to the mysteries of the delivery room.

There is a fine waiting room for fathers at St. John's, complete with television set, but Bob, knowing the fate of celebrities, retired to his wife's private room to wait. By 3 A.M. he was pacing nervously when a nurse poked her head in the door, suggested that he ought to go out and take a walk. Bob asked if there were any reporters snooping around, to which query the nurse is reported to have replied, gently, "Now what reporter would be wanting to talk to you at this hour?" Obviously, having encountered a half a hundred frantic fathers during the week, she didn't know one from another.

At 4:30 A.M. the nurse wheeled out a little glass enclosed cart, and in it an infant whose name was to be Terence Taylor. Terence, seven pounds, eight ounces of red, protesting humanity, was gazed upon by his father in utter silence. It was Ursula who had been under anesthesia, but it was Bob who recovered more slowly from the shock of parenthood.

The next evening, Bob was back, this time to join the dozens of folk who gather to peer through the plate glass windows at all the new infants. Dutifully, he scribbled his name on a card and held it up to the window so a nurse could wheel Terence up for inspection. Bob looked. Terry slept. A relative of a new mother, nudged him. "May I please have your autograph, Mr. Taylor?"

For a moment, Bob looked angry. Certainly a man is entitled to some privacy when he's getting acquainted with his first born. Then he grinned slowly.

"You must be mistaking me for someone else, Mother," he replied. "People

86 say I look like some actor or other, but my name's Brugh. Father Brugh!"

ings of her hosts by leaving a plate practically untouched, she would appeal to Johnny to come to the rescue.

But now everything was wonderfully right again. Eddie was going back to New York to clean up shop and get ready for July 1st when his long awaited vacation would begin. And then, a little later, he and Debbie would be together at last. He wanted to tell his friends and the fellows he worked with that he and his girl had set the date. But Eddie and Debbie made a pact not to push their luck again. And so he kept his lips sealed through the lonely weeks.

Eddie could hardly force himself to get through the last week of broadcasts. One of the production team on his show described him as "a kid who just can't wait for school to be out." Eddie looked tired but only to those who saw him in rehearsal or at home. The show had to go on, and it did. And maybe those who watched him on tv figured Eddie for a hard-hearted guy who had let his girl down badly and with no regrets. They couldn't have been more wrong.

Those close to Eddie say the period following his split with Debbie was the only time they'd known him to be really depressed. "He just hasn't been himself," one man said. "This has really gotten him down." No wonder. Eddie had been called everything from a cad to a coward. The more charitable ones suggested that Eddie was behaving like a gentleman and giving Debbie a chance to make whatever announcements were forthcoming.

Nobody knew, not one of the crew he is so close to, that Eddie and Debbie had made their big decision. Let everyone wonder. They hoped maybe the curiosity would die down and they could go about the business of getting married quietly.

Of course it wasn't quite that simple. Letters poured in from anxious friends who wanted to know what had happened. Reporters put two and two together and came up at sixes and sevens.

Eddie made no secret of his intended trip. "I'm taking off after my last show. I'm going to drive west—see America first." When an inquiring reporter asked where he was going, he looked weary and shrugged, "I don't know where I'll end up. I just want to take off and explore the side roads if I feel like it." "Are you going alone?" the reporter asked. Straightfaced, Eddie answered, "No, I'm taking a friend." And nobody dared ask who.

The questions persisted but Eddie grew practiced in answering them; gently, diplomatically. "What are you going to do with yourself for two months this summer?" "I'm going to take a vacation." "No engagements?" Eddie played it straight. "No engagements of any kind." Nobody asked about weddings. And then someone said, "Is there anything you'd like to change about your life?" Eddie thought for a moment and grinned, "Not a thing, but I might add something." The final tip-off came when he was asked if he was going to keep his New York apartment open while he was away. He said he had decided to give it up. "Would you like to own a big country house some day?" the reporter probed. "Sure, some day," said Fisher. "Tastes change, don't you think? What I'm doing now I won't always do." He grinned a little teasingly. "I'll be back in September. If you'd like to ask some more questions, maybe I'll have something to tell you then."

It was a big secret to keep buttoned up, but Eddie managed. In Hollywood, Debbie kept her end of the pact. And so we close this report with the end yet unwritten—with the fondest hopes that *this* time, Debbie and Eddie will write the happy ending themselves.

END

let me belong

(Continued from page 37) rainbow days, she thought she glimpsed her way in. When the teacher asked for Girl Scout candidates, she found the temerity to raise her hand. Then the matter of uniforms came up. Uniforms cost money. Who, Sheree asked herself fiercely, wants to be a Brownie? Brownies are corny. Tears stinging her throat, she bowed out of the promised land.

Disciplined to control her emotions, they'd overwhelm her sometimes in solitude and then sobs racked her thin body. "If they'd only like me. If I could only do something to make them like me." To achieve that end, she'd try every dodge open to a hurt and bewildered child. When two gangs on the block had a fight, she'd buddy up to both sides, running from one to the other, currying favor with each by knocking the foe. To gain even momentary attention, she'd lie. "I've got a pool underneath my house. I've got a closetful of candy." She lied plausibly, with imaginative flourishes, and the kids were impressed. But next morning some indignant classmate would pounce. "My mother says you're lying and I'm not going to talk to you any more." She never had the assurance to stick by her guns. Her only recourse was to dream up some better lie.

By the time she was twelve, she'd gained recognition of a kind. For one thing, the children were used to her. For another, she was a stand-out dancer who took part in all the school plays and was even allowed to put on some of the numbers. As a three-year-old, attending a Hollywood Christmas party where they gave you free toys, she'd climbed up on the stage and started whirling. At six, the Falcon Dance Studio took her in. In return for tuition, her mother did chores around the place, assisted by Sheree as she grew older. It wasn't so much the dancing that attracted her as the vistas it opened. That she'd be a great ballerina went without saying. This would give her a chance to wear sequins, feathers and shiny nails, representing glamor. Being glamorous, everybody would like her. That was the goal of all her dreams.

Through her dancing, through her skill in competitive sports, she derived comfort. But not enough to dislodge the heavy backlog of self-doubt and humiliation. Her triumphs were short-lived, touching only the surface. The kids, she felt, admired her as a dancer, not as a person. How could she know that, if they failed to like her, it was because she'd never learned to like herself? Nothing in her background or make-up had gone to build confidence, everything had combined to tear it down. Except for her well-trained body, she felt hopelessly inferior. In physical combat, if attacked, the adrenaline flowed and she'd defend herself like a wildcat. Psychologically attacked, she'd crumble.

Matters grew worse when they moved, just as she entered Junior High. It was kindergarten all over again, a whole new sea of strangers that had to be faced. Under their gaze, Sheree shriveled, sure they were making fun of her awful clothes. Any new togs squeezed from the Bethel budget went to Janet. Janet was four years older and needed them more. If Sheree protested, the answer silenced her. "You get to take dancing lessons. I don't." The misery of self-consciousness, of being more apart and alone than ever, proved too great. She changed schools and changed again, lying about her address, since you had to live in the district of the school you attended. Even she realized this was a futile flight but, like a tormented little animal, she kept running to

MAKE \$15⁰⁰ A DAY AND MORE!



THIS IS THE HOME STUDY COURSE That Will Change Your Whole Life!

IN JUST TWELVE SHORT WEEKS you can begin to earn as much as \$20.00 a day. Over 300,000 additional nurses are needed at once. Select the cases you want from the hundreds offered you. Work part-time or full-time in hospitals, clinics, doctors' offices, or at home.

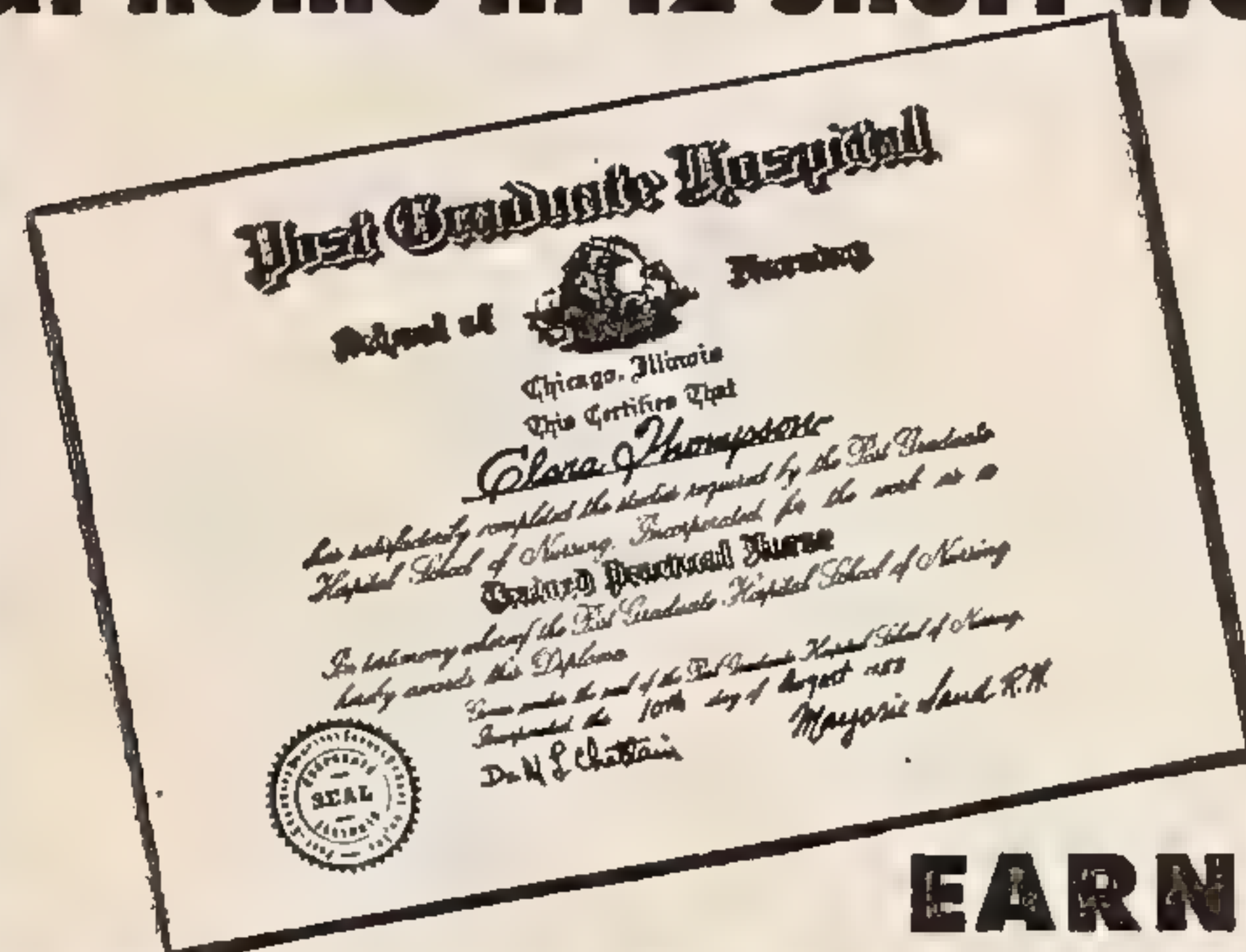
YOUR AGE OR EDUCATION IS NOT IMPORTANT. Students from 16 to 65 have successfully completed this Doctors' approved course. A high school education is not necessary. Study as slow or as fast as you wish.

IF YOU ENROLL NOW you will receive a Silver Nurse's Pin, a Nurse's Cap, a precision Thermometer, a salary receipt book, and professional record charts, absolutely FREE of extra charge.

BUT MOST IMPORTANT for your future is to get your FREE complete information NOW. Without cost or obligation you get a FREE SAMPLE LESSON and a FREE NURSING BOOKLET by clipping the coupon at the right and sending it or a post-card to us immediately. Your FREE material will reach you by return mail.

POST GRADUATE HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING
5M95 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago 5, Ill.

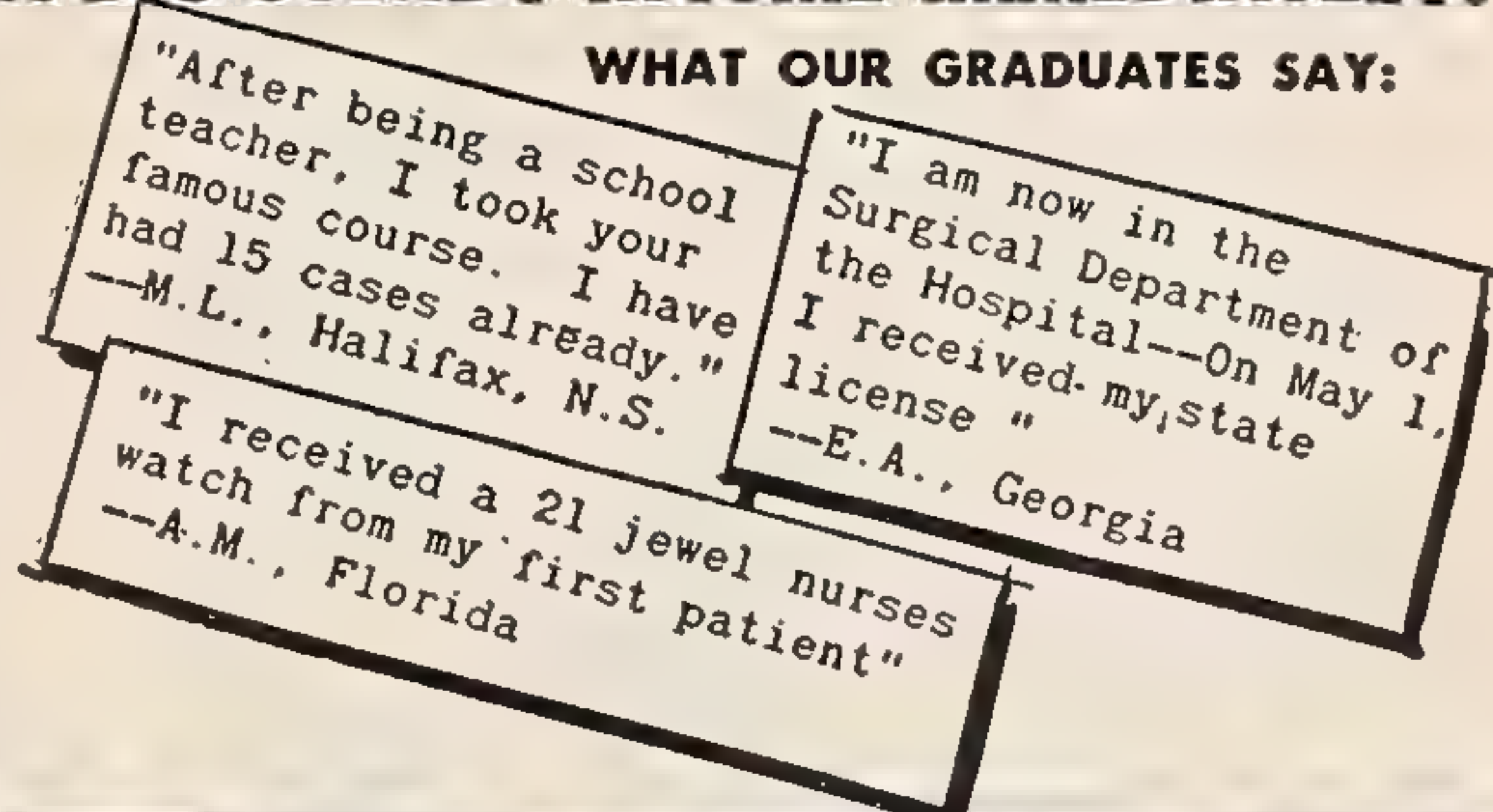
Learn practical nursing at home in 12 short weeks



EARN

A BIG STEADY INCOME IMMEDIATELY!

WHAT OUR GRADUATES SAY:



Mail Coupon Today for FREE Sample Lesson.

POST GRADUATE HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING
5M95 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago 5, Ill.

Send me, without obligation, your FREE 16-page sample lesson and FREE booklet on High-Paying Opportunities in Nursing.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAKE MONEY SELL DRESSES FROM NEW YORK

A dress shop in your home! Established New York firm desires ambitious women to sell dresses, suits, featuring the newest New York look. Experience unnecessary. Good commissions. Free dresses to wear as bonus. No investment. Write for sample book. **BELLECRAFT FASHIONS**, 111 Eighth Ave., Dept. D-9, N. Y.

BE A MODEL

Train at home, learn Hollywood secrets of charm and glamour whether for career or self-improvement. A must for every woman. Act now. Send \$1.00. Hollywood Model Course, Box 74607, Hollywood 4, Calif.

Count The Ornaments On This Tree!



HURRY! SEND PUZZLE SOLUTION TODAY!

Your gift box, free imprinted samples and other assortments on approval will be sent as soon as your reply is received. Only one entry will be accepted from each family.

WIN ABSOLUTELY FREE DELUXE BOX OF 21 BEAUTIFUL ASSORTED CHRISTMAS CARDS

YOUR FREE TIME CAN MEAN BIG MONEY!

Show Elmira's gorgeous new line of beautiful Christmas Cards—with and without imprints, personalized stationery and lovely gift wrappings, etc. Everyone buys from you because Elmira's greeting card assortments are the biggest values. You get BIG CASH PROFITS FOR NEW CLOTHES, VACATIONS, CHRISTMAS GIFTS, etc.

Introductory Offer to prove you can make \$50.00 AND MORE IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR YOUR FREE GIFT!

Elmira Greeting Card Co., Dept. 589, Elmira, N. Y.
Total number of Christmas Tree Ornaments is.....
Send my FREE CARDS—also details on how my free time can make money, together with assortments on approval.
Name
Address
City & Zone State
☐ Check here for information on SPECIAL FUND-RAISING PLAN FOR CHURCHES AND CLUBS.

FASTER, MORE CUSHIONING FOOT RELIEF!

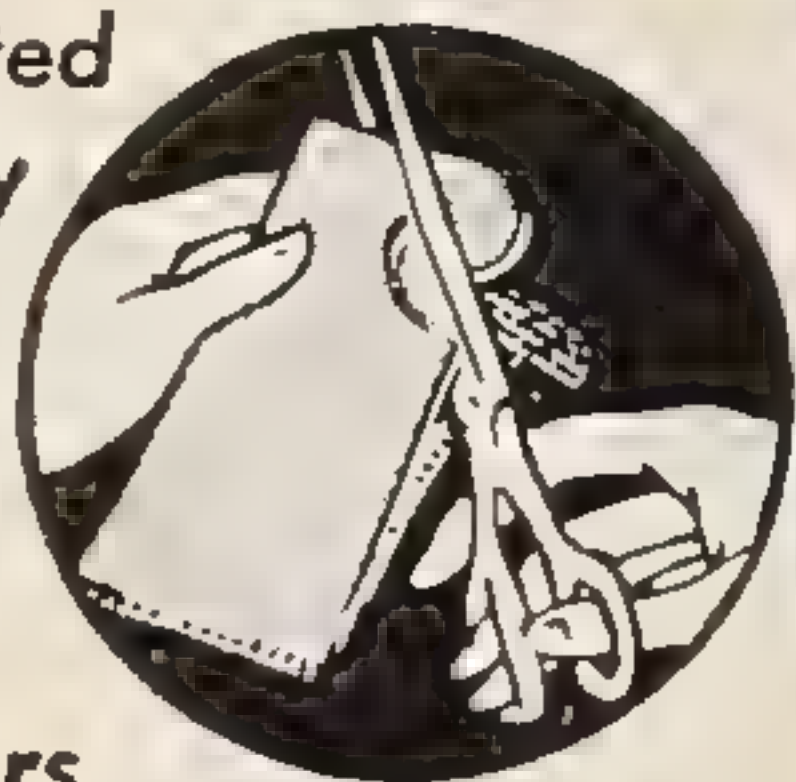
Extra Soft... Extra Protective
Adhesive Foot Padding

Just cut medicated
KUROTEx to any
needed size
and shape
and apply.

Used by Doctors

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx is far superior to ordinary moleskin, yet costs no more. A wonderfully effective cushioning relief for corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes, sore heels and wherever shoes painfully rub or pinch. Eases new or tight shoes; prevents blisters. So convenient to cut in sizes and shapes to fit your needs. Flesh color. 15¢, 35¢, 40¢, 90¢. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores.

Dr. Scholl's
KUROTEx



WOMEN!

IF YOU NEED MONEY

HERE'S \$150 FOR YOU!

Make all the extra money you want in spare time, plus lovely dresses for your personal use. Take orders for beautiful Fashion Frocks, low as \$3.98 each. We furnish over 100 styles, colors, fabrics. You risk nothing. No experience needed. Try it—write for free fabric samples.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. T-3054, Cincinnati 25, O.

★ PHOTOS!

"INSIDE-STUDIO" offers a Surprise Major Studio Group of 32 thrilling, genuine Star Photos for album or wallet. Only 50¢. **FREE!** 12 lists of Stars' Birthdays, places and birthstones. For **FAST SERVICE**, Send 50¢ (or 80¢ for \$1.00) to:



FREE! With or without your order, 2 **LARGE GLOSSY PORTRAITS** of Your Favorite Stars! Newest poses, straight from Inside Studio Connections. **FREE!** **GIANT CATALOG** listing 100's of Stars. Rush 2 names and 25¢ (or 5 for 50¢) for handling to:

INSIDE-STUDIO PHOTO SERVICE
Dept. 251, Box 1989, Hollywood 28, Calif.

TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES

call for

STRONGER Yet SAFER

ANACIN

Won't Upset The Stomach

Anacin® not only gives stronger, faster relief from pain of headache, but is also safer. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved no single drug can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. Buy Anacin Tablets today!

cover till an understanding teacher talked to her one day. Shy about spilling all her woes, Sheree told enough to make the situation clear. The teacher offered a suggestion. "If your mother would write a note, giving the reasons, you could be excused from classes at noon and spend the rest of your time at dancing school. I think you'd be happier, don't you?"

"Oh yes!" breathed Sheree. And so it was arranged.

She was already a professional. The summer before, all of thirteen, she'd built herself up, borrowed a pair of Janet's high heels and auditioned successfully at the open-air Greek Theatre. She liked her first taste of independence, she liked knowing she was good enough to be hired, she liked earning money. Before season's end, disenchantment set in. You started at ten, you rehearsed all day, you cleaned up for the dinner break, you dashed back to get your make-up and costume on, you did the show, you flopped exhausted into bed so you could start all over again at ten. You wore sequins, feathers and shiny nails. Maybe it looked like glamour from the front. From where you hoofed, it was drudgery pure and simple.

She kept at it for three rugged summers because now it was her job. Winters she went to school for half a day. Until she drove down to the beach with the girl next door and met Fred Bessire. He took her to dinner and asked her to marry him. It was the third date she'd ever had. Perfectly willing to talk about anything else, this is one chapter she'd rather skip. At fifteen, knowing nothing about herself, she must have believed it was love. She must have felt joy that here was an older man of twenty-five who'd chosen and therefore wanted her, the unwanted, sealing his choice with his mother's diamond ring. Vistas opened again, but different ones this time—escape from the treadmill—escape from the derision, actual or imagined, of schoolgirls—escape into the lovely, secure pattern of wifehood. She'd cook and clean and market at the Safeway, she'd exchange recipes with neighbors and greet her husband when he came home at night and surprise him with an upside-down pineapple cake. She'd be like other people. She'd belong.

It didn't pan out. Some fifteen months later, as disillusioned with marriage as with dancing, she took her infant daughter back to her mother's. The daughter had come as a revelation. Married or not, Sheree remained an innocent. That you could have a baby at sixteen never entered her head. She refused to take the doctor's word for it. "I didn't feel like a woman," she explains, "nor any kind of human being. I simply didn't believe it could happen to me." But the scrap of humanity they laid in her arms was real. It filled her with wonder and a passionate protectiveness. At least they were now two against the world.

With Dawn as well as herself to support, she returned to the only work she was trained for. Chance led her to the Florentine Gardens. Passing one day, she noted the pictures outside and walked in. The place was loaded with girls. A man rapped for attention. "Okay, kids, get your bathing suits on." They scampered, leaving Sheree high and dry. "Well," he demanded, "why don't you get your suit on?" Her eyes widened. She'd just come in to look. Night clubs and what she'd heard of them frightened her. Unpaid bills frightened her, too. After a moment's hesitation, she ran out to the car for a sweater and pair of tights. As at the Greek Theatre, they hired her pronto.

The kids were nice to her. They really softened up when she started bringing Dawn to work, bedding her down in

feather fans or a big hatbox she liked because she could see through it. Chorus girls are notoriously tender-hearted. Yet Sheree wasn't one of the gang. She was younger, more fearful, less hep. She'd been strictly brought up. At home you never started for school without reading the Bible. She'd studied Scripture hard. At first it was another form of competition, vying with sister and brother for their mother's approval. But whatever her childish motives, the teaching stuck. She clung to religion as something that wouldn't fail her, though people failed. She wouldn't touch liquor. Where the others sported glad rags, she showed up in Levis. She wouldn't go out front to mix with the customers. "I'm married," she said and technically she was, the divorce being held up for several years. "Anyway, you need someone back here to watch the wallets." The issue wasn't forced; she was too good a dancer to be fired. So between shows she watched the wallets, plugged in the iron she'd brought from home and ironed Dawn's diapers. Nobody'd ever told her that even Park Avenue babies wear their pants unpressed.

Followed the dreary rat-race for survival—modeling, a couple of tv spots, always the chorus line to fall back on. Against the harsh facts of life, dreams had long faded. Ballerina? Movie star? Career? Don't make her laugh. She was a thoroughgoing realist now. All she asked was the chance to scratch up enough for food and rent. When she took an out-of-town job, Dawn stayed with Grandma. While the baby's needs remained simple—feed her, change her—it wasn't too bad. But the baby grew older and, with Sheree away, naturally turned to others for love and comfort. "Your Mommy's on the stage," they'd tell her, and to Dawn Mommy became a kind of plaything who came and brought her toys and left again, but formed no part of the solid background of existence. For Sheree, this was a fresh wound on top of the old.

She determined to do something about it. She wanted more time with her daughter, and she wanted the safeguards of conventionality. Conventionality looked beautiful, symbol of the social acceptance denied her as a child. There was someone she knew whom she wistfully set her sights by. Like her, this girl was divorced. She had two children and worked as a secretary. Without being glamorous, she looked well-groomed, she had class, she seemed quietly sure of herself. People admired her, nobody called her a chorus girl. She was Sheree's ideal.

With Chris, her roommate, also pining to be an ex-dancer, she applied at the Hughes plant. They had openings for receptionists and secretaries. Secretaries got fifteen dollars a week more, which was plenty more. "Okay," said Chris, "let's hoof for the last time. Just long enough to save up money for trade school."

They got jobs at Macayo, where fate entered in the guise of Bob Alton, dance director, hunting material for the Broadway show, *Hazel Flagg*. He asked to see Sheree and told her what he had in mind.

"Thanks," she said, "but I'm quitting the chorus line."

"This might be more than the chorus line. You're good, you have talent." She shook her head. "Do you mind telling me why?" She explained briefly. He gave her his card. "I'd like to use you. I could use your friend, too. If you change your mind, let me know."

She had no intention of changing her mind and didn't let him know. But Alton wasn't easily dissuaded. He had someone call her. Meantime she'd broken a toe and gave that as an excuse. Another call came. Mr. Alton would like to see her at his home.

"I'm not going to New York," said Sheree. "That's up to you. He just wants to talk to you."

She went with Chris. The elegance of the house petrified her.

But the atmosphere changed when Mr. Alton came in. Bob Alton's a man of warmth and perception. Instead of ignoring Sheree's fears, he identified himself with them—told her how he'd once been in her position, divorced, with a child to raise, with a chance to take. It came out that he was of the same religious faith, which effected another bond. He understood the pain of separation from her daughter, he made no gaudy promises of the moon. "But if you do succeed, you'll be better able to provide for her."

They talked at length. In the end Sheree turned to Chris. They went through one of those if-you-go-I'll-go routines, and the bargain was struck.

Going home, Sheree felt flat, thinking of Dawn, feeling she'd broken a promise to both of them. "Cheer up," rallied Chris. "There's no other way we'd ever get to New York. So we'll be there two months and come back. Two months can't make such a difference."

It was more than two months and they made a difference. Sheree's *Salomé* dance put her name up in lights, and overnight she became Broadway's newest darling. So now she'd gained recognition, now she

A tyrannical director came back from lunch feeling poorly, and said: "Something I ate must have disagreed with me." Script girl, who was quitting that week anyway, said, "I don't think anything would dare."

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

must have been popping with self-esteem. Guess again. "How does it feel to be a star?" they asked her. She didn't know, she didn't feel like a star. She lived in a broken-down room, sending money back to Dawn, she owned no grand wardrobe, she couldn't afford a rooted home for her child. The razzle-dazzle numbed her. What made her such a knockout all of a sudden? It was bound to peter out. She waited for the ax to fall.

Yet it was in New York that the long road began to turn for Sheree. For the first time she met a group of stable, intelligent people who drew her into their midst, who enjoyed her for her own sake with no strings attached. They had nothing to offer nor gain but the gift of friendship, they were the friends she'd always wanted. Among them was a married couple, for whom she'd baby-sit. These two became the brother and sister she'd dreamed of. That they and the others found her a person of value heartened her more than all the applause that came roaring over the footlights. With them she felt secure, with them she belonged. Their minds stimulated her, their understanding affection gave her the strength to start searching herself for the seeds of misery.

Back in Hollywood things moved fast—the Martin-Lewis picture, the Crosby show—most important, the contract with Fox. Food and roof assured, some of the pressures lifted. There was space at last to think and plan and organize her life with Dawn, who had problems of her own, who needed assurance that her mother could be counted on. Sheree rented a house near a good school where there'd be plenty of kids to play with. She bought twin beds and at first slept in the same room with her daughter. After four years of coming and going, she had to give Dawn faith that Mommy was here to stay. She left the house as little as possible. She established a routine and stuck to it,

consistent about the hour of rising, about meals, about reading and music time. Whether promising discipline or a treat, she never broke her word and knew they'd passed a milestone the day she had to go out and for the first time Dawn let her go without tears, sure that her mother'd be back at the given hour. "Thank God," says Sheree, "when they're that young, it doesn't take long." Within six months she had a well-adjusted child. Nowadays Dawn takes a bad dream in stride, wakes up, gets a drink of water, tells Mommy about the dream and goes back to sleep untroubled.

Working or not, Sheree means to keep her so. From the set of *How To Be Very, Very Popular*, she'd dash home to help with the reading and spelling. Daughter wasn't necessarily cooperative. Exhausted after being on her feet since six, it would take all of Sheree's control not to lash out. Control, plus the memory of another youngster, flinching under some grown-up's tongue. So she'd count to ten and, her voice gentle but firm, say, "Let's try it again."

Then there was the time during rope-jumping season when Dawn came dragging her feet, looking really low.

"What's wrong, honey?"

"Double Dutch. Everyone's doing it and I just get tangled up. I feel left out."

Left out was all Sheree needed to hear. "Bring on the ropes. I'll make you the best Double-Dutcher in town."

Her own re-adjustment was slower, more painful and held nothing dramatic. Through books, through talking with trusted friends, she began to know herself and what had happened to her. Instead of heeding her blind will to bury the past, which can't be buried, she faced it. That she'd been rejected was true and couldn't be changed. What could be changed was her understanding of the resentments, suspicions, fears piled up within her, natural enough, but damaging and corrosive. She began to rid herself of them. She recognized that the others in her family had also suffered. She learned that dignity comes of the spirit, not of what you wear nor how you earn your bread. She learned to respect herself for the good that was in her. In the old days she'd been the suppliant. "Like me, just like me, that's all I ask." Now she asked more. It was still pleasant to be liked, but not at the cost of integrity. The important thing was to set your standards as a human and abide by them, no matter who scoffed. The important thing was to live at peace with yourself.

It's a continuing process. You don't heal the hurts of twenty years in two. When the mother of one of Dawn's friends asks her to tea, Sheree's pleased, but shy with women whose backgrounds were so different. Through long habit she still shrinks from controversy but meets it nevertheless when necessary, taking a resolute stand for what she believes in. "I'm better equipped to defend myself," she laughs, "which is good, because I'm better equipped to defend my daughter. If someone's unjust to Dawn, I pick up my banner, march out and tell them off!"

She holds her head high and her shoulders straight. She's part of the community where she lives, of the industry she works in, of a circle of warm friends. She's a mother who makes her child happy. She belongs to herself, for she's found herself. It took grit, honesty and brains. Other kids have traveled equally rocky roads. Our courts are full of them, warped, rebellious or shattered. They're the responsibility of society. From the age of thirteen Sheree was on her own. At twenty-two, she's coming out whole, with compassion instead of bitterness, with love instead of hate. That's her greatest triumph.

New Way to Wash Face

IMPROVES SKIN AMAZINGLY



**Blemishes Gone—Baby-Soft Skin
Returns in 7 Days!**



WEEP NO MORE over ugly blackheads, externally caused pimples, dryness, oily shine. Most skin troubles, doctors say, are due to improper cleansing.

SEE THRILLING RESULTS! Change to Cuticura Soap—mildest of all leading soaps by laboratory tests—only soap superfatted to maintain the natural moisture and normal, healthy acidity of the skin—mildly medicated for extra skin care. Use emollient Cuticura Ointment nightly to soften as it helps heal.

FREE Soap sample and leaflet on right way to wash. Write Cuticura, Dept. DG-95, Malden 48, Mass.

Cuticura

FALSE TEETH KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 35c and 60c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 5587-I, ELMIRA, N. Y.



LEARN AT HOME

- to be a Nurse's Aide
- Practical Nurse
- or Infant Nurse

Prepare in spare time for a fascinating, high-pay career. Thousands of men and women, 18-60, are graduates of this physician-endorsed course. High school not required. Easy payments; earn as you learn. Trial plan. 56th year.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 239, 25 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

Please send me free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name _____
City _____ State _____ Age _____

You Can Play



... even if you don't know a single note of music now!

IMAGINE! Even if you never dreamed you could play you can soon surprise your friends with your musical ability. No special talent or previous training needed. Spend just a few minutes a day—and only a few cents per lesson. Teach yourself to play piano, guitar, accordion, whatever instrument you choose. Make amazingly rapid progress because you start right out playing real pieces by note. No boring exercises to do. Over 900,000 people have chosen this easy home study method (Our 57th successful year.)



MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK. See actual proof that YOU can play. No obligation; no salesman will call on you. Just mail coupon to: **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A169, Port Washington, N. Y.**

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Studio A169, Port Washington, N. Y.

Please send me 36-page illustrated free Book. I'm interested in playing (name instrument) . . .

☐ I do ☐ I do NOT—have instrument now.

Name (please print)

Address

WRITE: BREVITYPE INSTITUTE, SAN DIEGO, CALIF., DEPT. 1021

LEARN THE WORLD'S SIMPLEST, SPEEDIEST SHORTHAND NOW

FREE—please send me typical lessons, details on Brevitype—world's simplest, speediest shorthand—first machine shorthand to eliminate coding. Tell me how I learn Brevitype in 1/2 the time through your personally guided home-study course. Show me how switching to Brevitype, as hundreds have, prepares me for security as a stenographer, secretary, court or hearing reporter here, and abroad, in business or Civil Service—helps me increase my salary 50% to 100%. Include costs and budget plans.

BREVITYPE SHORTHAND

THE EASY-TO-LEARN MACHINE



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MODERN:
TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD!
NO CODING! FAST ABC!

THE BREVITYPE MACHINE, WHICH CARRIES THIS SEAL, COMES WITH THIS COURSE

12 NEW TOWELS ONLY \$1.00

LARGE SIZE! Assorted colors. New! Not seconds. Non-woven COTTON and RAYON. Money-back guarantee. Supply limited. Order Now! **R. J. HOMAKERS CO., Dept. 614, Box 264, Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y.**

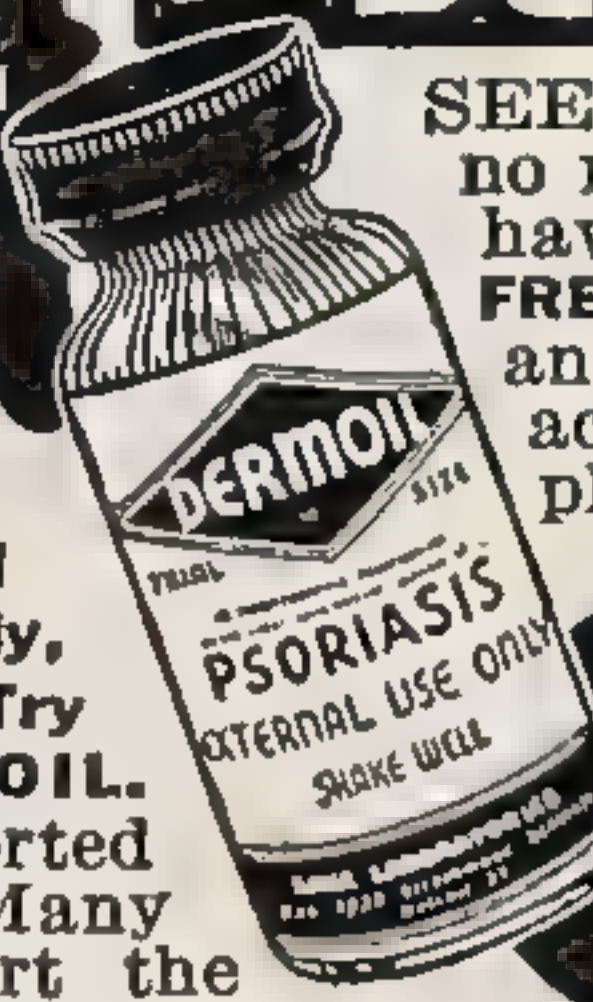
MAKE \$50 A WEEK ADDRESSING ENVELOPES

in spare time—at home.
Send name and address to:

GLOBAL MAILERS Dept. 4-L, 1813 S. Clinton St., Chicago 16, Ill.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST



Use DERMOL
SEE FOR YOURSELF no matter how long you have suffered. Write for **FREE** book on Psoriasis and DERMOL with actual "before-after" photo record of results.

Send for GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't be embarrassed with Psoriasis, the ugly, scaly skin disease. Try non-staining **DERMOIL**. Amazing results reported for over 22 years! Many grateful users report the scaly red patches on body or scalp gradually disappeared and they again enjoyed the thrill of a smooth clear skin. **DERMOIL** formula is used by many doctors. Must give definite benefit or your money back. Make our famous "One Spot Test"! **SEND 10¢** for trial bottle. **DERMOIL** sold at Liggett and Walgreen and other leading Drug Stores. **Write today LAKE LABORATORIES Dept. 1109 Box 3925 Strathmoor Station, Detroit 27, Mich.**

if you dated tab

(Continued from page 39) too seriously to go out "just to be seen," and he isn't trying to set any records for playing the field. If he asked you for a date, he would have known you long enough to be sure that the two of you were *simpatico*, so the odds are that he'd ask you out more than just once.

You'd have plenty of time to plan and anticipate, because he always calls well in advance. His calling would mean that he had some specific fun activity in mind and he wanted you, specifically, to share it. Tab never says, "Let's do something tonight," trusting that fate or inspiration will turn up something entertaining and he never calls a girl at random. You're blissfully aware that it's *you*, nobody else, whom he wants to see. And while you're basking in that pleasurable knowledge, he will ask, "Would you like to go to the theatre Thursday night?" or whatever—but he'll be definite.

Like as not your date will involve some studio commitment he has. Tab is asked to do such diverse and diverting chores as emceeing a TV show, putting in an appearance at the Hollywood Park race track, disporting his muscular self at benefits of one kind of another and attending Las Vegas openings. Because he likes people too much to enjoy doing things alone, he'd call and say, "I've got to do thus and so, and I think we could have a ball doing it together if you'd like to." And if it's to be an evening stint, he'll invite you for dinner first.

He'd be very thoughtful about that dinner, as he is about all phases of a date. He'd ask if there was a particular restaurant you favored or a cuisine for which your mouth watered. You might suggest something that appalled him (Tab detests rich, heavy foods) but he'd take you to the restaurant of your choice without a visible shudder. If you failed to come up with an idea, he'd have thought over what he knew of your likes and dislikes and made a few suggestions of his own. Among his favorites: the Beachcomber . . . rich and heavy, but good.

This boy would make a ready little steady, if you could nail him down. He's laudably punctual; if he says he'll pick you up at seven, you can count on it. He'd instantly notice what you wore and express his admiration. He always does. Whether you were single-dating or out with a crowd, he'd be attentive. His long arm reaches out to open every door, his lighter is poised before a cigarette is well out of a girl's bag. Your comfort and the kind of time you're having sincerely matter to Tab.

That very attentiveness contains a hint of warning, however. As happens the world over, there might be a girl in the crowd meeting Tab for the first time who considers that scatter of freckles across his cheekbones just too cute for words. Or those extra long, dark lashes. Or his slightly hoarse voice. Or that wide, little-boy grin. Even if she makes it abundantly clear that she thinks he's the living end, leave it be. His attention isn't going to stray—you're his girl for the evening—but if you feel compelled to remind your rival of that fact in certain feline, feminine ways, Tab isn't going to ask you out again. He hates possessive women. So, even if you're burned to a crisp, better play it cool.

In return for the very good time he expects to show you, Tab demands very little. Mostly, enthusiasm. You already knew what he had planned for your date—he told you when he called—and if you didn't feel bright-eyed and bushy-tailed

about it, you shouldn't have accepted the invitation.

A sense of humor. This guy purely loves to holler and laugh, and it's impossible not to enjoy his enjoyment. He's a jokester. Although it's difficult for him to memorize lines for a scene, he never forgets the punchline of a joke—or claims it for his own. "That's one of Marilyn Erskine's stories," he'll tell you, adding, "Gee, but she's a witty girl! When she tells it, it's a lot crazier." Or, quoting writer Jerry Asher, another of his favorite sources, "Jerry must be the funniest man in the world." Not all of Tab's handed-down stories are as pure as the driven snow, but not one of them would offend the sensibilities of a young lady out on a first date, either. With him a joke is for laughs, so it's nothing but funny.

He'd expect you to have that sense of humor handy for the minor crises of life that occur from time to time. Like the goof he made at a spaghetti party he hosted for a bunch of his pals, including the John Ericsons, the Brett Halseys, Dick Clayton, Marla English and Lori Nelson. The kids were all sitting around on his living-room floor, having their dinner off a long, low coffee table, when Tab dumped his whole plate of spaghetti into Lori's lap. He couldn't have felt worse, of course—mortified by his own clumsiness, upset about her beautiful dress—and it could have spelled sudden death to an otherwise successful party. Except that the ethereal little Nelson girl has a solid sense of humor.

"Well, gee, thanks!" she said, deadpan. "This dress *did* need a little something to touch it up, didn't it?" And holding up a fistful of what she had a lap of, she broke them all up with, "Spaghetti, anyone?"

Tab loved her for that. Instead of wrecking his party, the accident added its own touch of hilarity. He was sure he could do something about the dress and sent Lori to change into a pair of his man-sized Levis and a shirt. Since she's so small that she has to stand twice to make a shadow, she was in imminent danger of walking right out of the britches every time she took a step, which fascinated Tab's other guests. They took turns devising reasons why Lori should be up on her feet, both hands occupied with something other than a defensive clutch on her waistband. But she never lost the Levis nor her sense of the ridiculous—one of many reasons why Lori Nelson remains high on the list of Tab's favorite dates.

If he asked you out dancing, he'd expect you to be a good dancer. This is something Tab really loves and, having the coordination of a natural athlete, does exceptionally well. But don't be surprised if you don't do your dancing in one of the more elegant joints on the Sunset Strip. Tab likes to hit spots like *Ciro's* and the *Mocambo*—"when I can afford it," he says truthfully—but he can be found much more often at small clubs around town where the other bugs are far more interested in his ability to jit than in his name as a movie star. Currently they have something new going called the *Bop*, which Tab hasn't yet got down cool. But since the day that he heard about Lori Nelson's young cousin being hip, he hasn't given her any peace. "Come on, Lori," he wheedles, "take some time and learn it from him so you can teach me."

Assuming that this was your first date with Tab and you wanted to make a memorable impression, you'd go easy on the make-up, wear something tailored in good taste and drop your voice down into low gear. The girl he calls for a second date is going to be conspicuous for nothing in the world except her natural beauty. Sure

he's human, he wants the other guys to notice his date—but not if they're asking each other, "Who's the dame in the fright wig, the one with Tab Hunter?"

He'd expect you to curb any tendency you might have toward bossiness. Although he's good natured about it, Tab won't hold still for a domineering woman. In the first flush of success, in his fire-engine-red convertible and I'm-sitting-on-top-of-the-world days, before they became interested in a couple of other people, he used to date Debbie Reynolds quite a bit. To call Deb "bossy" would be an exaggeration of the most unfair kind, but leave us face it: she has an orderly mind, she's a natural-born organizer and she isn't really happy unless everything runs according to totem. Which is merely intelligent. Only, sometimes a guy feels lazy and relaxed. Regimentation he needs like a hole in the head. This temperamental difference was never a problem with Debbie and Tab. When he had had enough of snapping to and she was still systematically itemizing things to be done, he'd say in his mild, unruffled way, "Hold everything gal, simmer down. This is a date, not

on what's doing. If you did join a group, though, you'd find your date is an ideal guest, pitching in more than his share of the work, entering into the spirit of things with a zest that fairly sings out his joy of living. You'd find, too, that he's as popular with the other guys as with the gals. Not because he's a chest-pounding Man's Man, but because he's kind and considerate of *all* people.

"I hate a girl to be embarrassed by those stories—is *she* the one I'm going to marry—that come out every time I start dating someone new. Why do I have to get married? And, while we're on the subject, how *could* I get married? You know how much money I've got in my savings account? Fifty-four dollars! And they try to marry me off . . . Honestly!"

If something caused him to suspect that you're gullible, you'd find Tab a terrible tease on a date. In Anna Maria Alberghetti he netted himself a perfect foil for his gentle spoofing. The little Italian soprano, who is fulfilling her early promise of becoming one of the great beauties of Hollywood, is still wide-eyed over this country. She still gets a charge out of mere window-shopping, marvels over the gimcracks that pass for souvenirs, and will accept the tallest tale in the world as gospel truth because in America anything is possible. Everybody knows that.

Tab's devilment for the day, therefore, was to acquaint her with the wondrous history of old Malibu—the history itself not being very old, since he made it up as he went along. "Do you realize," he asked in a properly subdued voice, "that Balboa was standing on this very rock when he discovered the Pacific?"

Anna Maria, seated on a perfectly ordinary rock nowhere near the location of Balboa's discovery, gave a nervous little start. "Ought I then to be sitting on it?"

"Aw, sure," Tab said grandly. "They just don't want you chipping pieces off. Everybody who wants a souvenir starts chipping away, and pretty soon there's no more historical landmark."

"Of course," she murmured, duly impressed.

"And you see that spot up there?" He pointed it out with a cavalier disregard for the fact that Little Big Horn always has been and still is situated in Montana. "Well, that's where General Custer made his last stand against the Sioux Indians led by Chief Sitting Bull. Let's walk up; I want you to see it."

"I have read about that," Anna Maria stated—and if Malibu didn't figure in the account that she read, she was far too polite to say so. Besides, this tall, tanned American certainly ought to know about the history of his own country. She tiptoed over the hallowed ground as if she walked on eggs.

Taberoo was having a ball, though he nearly got caught up in his role of Baron Munchausen when they visited the general store in the little seaside colony. Anna Maria, attracted by a vivid display of postcards, read the legend on each and every one, a faint frown wrinkling her brow. "Is it not strange," she asked, "that they do not mention the rock of Balboa or even General Custer?"

He had to think fast, but he sounded elaborately casual. "Well, you know how people are. They sort of take things for granted after awhile. I mean, everybody *knows* about it, so they figure that they don't have to keep saying it over and over. Look, they've got some coonskin caps. Ever see a coon?"

Her attention diverted, Anna Maria admitted that she had not. "Very ferocious animals," Tab commented and proceeded to tell her a pack of lies about how raccoons hung from trees by their tails and dropped on unsuspecting people, strangling

modern screen's

october cover star

will be luscious

marilyn monroe

watch your newsstand

september 8

the first day at boot camp," and Debbie's gamin grin would acknowledge a *touché*.

You wouldn't find conversation with Tab a strain. His mother has been ill and he spends a lot of time with her; if you knew him well enough to ask about her, he'd talk about that briefly. "She's getting so frisky I accuse her of taking hormones." About sports, certainly—he's so rabid about horses, skiing, skating and water-skiing that it's infectious; you'd find yourself wanting to do all those things with him. He might talk about or take you up to see the lot he bought above the Strip, where he hopes to build the house of his dreams someday. It's a cinch that there'd be some proud reference to the performance of the new, black Thunderbird in which you were riding, and probably a rueful comment, like, "I wish I owned it instead of its owning me." If you brought the subject up, you might spend the whole evening in absorbing shop talk. Or purely topical chatter. "I'm just an ordinary guy, and there aren't any subjects that I ride, particularly," Tab explains. "Whatever interests everyone else at the moment interests me, too."

Don't count either on being alone with him or on joining a group of friends; as far as Tab's concerned, it depends entirely

YOURS

WITHOUT COST

This Beautiful Box of 21
Empire Christmas Cards

FREE if you can

COUNT

the

CASH

in this

picture



Just to show how easily you can earn

\$50 CASH

and MORE . . .

in spare time

Turn spare hours into Extra Cash taking orders from friends. You can make 100% PROFIT! New "Holiday Poinsettia" Christmas box shown sells for \$1... 21 full size, gold-embossed cards. Yours FREE if you "Count the Cash" correctly. We also include Starter Kit: valuable box assortments ON APPROVAL, plus FREE name-printed stationery and napkins, children's pop-up books and toys, Christmas Gift-Wrap ensembles, Sensational new "Tall Cards." Costs nothing to try. Mail Coupon Today!



Limited Offer—Write Today—

EMPIRE CARD CO. 550 FOX, ELMIRA, N. Y.

I counted \$..... in the picture. I'm interested in making money. Please send Starter Kit: Free imprint samples, Free Catalog, valuable box assortments ON APPROVAL.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone..... State.....

☐ Check here for Fund-Raising Plan for church, club or organization.

631 MOVIE & TV STAR PICTURES 25¢

EXCITING NEW COLLECTION!

For the first time—sensational pictures of your favorite movie and TV stars! A super-duper offer!

FREE Home addresses of over 165 stars and birthdays of 300 with order of your favorite stars!

Send 25¢ to DeLUXE PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 645 Box 947, Church St. Annex, N.Y. 8, N.Y.



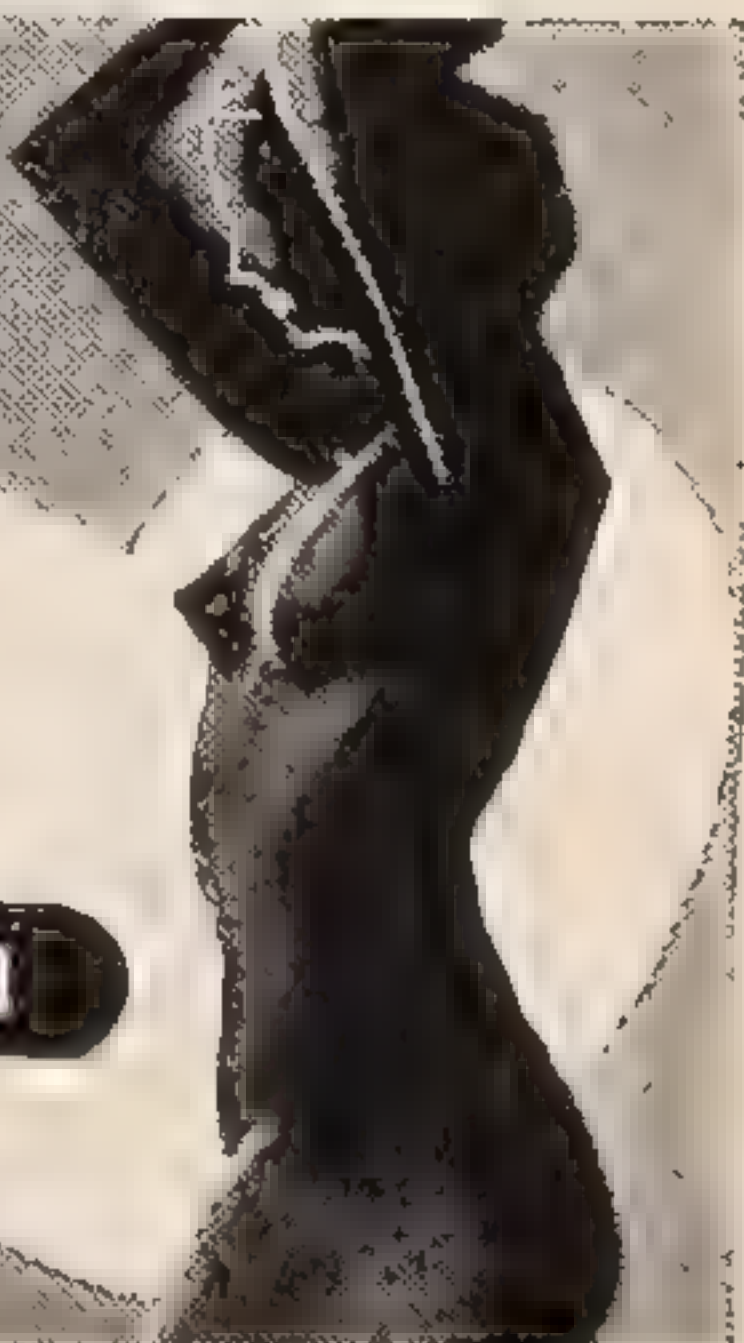
Doctors recommend

THE SECRET OF A MILLION WOMEN...

Marvel WHIRLING SPRAY
SYRINGE FOR WOMEN

\$3⁵⁰

at Drug Counters Everywhere

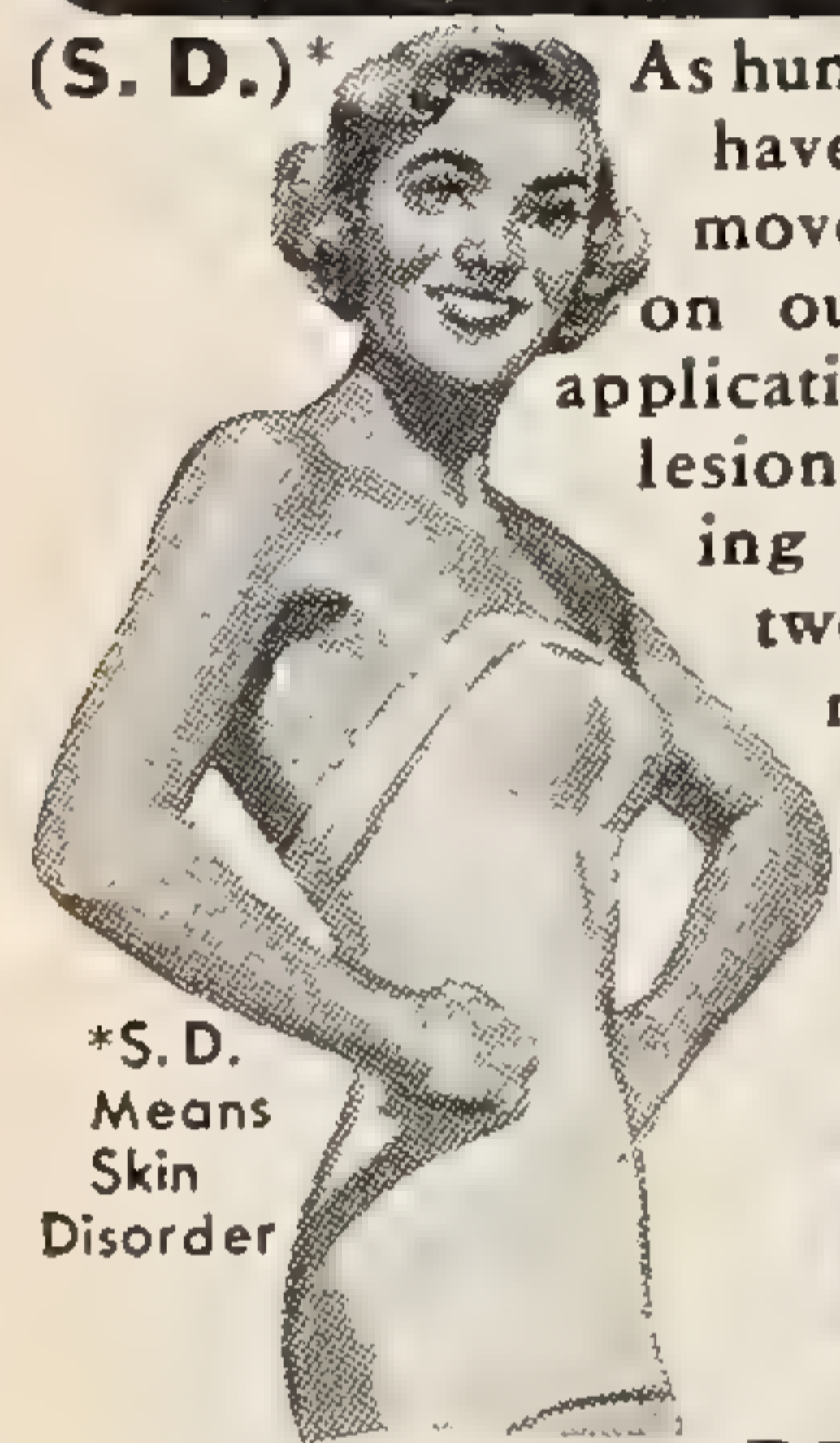


FREE BOOKLET: MARVEL CO., 609D East Street, New Haven, Conn.

YOU'D NEVER KNOW I HAD

PSORIASIS

(S. D.)* As hundreds of thousands of users



*S. D.
Means
Skin
Disorder

have learned, Siroil tends to remove psoriasis crusts and scales on outer layer of skin. Light applications help control recurring lesions. Siroil doesn't stain clothing or bed linens. Offered on two-weeks-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis. 22 years of successful results. Write for free booklet.

My thanks to-

SIROIL

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Siroil Laboratories Inc., Dept. D-34, Santa Monica, Calif.

DESTROY UNWANTED HAIR FOREVER

Temporary relief is NOT enough

Only by KILLING THE HAIR ROOT can you be sure UNWANTED HAIR IS GONE FOREVER. Brings relief and social happiness. Do not use our method until you have read our instruction book carefully and learned to use the MAHLER METHOD safely and efficiently. Used successfully over fifty years.

SEND 5¢ TODAY FOR BOOKLET

MAHLER'S, INC., Dept. 36-M PROVIDENCE 15, R. I.

Need more money?

Here's how to earn money fast! Simply show friends brand new SLIM-SHAPED Christmas Cards. Also personal cards, notes and wrappings, gifts - over 125 items. They sell on sight... you make big profits. Send no money-but WRITE TODAY for assortments on approval and get FREE pen with key chain for prompt action.

CHAS. C. SCHWER CO., 213 Elm St., Westfield, Mass.

SHOW NEW SLIM CHRISTMAS CARDS

FREE GIFT IF YOU ACT NOW

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME!

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time training covers big choice of subjects. Friendly instructors; standard texts. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE catalog!

WAYNE SCHOOL Catalog HAF-37 2527 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois

Make money!

ADDRESS and MAIL POSTCARDS at HOME

Write today!

MR. KAY, BOX 14, BELMONT, MASS.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

them with the aforementioned caudal appendages.

"Oh, so?" She was round-eyed.

"Sure. That's the reason the coonskin cap is associated with Davy Crockett. He was about the only man who could best a coon, and he wore the skin to prove it."

"But there are so many caps now—"

Tab leaned in close. "Ummm, nice perfume. They're not really coonskin," he whispered confidentially. "Matter of fact, coons are so mean that they've been killing each other off for years, and by now they're almost as extinct as the buffalo."

And more... The seal they fed in the tank got her respectful attention because it was the oldest one in the world. Couple of hundred years old, maybe. And when Anna Maria decided to try her luck fishing off the pier, Tab thought he'd bet-

ter lend her a little muscle for protection, because, "You might hook a shark seven or eight feet long that would pull you right off the pier." It was a bald-faced untruth for which the Malibu Chamber of Commerce would not have thanked Tab—but it gave him such a splendid opportunity to put his arms around a very beautiful girl whose breeding would not have permitted so much intimacy otherwise.

When he delivered her back home, Anna Maria thanked him for a most pleasant and educational day, and Tab said gravely that he thought they ought to do it again sometime soon. He added, "I'd like to call you again, if I may." He did—and you can bet that the first thing he did when he saw Anna Maria again was to tell her the truth, knowing they could laugh about it together, knowing they were *simpatico*. END

little girl lost

(Continued from page 31) It may not have been the best, but somehow June and Dick gave each other what they needed. As for careers, June was heading hard for stardom with no detours. Dick, whose career had been in something of a slump, couldn't help but profit from the publicity that followed his marriage, even though he said—and meant—that he hated every word of it. He's always hated publicity. But it was operating while he established himself as an actor and became as successful as he had been as a singer.

Their first home, small though it was, frightened June—it was the first real house she had lived in. The servants awed her. Although no one talked about it then, she fell into frequent black moods. The only real success she knew was on screen, playing to perfection the bubbly, tender, bright-eyed youngsters. Off-screen she felt gauche, inefficient. Gradually—how could she help it?—she began to carry her roles over into real life, looking for the same admiration and confidence that they brought her in the movies. She bubbled, she played at keeping house, she was perpetually young.

For a while it worked. But only recently one of Dick's friends felt forced to say, "I've never seen anything like Dick's patience. June is like a kitten, adorable when she wants to be. But when a husband has to keep getting his wife out of scrapes and defend her idiosyncrasies and repair broken friendships, the kitten act isn't charming any more. At parties she'd insist on going her own way, and many's the time I've seen Dick patiently waiting for her to stop captivating everybody and get in the mood to go home. It wouldn't be for me—not for long, anyway."

So that was an effort that failed. Not only did it hurt, rather than help her marriage, but it left June inconsistent and unreliable in most of her contacts, business and social. A photographer who has known her for years says frankly, "You can't help liking the little character, but neither can you help the feeling that she's insincere. She really doesn't like attention in public or to be bothered about pictures, and it's as though she liked the fact of fame, but was bored by the work that goes with it. She can always put on an act when she wants to, though. I've seen her greet people I know she can't stand as though they were her long-lost sisters, when it didn't even seem necessary. On the other hand, when she's in one of those steely moods of hers, she can freeze people who matter to her, for hours on end. I guess she thinks there will always be people to drool over her. She might be sorry one day."

Those are harsh words. Too harsh, per-

haps, for June, who needed an act to support her ten years ago. Her great failing has been that she did not—or could not—know when to stop. Mothers have always told their children, "Don't make faces. You might freeze that way." Perhaps someone should have told June that, ten years ago.

They said instead, "It'll never work. They have no interests in common." It was true enough that their hobbies were different. But again, they tried. Dick had long since settled on sailing and flying and Junie took a crack at both. But you can't manufacture a passion out of thin air, and eventually Dick sold his boat and stopped insisting that June fly with him. Apart from her, he remained as enthusiastic as ever about both. June hunted diligently for something they could do together. In rapid succession she tried golf, painting, skiing, music, tennis. She bought mountains of the best equipment and propelled Richard into one fad after another. But June is and always was flighty and changeable. Her interest never lasted long enough to take root. She picked up one novelty after the next, played with each for a while, devoted the whole of her amazing energy to it, then discarded it for something new. Dick's friends felt that he couldn't share her interests—there was nothing really there to share. "Junie's easy to love," they said, "but hard to live with. Bubbles are pretty and enchanting, but no one ever caught a bubble."

Child brides are supposed to grow up and become wives. By the time the Powells moved to their second house, in Bel-Air, June had learned a lot. Dick had taught her to dress and entertain, to run a house and handle servants. Pamela and Ricky arrived while they lived there and the marriage was at its happiest. June made quite sincere statements to the press about the joys of marriage. "I wanted a career and a husband," she said, "and when I got Richard as a husband the career suddenly seemed unimportant." She gave a successful dinner party, all by herself, and was as pleased as if she'd won an Oscar. No one, certainly not June, suspected that she was only in another of her phases, that in a matter of months the role of Happy Housewife would have palled. It did. By the time they moved to Mandeville Canyon, their current home, things had changed for the worse.

"Mrs. Powell," one of her ex-servants reported about the subsequent progress of her mistress, "wasn't what you'd call a homemaker. I remember reading about how she went up to St. George in Utah when Mr. Powell was making *The Conqueror*, and how Mrs. Powell made such a home for him at the motel and waited on him hand and foot. I guess that was one of her spells. Most of the time he did every-

thing that had to be done around the house. He made all the decisions and maybe she resented it, but if she did all she had to do was pay some attention to running the house. I'm sure it would have been all right with him.

"There was something, too, about her redecorating the house recently. That's probably all publicity, because they have a decorator do most of that sort of thing. Mrs. Powell never did do much about the house. And nothing made her madder than to have Mr. Powell mention the fact."

Yes, things had changed, in more ways than one. For the growing-up that June had done, although perhaps inadequate for the needs of her marriage, was enough to change her attitude toward Dick. She still let him run things—but not because she couldn't handle them herself. She just didn't want to be bothered. At the same time, she resented her position as oldest child rather than wife. She resented Dick's decisions, but refused to make them instead. Dick is one of the best-liked men in Hollywood. No one has ever said a word against him as a husband. But he is also a

Oscar on the mantel than a husband in the house."

Around town everyone knew that something was brewing—long before the Alan Ladd stories started. Friends noticed that June's moody periods, the tantrums that had almost disappeared, returned.

At Universal-International, where she made *The Glenn Miller Story* and later *The Shrike*, they said, "We didn't know what to expect. She's so darned cute on the screen that you can't believe reports that she's hard to get along with. But we found out. It depends on Junie's mood, you see. Sometimes she's a doll, and then one day she'll walk in and the fur will fly. And you wish you'd stayed in bed."

At Paramount, where she made *Strategic Air Command*, they said, "This kid is a show all by herself. It's amazing the way she can get what she wants. She seems to sense right away the best way to get around a person. If she has to be nice, she's nice, if she has to be cute, she's cute, and if she has to be nasty, she's nasty. The result's always the same, though—what Junie wants, Junie gets. In a way, you have to admire her for it, but I'll tell you this. I'd never want to get on the wrong side of that one. Br-r-r-r!"

And at MGM, when she returned to make *Executive Suite*: "Long before she left here she was starting to be difficult, but she's so damned cute that it's hard to hold anything against her for long. And then when she came back . . . well, I can't say that her working at other studios has improved her disposition. Let's just say that she's a moody character, and the guys on the set sort of hold their breaths each morning to see what frame of mind Allyson is in that day."

And finally an old friend of Dick's summed up the prevailing Hollywood attitude: "You know what I think? Maybe it isn't cricket to say this but I think it's true. I think that June used to figure Dick as a big important movie star and then when she hit the top herself and got all that publicity, she thought Dick got back in the limelight through riding on her coat-tails. When they were married, you know, Dick's career was in a slump. He'd just started on the upgrade again with *Murder, My Sweet* and proved that he was an actor as well as a crooner. That in itself wasn't enough to make him box-office, though, and with his marriage to June he naturally got a lot of publicity. I don't mean to say that June thought Dick had any ulterior motives. She knew better than that. But I think that June, once she'd become a big star, couldn't help thinking that she'd not only done it all by herself, but that she'd helped Dick as well. That's not a healthy attitude for a wife. I know I wouldn't want my own wife to feel that way."

Around town, many are saying it's only a matter of time until Dick Powell agrees with that final sentiment. By the time this is printed, they say, he may have echoed those words in a divorce court. Others say that the marriage will last—but only until the completion of *It Happened One Night*, which Dick plans to produce—with June as the star. But there are those who say that this marriage deserves—and will get—another chance. When two people have tried as long and as hard as June and Dick to overcome the obstacles in their way, there must be a reason, a great basic love and need for each other that causes them to keep trying. If they have failed it is not for lack of love, but because they have gone about it clumsily. If June can learn to use her new maturity and confidence as efficiently and wisely in her marriage as in her career, she and Dick may yet make a go of it. They have two children and a long life together to make it worthwhile. We wish them all the luck in the world. **END**

Have you heard about Cigarettes Anonymous? When you just have to smoke you call up another member and he comes over to the house and gets drunk with you.

Jim Henaghan
The Hollywood Reporter

successful businessman, now firmly established in his *third* career—as a fine director and producer. He works late hours and spends much of his time at home conducting business on the telephone. He's busy and often tired. But June no longer wants a busy superior being around the house. She wants romance. And her youthful dream of marriage as a perpetual romance does not quite fit the facts. Perhaps this is as much the fault of Dick Powell as of June. There is such a thing as giving *too* much—and it is not the healthiest thing only to receive. What Dick should have taught June was how to give, how to use the strength he gave her with wisdom.

The crowning blow came recently. (No, not the rumors about June and Alan Ladd. Dick paid no more attention to those than to the stories circulated so very quietly in the past about June and Peter Lawford, June and Dean Martin. The greatest significance of these latest tales is that people believe them—and discuss them aloud. They didn't do that a while back.) It was over *The Shrike*.

Dick has always advised June about her career. Under his influence June became the number one box-office star in the country—and stayed there. One of the greatest stabilizing forces in their marriage has been her acknowledgement of his help and her real gratitude for it. When, with considerable self-confidence, she left MGM, she proved that she had a business head of her own and was capable of using it. But Dick was still beside her, offering reassurance and advice. But over *The Shrike* they disagreed.

"I think when June made *The Shrike* it was a real turning point in her attitude," a close friend says. "Dick didn't want her to do it, said she wasn't ready for such a subtle acting chore. But she went ahead and did it, and when the kudos came pouring in for the job she did, June figured Dick's advice wasn't any good to her any more. You can bet there was a lot of 'I-told-you-so' around the house after the reviews came out. This kind of thing happens a lot around town. I can name a dozen actresses who figured their husbands weren't worth much to them once there'd been talk of an Oscar. When they're really career-conscious, they'd rather have an

Maternity

STYLE BOOK

Free

\$4.98

New Fifth Ave. styles keep you smart while pregnant, adjust to your figure. Sizes: Misses' 10 to 20, Junior 9 to 17, Women's 36 to 44.

Clever Jacket-&Skirt Outfit of 80-square Percale! Crisp white braid outlines umbrella-type gores at front of Jacket. Only \$4.98. Other dresses from \$2.98. Supporters, undies. Everything for the coming baby, too.

Mail coupon for your big FREE Style Book.

Lane Bryant

DEPT. 907
INDIANAPOLIS 17,
INDIANA

Mail FREE Maternity Style Book in plain wrapper. (907)

Name _____

Address _____

Post Office _____ State _____ F-55

LIPS SORE?

Blistex

POCKET SIZE
39c
HIGHER IN CANADA

BEST FOR

- COLD SORES
- CHAPPED LIPS
- FEVER BLISTERS

SEW BABY SHOES

At home. No canvassing.
\$40 weekly possible.

TINY-TOT MFG. CO., Gallipolis 23, Ohio

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE CHARM HOUSE CLUB PLAN?

NOW YOU CAN GET NATIONALLY FAMOUS PRODUCTS ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Yes, ladies, it's now possible to furnish your entire home, clothe yourself, your family and have all the luxuries you have always wanted WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY. Just form a Charm House Club among your friends and be secretary. Everyone will be after you to join because they SAVE MONEY and receive valuable FREE PREMIUMS.

It's easy and lots of fun—no selling, no bookkeeping. As secretary, you get \$100-\$300 AND MORE in nationally advertised appliances, furniture, linens, fashions and giftware ABSOLUTELY FREE.

FREE! HUGE COLOR CATALOG

CHARM HOUSE CLUB PLAN, NEW HYDE PARK 5, N.Y.

Please send me ABSOLUTELY FREE and without any obligation your LARGE NEW 1956 catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Want to Get Rid of Dark or Discolored Skin, Freckles, Skin Spots?



Famous Mercolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN Lightens, Beautifies Skin While You Sleep

Just follow the amazing Mercolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN to a whiter, softer, lovelier skin. Smooth rich, luxurious Mercolized Wax Cream on your face or arms just before retiring each night for one week.

Lightens dark skin and ugly spots almost overnight.

You'll begin to see results almost at once... lightens dark skin, blotches, spots, freckles as if by magic! This is not a cover up cosmetic; Mercolized Wax Cream works UNDER the skin surface.

Beautiful women have used this time-tested plan for over 40 years — you'll love it's fast, sure, longer lasting results! Mercolized Wax Cream is sold on 100% guarantee or money back. Start using it now! **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** At All Drug and Cosmetic Counters



WIN A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

for complete details buy

SCREEN ALBUM

magazine

just **25c**

on sale everywhere

Nagging Backache Sleepless Nights

Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains may come on with over-exertion, emotional upsets or day to day stress and strain. And folks who eat and drink unwisely sometimes suffer mild bladder irritation...with that restless, uncomfortable feeling.

If you are miserable and worn out because of these discomforts, Doan's Pills often help by their pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by their mild diuretic action through the kidneys—tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

So if nagging backache makes you feel dragged-out, miserable...with restless, sleepless nights...don't wait...try Doan's Pills...get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. Get Doan's Pills today!

five days for Jean

(Continued from page 34) of the director, Joe Mankiewicz, that she do her own singing instead of using the voice of a professional artist. As if to convince Jimmy that she could do it, Jean had taken to singing around the house.

One morning she went through the whole song that would be hers in the picture, "If I Were A Bell I'd Be Ringing," while taking her morning bath, and she sang it full voice to make sure that Jimmy would hear her. When she came out she looked at him quickly for a verdict and he gave it.

"Wonderful, darling," he said. "It sounded good. But only in the bath, not in the studio!"

By coincidence, the scene due to be filmed the first morning Jimmy accompanied Jean to the studio was the Havana night-club number in which she sings this song. The song itself had already been recorded and would be played back as Jean mouthed the words in the course of her acting. As the scene began and Jimmy heard her voice coming over the loud-speaker system he stood agape.

"I not only couldn't believe that it was you singing that well," he told her later, "it was your accent, your American accent that astonished me. Getting that right would seem harder to me than working up a good vocal tone!"

And true to Jimmy's stubbornness, he contended that this still proved she was a better actress than a singer. Quite all right with Jean.

But there was more to the studio visit that morning than the surprise of her singing. Jimmy's eyes chanced to fall on her left hand when they were about to start for home, and he pointed to it.

"You've forgotten your wedding ring in the dressing room somewhere," he said. "I know you don't wear it in the picture, but where did you put it?"

"I didn't bring it," Jean told him. "I never wear it when I go to the studio for fear I might forget it and lose it."

Jimmy said nothing but his mouth tightened purposefully. Later that day he left her home and took off for an hour in the family Mercedes-Benz. When he came back he marched up to Jean and laid six wedding rings down before her.

"Here," he said. "Hereafter wear your ring whenever you go out. If you lose one, all right—put on another one. You've got spares now."

Jimmy had come back for only five days. But when the five days were up, he cabled for an okay to stay on for a few days more, and when these were past he stayed on. There was too much to catch up with, too much to say. Including telling Jean about Ava Gardner's little joke played on him in mid-air.

Granger's Hollywood-bound plane had barely taken off from the London airport when Jimmy was suddenly suffused with a terrible wave of airsickness. It happens regularly to Jimmy in spite of his many trips by air. He downed some dramamine and settled grimly back to fight the dizziness when suddenly the three stewardesses marched down the aisle carrying a huge, nauseatingly pink cake and gaily singing "Happy Birthday." Ava, his co-star in *Bhowani Junction* had remembered two things about Jimmy—that it was his birthday and that he is a notoriously poor air traveler.

He had arrived in Hollywood late in the afternoon after 6,000 miles of unjoyous flying and two days without sleep, but Jimmy hadn't gone straight home. He headed for Magnin's, one of Beverly Hills' smart shops and asked to see lingerie. He couldn't decide among the negligees

and bought six filmy pink and white ones. As an afterthought he added three pairs of matching satin mules.

There is a standing joke in the Granger household that Jimmy can never buy one of anything. Apparently word had reached even the enterprising gift dealers in Pakistan. Each morning when Jimmy woke up in his hotel room the dealers would already be there, squatting on the floor around the bed.

And when he opened his eyes they began their spiel—holding up beautifully fashioned native jewelry, wonderful oriental carvings and richly woven saris, the brilliant wrap-around costume of Pakistan and Indian women. Jimmy would then sit up in bed and make his selections. He came to accept the idea of having his room converted into a bazaar, and gravely deducted a portion of the price as the rental he charged for the use of the hall. And just as gravely this was accepted as perfectly proper procedure.

He came home with a dozen saris. Jean can count herself one of the best-dressed women in Pakistan when and if she gets there.

Not until Jimmy had been home two weeks did he finally start back to London. Joe Mankiewicz broke down and gave Jean the second week off, too, and there were wonderful nights with old friends at home, the way it should be. Liz and Mike Wilding brought over their new baby. The David Nivens came and brought the gay banter of joy that always surrounds them. The Bert Allenbergs, the Mankiewicz and the Michael Kidds. It was good for them, this week of domesticity. And before he left, Jimmy and Jean came to a decision. Never again, she decided. Never again these long months of separation. No more goodbyes.

Jimmy is home again and as you read this story, *Guys And Dolls* is in the can. Jean has decided to refuse any more roles for a while, at least long enough so she can go with Jimmy on his next junket. Jean can afford to be independent—she can pick and choose her pictures since she became a non-contract star. Jimmy's contract has fairly large print that stipulates he is to work when and where MGM orders.

Current orders send him to South Dakota, and as of today, Mr. and Mrs. Granger should be somewhere on the plains of the great northwest on location for *The Last Hunt*, with Robert Taylor and Russ Tamblyn.

After that they're fancy free, both of them, to start doing things together.

They may go on a *shikar*, a hunting expedition in India. While in Pakistan Jimmy took time off to shoot a renegade tiger and a black panther. For a long time he has wanted Jean to go along with him on such a trip. In preparation she has been holding target practice sessions with a .22 calibre rifle in the courtyard of their hilltop home in Beverly Hills.

They may decide on an African hunt instead. Jimmy has already been on two big game safaris, but he's convinced if she comes along this time it will all seem new to him again.

They may cancel hunting plans and just go to Switzerland to live for a few years because Jimmy thinks it is an ideal location, central to many picture-making centres in Europe—London, Rome, Paris—and close to their families in England. Jean has a mother, two sisters and a brother in London. Stewart's mother, Mrs. Frederica Stewart, lives not far away from London, in Bournemouth, and is quite elderly.

They may go on an extended deep-sea fishing expedition. Jimmy is the only sportsman in the world, according to his friends, who not only mounts trophies of

the game he shoots or catches, but also has models of the game he hopes to catch. On the wall of his den are the species of fighting sea fish, marlin, barracuda, giant tuna he is still after.

Or, and this is probably most likely because they have always been two hard-working people, they will return to Hollywood from South Dakota and resume their careers there. On the day Jimmy spoke about Switzerland and how serene and colorful it was there, and also tried to give Jean a feeling of the mysterious, romantic quality of Africa, he also looked around at their home and let drop the opinion that he thought they were perhaps already in the most beautiful place in the world. There was good reason for him to say this. Three years ago when he and Jean bought the house it was Jimmy who did most of the landscaping. Yet not once

since then, until his recent visit from London, had he ever gotten a chance to enjoy the fruits of his work, to see it when southern California's flowers and shrubs bloom their best, in the early spring. For both the first two springs he had been away.

He enjoyed looking at his home when he got back, and he enjoyed it most when he could maneuver Jean into the immediate foreground.

To tell the truth they both think they have been living too much in the background of each other's lives ever since their marriage, Christmas of 1950, far too often apart than not.

As Jean sees it, there has been "Too much here and there" in their lives. "I here and Jimmy there," she went on. "From here hence it's to be both of us here or both of us there!" **END**

joan collins

(Continued from page 49) from way back were unanimously "on the halls," which in the King's English means essentially the same thing as "in show business." Joan's grandmother, Hettie Collins, was a vaudeville star who did splits and high kicks when the Post-Victorians conducted those pretty daring maneuvers. Joan's aunts on her father's side were all musical-comedy dancers and singers. Will's dad was a theatrical agent, too. Why anyone thought the third generation would sit demurely in obscurity is baffling, particularly when she was as cute as Joan. "I guess," hazards Joan today, "they knew from experience the long odds and the rugged life and concluded it wasn't for their darling daughter." At any rate, they kept her hermetically sealed from any glamorous contacts throughout childhood—with a solid assist from Hitler's Luftwaffe.

Joan was just six when World War II broke in Europe, and from then on her most dramatic moments were dodging block busters. Elsa Collins spirited Joan and her baby sister Jackie all around England during most of their childhood, getting them away from the target areas. They went to Brighton, out in Surrey, to Cheltenham, Chichester and remote little towns like Ilfracomb and Bognor, living wherever they could find room. When the heat was off, it was back to London, where Will was in the Home Guard (and had dried blood on his bayonet to prove it). "Only," laughs Joan, "I found out it was really from the First World War. It hadn't ever been cleaned!"

Joan had a hectic and hyphenated schooling at no less than thirteen private institutions of learning—all for nice young ladies, exclusively. This sex segregation made boys an early mystery to Joan. In fact, until she was sixteen, the only romantic episode Joan can remember was the time an adventurous admirer climbed up the ivy-clad walls to her barred window and blurted, "I say—can't you get out and play?"

"Then the ivy broke and he disappeared," sighs Collins. "I never saw him again."

If you had caught a glimpse of Joan Henriette Collins in any one of the respectable young ladies' academies like St. Winifred's, Camden House, Aida Foster or Frances Holland she'd have probably seemed about the least-likely-candidate-to-grow-up-and-shock-her-country. As she slugged away reluctantly at her Latin, math, art and English composition, toggled out in demure gray skirt, cotton stockings, white blouse and maroon tie, Joan looked

about as exciting as a dish of plum duff. She was skinny, pale and wore her black hair cropped in a junior-miss bob with bangs. But up close you might have caught a rebellious glint in her green eyes.

"I hated school, I was lazy and I was a bad influence," declares Joan shamelessly. "I used to tell the other girls all this upward and onward talk about good marks was a lot of bull." Already Joan had decided that she'd duck out of the academic world as soon as possible, live in a garret and pursue an artists' life. This gave way to a dancer's life and finally the stage—all in her dreams, of course. The one thing she never got too worked up about was being a movie star, oddly enough, although she was a fervent fan.

In fact, among the varied escapades on record in Joan Collins' girlhood were determined attempts to crash the "A" movies. In England films get various legal ratings and the law there is the law. An "A" means nobody under sixteen gets a look. Sometimes she made it. Then she would return to her scholastic jailhouses and dream. About that time she junked her paper cut-outs of General Montgomery, her first hero, and started saving up Gene Kelly. "I wrote him a passionate letter," recalls Joan, "asking for a picture. All he said was, 'Best Wishes' but I could read true love between the lines." She also flipped for John Payne briefly but when she poured out her soul his way he didn't answer. She's still a little sore about that. Her next big schoolgirl charge was a handsome British actor named Maxwell Reed about whom, later on, as we'll see, she did something more important.

At twelve she was kicked out of one school for smoking cigarettes in the cloakroom. There are a couple of brief flashes of campus achievement on her dossier: Once, she edited the school magazine and another time they elected her captain of her class. But all in all, almost everyone—particularly Joan—was relieved when she turned sixteen. At that age you can legally stop school in England. Joan did after her sixth form at Frances Holland. But one significant thing occurred before that.

At a school called Cone-Ripman, which went in heavily for dramatics, she started fooling around with school plays, and one day a producer dropped by hunting two girls to play two boys (the sons) in Ibsen's *A Doll's House* on the London stage. After a quick audition he picked Joan for "Ivan," at three pounds-ten a week.

Opening night she forgot her entrance cue completely and left the leading lady floundering around on the stage. When the frantic manager burst into Joan's dressing

... never before a bra like this at any price!

Stardust
"Encompasse"

nobody
but nobody
but Stardust

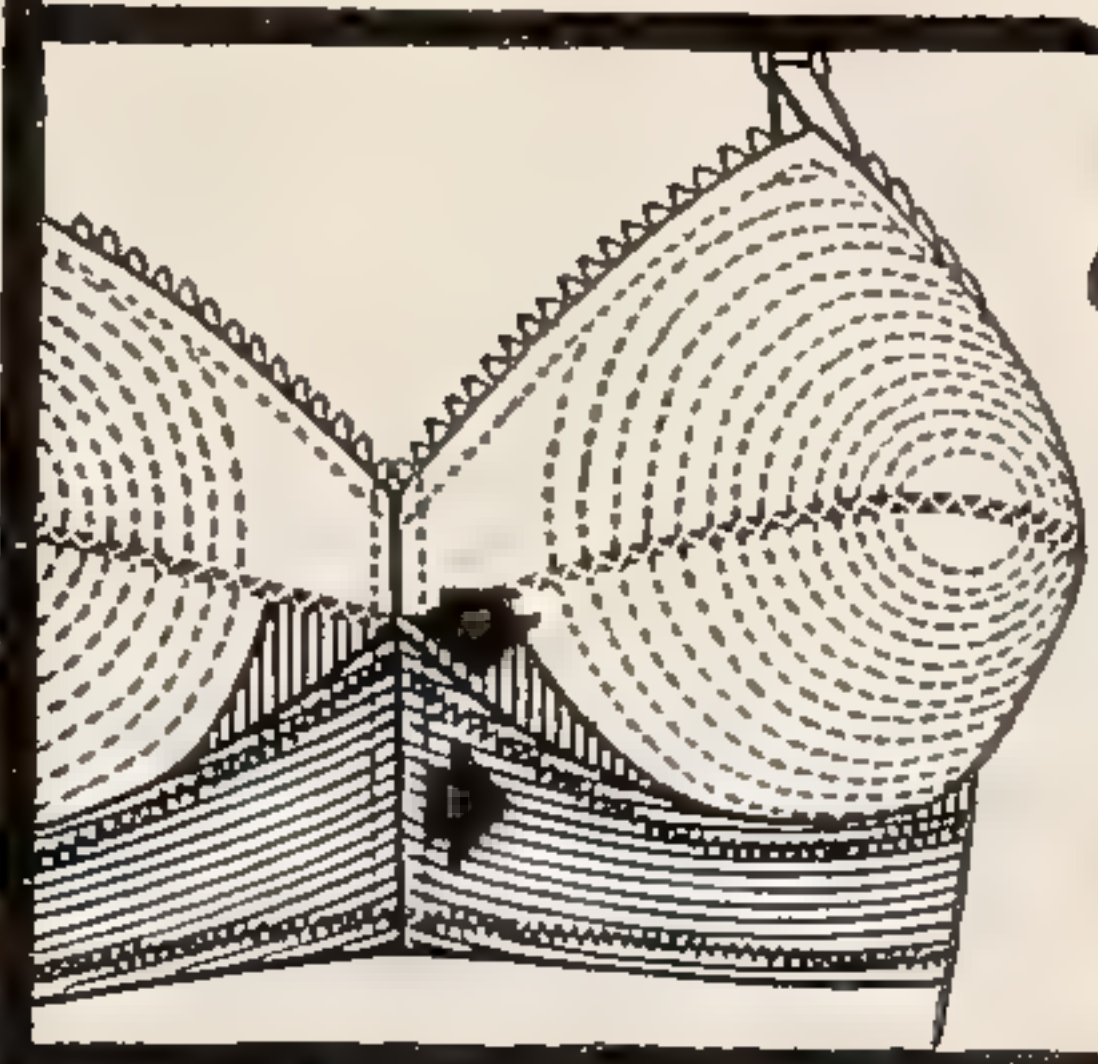
has this new
patented uplift
principle for more
beauty, greater
comfort! TWO
separate elastic
layers* assure full
action-freedom; no
shifting or slipping!
Lined for double
uplift and chafe-
protection. Pre-
shrunk cotton,
all sizes.

Only \$1.00

* Patent Pending:
Design Patent Pending

Stardust
Life-Insured Bra

GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR



New action-ease

UP-OR-DOWN
AND SIDE-TO-SIDE...
AT THE SAME TIME!

write for nearest store:
STARDUST INC.,
EMPIRE STATE BLDG., N. Y. 1

**BIG MONEY FOR YOU
IN THIS BIG BARGAIN!**

Gorgeous new Christmas Cards, personalized with **Name-In-Red**, sell fast. Just show exclusive Sample Book to friends. Make \$65 on 65 boxes of "Southern Hospitality" Greetings. Big line pays profits to 100%, plus bonus. 24 hour service. Sample Book FREE. Assortments on approval. \$1 Slipperettes FREE if you act fast!

Southern Greetings, 478 N. Hollywood, Dept. C-8, Memphis 12, Tenn.

New! Exclusive!
PARCHMENT
Christmas Cards

25 FOR 1

TWO FREE GIFTS!



BIG \$1.50 VALUE! List of Birthdays, plus List of home addresses, popular stars. Both FREE with 480 beautiful, GLOSSY, wallet-size photos of Movie, Radio, TV stars. AMAZING Limited-Time Introductory Offer. Send only 50¢ for everything! Write Today! Rm C-9 I. J. STONE, Box 2309, Hollywood 28, Calif.

**YOURS
FREE!**

MIXERS

SHEETS

TOWELS

Without spending a penny you can get such famous merchandise as Mirro Aluminum, Bates Bed Spreads, Detecto Scales, Hoover Cleaners, Chatham Blankets, Waltham Watches and hundreds of other things you've always wanted.

Become an American Homes Club Secretary... it's easy... it's fun... there's nothing for you to buy... nothing for you to sell.

Write for big color catalog

AMERICAN HOMES CLUB PLAN, DEPT. 9A, BANGOR, ME.

Please send FREE COLOR CATALOG at no obligation.

Name.....

Street & No.....

City..... State.....

The OPPORTUNITY MART

For Rates: Write Combined Classified,
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26—Phone, BR. 4-1903

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

FREE—BIG NEW WHOLESALE CATALOG! Up to 50% saving for you, family, friends on nationally-known gifts, jewelry, toys, appliances, Christmas cards, etc. Also make money selling part time! **WRITE** Evergreen Studios, Box 846-D, Chicago 42, Illinois.

MAKE MONEY CLIPPING wanted items from your newspaper for publishers. Some worth up to \$10.00 Each!! Write for information **NEWSCRAFT PUBLISHERS**, CW-983-E, Columbus 5, Ohio.

DIAMONDS—LOWEST WHOLESALE prices. Airmail for price list Joachim Goldenstein, 62, Pelikaanstraat, Antwerp, Belgium.

ENJOY EXTRA INCOME SEWING Ready Cut Felt Baby Shoes. Details 3¢. Thompson's, Loganville 22, Wisconsin.

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS—To \$5 hour, demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For free samples, details, write **STUDIO GIRL**, Glendale, California, Dept. CC-95.

SEW our ready cut aprons at home, spare time. Easy, Profitable **HANKY APRONS**, Ft. Smith 2, Arkansas.

EARN SPARE TIME CASH Mailing Advertising Literature. **GLENWAY**, 5713 Euclid, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

PROFITABLE HOME BUSINESS—make fast-seller Chenille Monkey Trees. Literature **FREE**. **VELVA**, Bohemia 8, New York.

EMBROIDER STAMPED LINENS. Buy direct from Manufacturer and save. Send for **FREE** catalog. Dept. 856, **MERRIBEE**, 22 West 21st Street, New York 10, New York.

Conduct Sampling Campaign famous French perfumes. Free samples, details. **Lifset**, Schenectady 1, New York.

BUSINESS—MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

WOMEN! Sew Ready-cut Neckties at Home. No experience necessary. No selling. No machine needed. Details free. **NECKWEAR SUPPLY**, P. O. Box 2066-W, Inglewood 4, California.

\$70 weekly—home, spare time. Simplified mail bookkeeping. Immediate income—easy! **Auditax**, 34757NR, Los Angeles 34, California.

EARN AT HOME, preparing mail for advertisers. **Tem-Let**, Box 946, Muncie, 16, Indiana.

\$35 Weekly addressing envelopes. Instructions \$1. Refundable. Ad-service, **Spring Valley 47**, New York.

MAKE \$57.75 WEEKLY addressing envelopes. Instructions .50¢ (refundable). **Ewell E. Farley**, Harlan, Kentucky.

\$200 Weekly cleaning Venetian Blinds. Free book. **Burt**, 2434BT Wichita 13, Kansas.

Make attractive Copper Enamel Jewelry in minutes. Free Catalog of kilns, shapes, enamels. **NORTH AMERICAN**, 2320-D Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Illinois.

HELP WANTED WOMEN—MEN

ANYONE CAN SELL famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orlon. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. **Hoover**, Dept. T-126, New York 11, New York, New York.

DEMONSTRATORS—\$25-\$40 Daily. Our lingerie, Apparel Style Showings are sensation of Party Plan Selling. **Isabel Sharrow** made \$258—11 days, sparetime! Free Outfit. **Beeline Fashions**, Bensenville, 339, Illinois.

MAKE MONEY Introducing World's cutest children's dresses. Big selection, adorable styles. Low prices. Complete display free. Rush name. **HARFORD**, Dept. P-3329, Cincinnati 25, Ohio.

\$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. **CROWN INDUSTRIES**, 7159-A Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles 36, Calif.

60% PROFIT COSMETICS. \$25 day up Hire others. Samples, details. **Studio Girl—Hollywood**, Dept. CC-95a, Glendale, California.

EARN EXTRA MONEY Selling Advertising Book Matches. Free sample kit furnished. **MATCHCORP**, Dept. EE-10, Chicago 32, Illinois.

SEND \$1 for Box Christmas Cards, sales information, samples. **Wallace Greetings**, 1072 Tower Grove, St. Louis 10, Missouri.

PERSONAL—MISCELLANEOUS

BORROWING BY MAIL. Loans \$50 to \$600 to employed men and women. Easy, quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. **State Finance Co.** 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. J-215, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

PSORIASIS VICTIMS: Hopeless? New Discovery! **FREE** Trial offer Write **PIXACOL**, Box 3583-WC, Cleveland, Ohio.

EDUCATION—INSTRUCTION

HIGH SCHOOL—NO CLASSES. Study at home. Spare time. Diploma awarded. Write for **FREE** Catalog **HGX-9**. **WAYNE SCHOOL**, 2527 Sheffield, Chicago 14, Illinois.

COMPLETE HIGH SCHOOL at home in spare time with 58-year-old schools; texts furnished; diploma; no classes; booklet free. Write **American School**, Dept. X697, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

room, he found her breathlessly engrossed in *The Madcap Of The Fourth Form*, a paper-backed teenage thriller. "I'll never have children in any play of mine again!" Joan remembers him swearing. But by then he was stuck—and so was Joan. She finished a four-week run ecstatically. "It was the greatest," she says now in American slang. From then on she knew what she wanted.

However, her idea to make a career out of it still drew a blank from her theatrically wise father who wanted her to be his secretary. He had to give in though when Joan announced she would aim for the top training—The Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts—a sort of West Point of the theatre in Britain. You just don't walk in there and take lessons, you have to qualify. But Joan was pretty convinced by then that she had the stuff.

And she was pretty good when she read Shaw's *Cleopatra* for her entrance audition at the Royal Academy—or at least the board of directors thought so—and since they were authorities like Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson you might say their opinion carried weight.

Joan studied at the RADA two years and while her stay there wasn't an unruffled dream—that's impossible with Joan—it was the first school she'd ever really vibrated to. The classes in dancing, dramatics, elocution, fencing and such were tough and the plays exacting. By the end of her first term she was right out of *La Boheme*.

The next summer holiday found her at Maidstone, Kent, playing repertory and wallowing in what Joan calls, "my repulsive period." Her hair was long and "usually dirty" and she proudly claimed membership in "The Slobs," as the troupe called themselves. Movie acting, by the way, was unthinkable to Joan Duse Bernhardt Collins then.

Most talented young actors seem to go through such a free-soul stanza—(look at Marlon Brando)—and Joan Collins is glad she got it out of her system early, although a sloppy hangover remained for some time. In fact, when a British movie agent named Bill Watts finally spotted and tracked her down at the Academy, his first suggestion was, "Wash your hair and take a good bath!"

Oddly enough, this break came about not through Joan's art—although that got to be pretty good very fast—but via a rather striking picture in a fiction magazine. A commercial photographer had offered her a job modeling at ten pounds a day. Next thing she knew she came out in *Woman's Own* and *Everywoman*, illustrating a couple of touching tales.

Her first movie job was a beauty-queen bit in a thing provocatively titled *Lady Godiva Rides Again*. Then she launched her film career as a juvenile delinquent in *Judgment Deferred*. Critics coined that name for her—"Britain's New Bad Girl." From then on Joan certainly earned that dubious honor.

In her next eight pictures for Ealing, Romulus, Associated-British, Rank and other English producers, Joan came on the screen as a juvenile delinquent three times, twice as a cheap chippie and in successive shockers as a fifteenth-century minx, a reckless play-girl and a prostitute just out of prison. "But all," she explains, "with hearts of gold." She got good critical reviews—because along the way she finished her Royal Academy schooling and knew her stuff. "But," she allows, "the press cordially hated me." One movie drew an "X" rating—the worst—and a London newspaper urged, "BAN THIS FILM!"

Joan didn't mind the first few drab and drearies, she says, although it became slightly depressing buying her wardrobe

at second-hand stores, having her hair greased down and eternally talking in a Cockney accent. But what the press and the press agents dreamed up got a little out of hand after a while. Sexy pinups blossomed and whatever she did was promptly angled to fit her screen legend. More galling, perhaps, were the squawks that arose in England when she was considered by director Renato Castellani for *Romeo And Juliet*, an artistic picture Joan wanted badly. Critics howled at the idea and finally Susan Shentall was cast in that major success. This hurt, because despite the bad-girl movie roles, Joan remained a pretty serious young actress. She did plays in between at London's "Q" theatre—things like *The Skin Of Our Teeth*, *Claudia* and *The Seventh Veil*. And in private life, Joan was already respectably, if not happily married.

Joan finally met her schoolgirl idol, Maxwell Reed, when she was eighteen. Max was thirty, tall, dark and curly haired, obviously the Collins type. She was eating ice cream at a film-colony party and he teased her with, "Ice cream will make you fat!" Getting fat is a touchy subject with Joan, who can put on pounds just looking at sweets. That was in October. They were married on Joan's nineteenth birthday the next May and settled in a flat on Hanover Square. Shortly after they did a play together and a movie called *The Square Ring*. That's what Joan's wedding ring turned out to be—square. They were separated on their second wedding anniversary, which happened to be Joan's twenty-first birthday.

All Joan will say about that ill-starred union is, "It was all a silly mistake." But a lot of continental gossips concluded that Sidney Chaplin, whom Joan was seeing in Rome (while her husband was squiring beautiful Kay Lennard in the same city), had something to do with it. Joan says not so—actually she and Max had been squabbling, on stage and off, most of their wedded life. There seems no reason to doubt that.

Joan finally rebelled at the skin-tight gowns, sexy poses and crummy roles and was suspended by J. Arthur Rank. "I realized I was killing myself as an actress," Joan says simply. "You can't be bad all the time and get very good."

With her movie career at an impasse (she didn't work for eight months) and her marriage breaking up, Joan leaped at the chance to make *Land Of The Pharaohs* for Howard Hawks in Rome. Actually, the job wasn't such a switch to sweetness and light: the the Pharaoh's queen she killed her husband and her lover, too. Darryl Zanuck had a look at it and liked what he saw. About the same time Marilyn Monroe, his own best bad girl, sashayed out for the second time. Zanuck bought Joan's contract from Rank, and beckoned last November.

In a few short months this bundle from Britain has generated such a cloud of steam that she promises soon to obliterate the haunting memory of Marilyn Monroe.

Already she has starred sensationally in two big pictures, first *The Virgin Queen* and then *The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing* which was once scheduled for Marilyn and for which Darryl Zanuck blew more thousands on Joan's draperies—thirty-three changes in all—than he has for any Fox star since Linda Darnell in *Forever Amber*.

Hollywood photographers have snapped more artistic poses of Joan than of any recent newcomer—and they're queued up panting for still more. Ace directors like Henry Koster call her "wonderful," and just the other day Spyros Skouras, boss of all the little Foxes, gave her a hearty smack in public and cried "Joan, I'm proud of you!" (Then upped her salary to \$1,250

Janet Leigh

TONY'S

TORMENTED

WIFE

exclusive in the new

HOLLYWOOD LIFE STORIES

Just 25¢ • On Sale Now

a week.) By now, less prejudiced and more skeptical critics have called Joan everything from "a British Jane Russell" to "a young Ava Gardner." And when her latest picture, *Land Of The Pharaohs*, was premiered in Hollywood recently, one ordinarily sedate reviewer beat out on his typewriter, "Joan Collins had the authority of a Colt .45!"

Almost as soon as she landed Joan attracted the same kind of attention she ran away from in England—even in the dark.

Walking home one night from a corner drugstore, a Hollywood wolf accosted her, and when she ran in panic chased her all the way to her apartment house door! There's just something about this Collins girl that men can't seem to resist—which is the best insurance any talented young lady from anywhere can have for a rosy Hollywood future. Even now, the way things are going, English Joan Collins seems a cinch to wind up an American byword like a couple of other Collinses—Eddie, the immortal baseball player, and Tom, the drink. And, it really wouldn't surprise her too much.

It wouldn't be accurate to say that Joan Collins fell in love with Hollywood at first sight. She blew in on a fog bank so thick that her plane couldn't land for hours. A movie executive drove her inside the 20th Century-Fox lot and couldn't find his way out again—although he's worked there since the place began. Joan had no friends in Hollywood, no car and the Beverly-Carleton, where she stopped, served no food. The crowning blow came when *Lord Vanity*, which she was brought over for, got pushed back on the studio schedule, and she was told she was too young for the part anyway.

"At that point," states Joan frankly, "I hated everything about Hollywood and everybody in it!" After six weeks of tests and frettings she hopped the first plane back to Blighty. "I rode the Ambassador flight over," recalls Joan significantly, "but the Tourist flight home." Visits to Paris, London and Switzerland restored her morale enough to try it again last January when a definite job as Sir Walter Raleigh's sweetie loomed up in *The Virgin Queen*.

Things have been more satisfactory for Joan Collins in Hollywood since her second coming. But Hollywood is still far short of her dream city, Paris. "There's nothing to do here," she objects a little unreasonably, "except work." She's had plenty of that. Right after *The Virgin Queen* (where she's still a temptress, man chaser and all-around Elizabethan wolverine) Joan plunged into *The Girl In The Red Velvet Swing* with hardly time between to draw a deep breath. For that she lost her English accent to play Evelyn Nesbit, the Broadway *femme fatale* of the Harry Thaw-Stanford White Gay Nineties shooting scandal. She'd never danced a lick but doggedly mastered cake walks, splits and cartwheels to make a convincing Floradora girl, although exercise is still against Joan's principles.

A girl like Joan Collins finds Hollywood keyed too low for her taste, at least right now. She stepped out to Mocambo and Ciro's a time or two but was "choked" when the dance orchestra paused for twenty-minute intermissions. "They keep playing all the time in London," complained Collins, "aren't there any jazz parlors around here?" Someone tipped her off to the rat-race at the Palladium and she liked that better. She thought Palm Springs was very nice for elderly people with arthritis, but Las Vegas was "a kill," maybe because she won \$40 at blackjack and almost got a cramp in her arm pumping the slot machines. Other American wonders that wow Joan are supermarkets, drive-in helpsie-selfies of all kinds, crazy-pants, Ford Thunderbirds, rhythm-

and-blues and the bull fights in Tijuana. She hates swimming pools—that is, to swim in, and the Hollywood mania for vigorous sports naturally appalls her. Someone talked her into tennis lessons when she arrived, on the argument that it would keep her figure down (always a problem). Joan took two—and quit.

"It broke my long finger nails," she explained. "I like my long nails—better than I like tennis."

Joan paints her daggered fingertips with platinum polish, wears her brown hair a seductive shoulder length, and when she does dress up steps out in smart Paris creations by Hubert de Givenchy. What stepping she's done lately has been on the arm of Sid Chaplin, in a transplanted chapter of their last year's Roman holiday. Mostly their dates are on the quiet side, because premières have terrified Joan ever since a fan got mangled underneath her car at a London first night. As for Hollywood parties—she took in one and found it boring.

But obviously Sid doesn't bore Joan and she doesn't deny it. However the pair have spent most of their time denying that they're altar-bound, especially after Joan blossomed out with a topaz ring, approximately the size of the Twentieth-Century Limited's headlight, and at the same time a mink coat. "Sid gave me the ring," she admits, "but I bought the mink myself." Actually, as Joan points out, the gossips are way off base predicting any imminent wedding bells for her although she frankly admits Sid is top man in her life. She's still officially and necessarily Mrs. Maxwell Reed because there's another odd law in Britain—you can't sue for a divorce until you've been married three years.

That deadline expired this past May and in July Joan flew off again for Britain. Winning her freedom is undoubtedly on the agenda before she comes back, although Joan will duck a direct question. "I'll go to Paris for some champagne and *pate de foie gras*," she parries, "then take a tour of Europe, and visit my family in London. Hollywood's all right when I'm working. But when I'm not—well, there's lots to do and lots to see somewhere else. Just say I hope to commute between continents."

With this avowed off-again-on-again schedule of Joan Collins, along with her sleepyhead approach to Hollywood's diversions, it doesn't look as if she'll become the Naughty Lady Of Sunset Boulevard in person any time soon. The only fracas she's stirred up around town so far is a scrap with her landlord over raising the rent on her modernistic apartment. P. S., she won.

But anyone who doesn't need glasses can see—at least on the screen and possibly off—that someday Joan Collins has what it takes to ease the ache of Marilyn Monroe's departure—if she ever revs up to her old reputation for her new Hollywood opportunities.

END

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below, page by page:

9, 10, 11—Globe; 12—Wide World, Paramount; 13—Paramount; 14—INP, 20th-Fox; 15—Beerman; 16—Beerman; 28—Paramount; 30—Warners; 32—Beerman, Parry; 34—MGM; 36, 37—Gary Wagner; 38, 39—Beerman, Parry; 40, 41—Globe; 42, 43—John Engstead; 44—Beerman; 45—MGM; 47, 48—Beerman, Parry; 49—Warners; 50, 51—Globe; 52, 53—Beerman, Parry; 54, 55—Joe Kaufman; 56, 57—Beerman, Parry; 58—Paramount; 63—John Engstead; 64—John Engstead, Beerman, Parry; 65—John Engstead; 66—Roger Prigent; 74, 75—Globe; 76—Beerman.

SHEETS, TOASTERS, TOWELS, MIXERS, etc. GIVEN TO YOU FREE!



Hundreds of famous, nationally advertised products to choose from—furniture, rugs, lamps, slip covers, silverware, china, draperies. You get \$50.00 — \$100.00 and more in merchandise just by being Secretary of a Popular Club you help your friends form. It's easy! It's fun! Nothing to sell, nothing to buy. Write today.

Popular Club Plan, Dept. G-903, Lynbrook, N.Y.
Send Big FREE 260-Page FULL-COLOR Catalog

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

Write 120 words per minute.
Age no obstacle—LOWEST COST

Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. No symbols, no machines, uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Fast preparation for a better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service. 120 words per minute—50% FASTER than Civil Service requirements. Over 300,000 taught by mail or through classroom instruction. The very low cost will surprise you. Typing available. 32nd Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii. WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET TO SCHOOL OF

Speedwriting
Dept. 809-5, 55 W. 42 St., N.Y. 36

TIPS for EXPECTANT MOTHERS



FREE booklet of valuable information, "Tips for Expectant Mothers", is offered with this soothing, refreshing skin conditioner that softens tight, dry skin, eases muscular tingling and burning in back and legs. Enjoy the Comfort and Relief of This Skin Lubricant.

\$1.25 AT ALL DRUG STORES

MOTHER'S FRIEND

"TEACH YOURSELF TO SWIM"

Be the admiration of the Beach!!
Develop your body and figure!!

Illustrated Booklet \$1.00

P. LANGAN, 226 East 81 Street, New York 28, New York



"Dark-Eyes"
PERMANENT DARKENER
FOR LASHES AND BROWS

SWIMPROOF! One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks! Our 22nd year.

*for the hairs to which applied

\$1.00 (plus tax) at leading drug, dept. and variety chain stores

25¢ Send TODAY for TRIAL SIZE!

"DARK-EYES" COMPANY, Dept. A-95
3319 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.

I enclose 25¢ (coin or stamps—tax included) for TRIAL SIZE PACKAGE of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.

check shade: ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....State.....

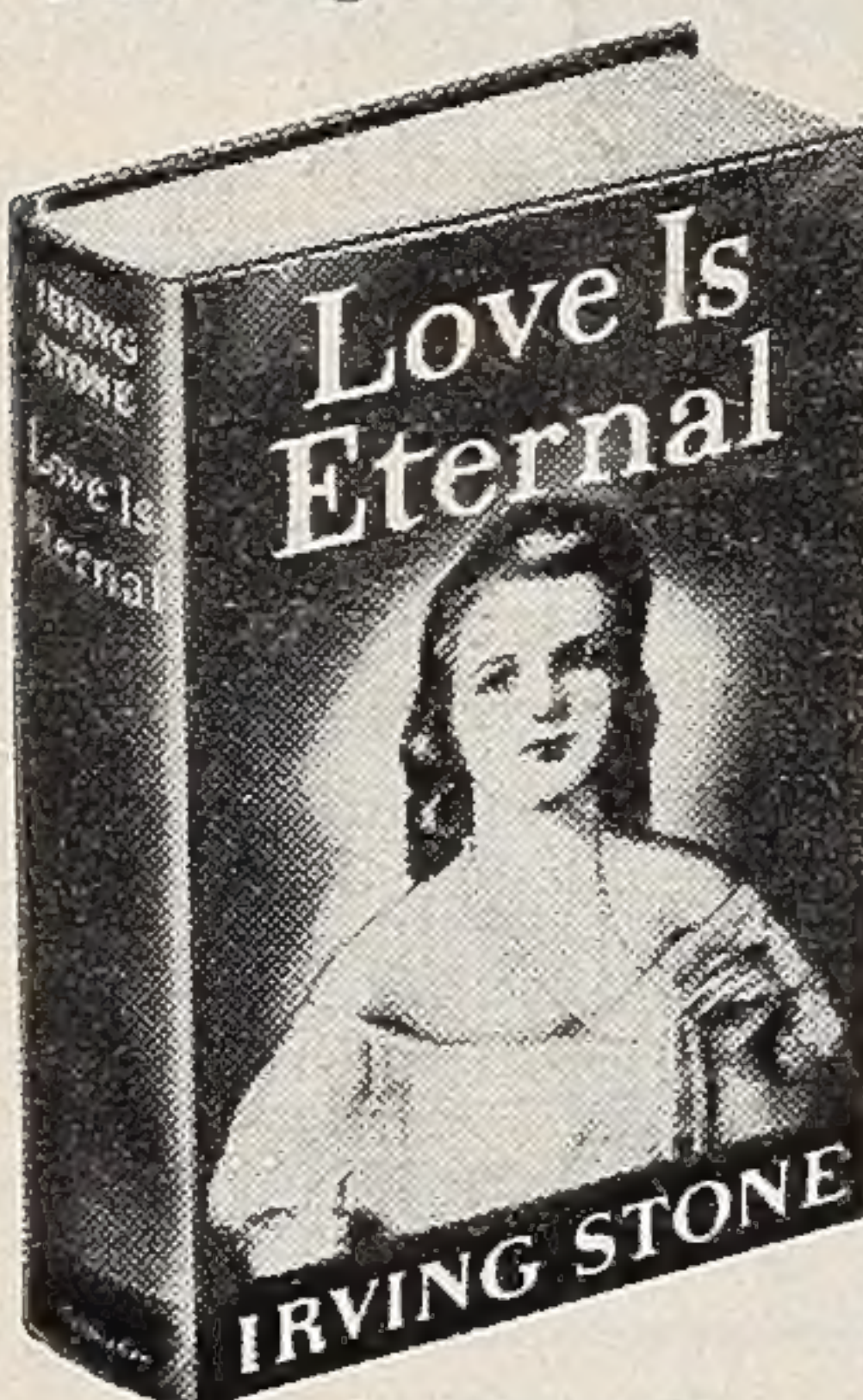
"I've Waited a Long Time for a Woman Like You!"

—and I don't care if you belong to another man!"

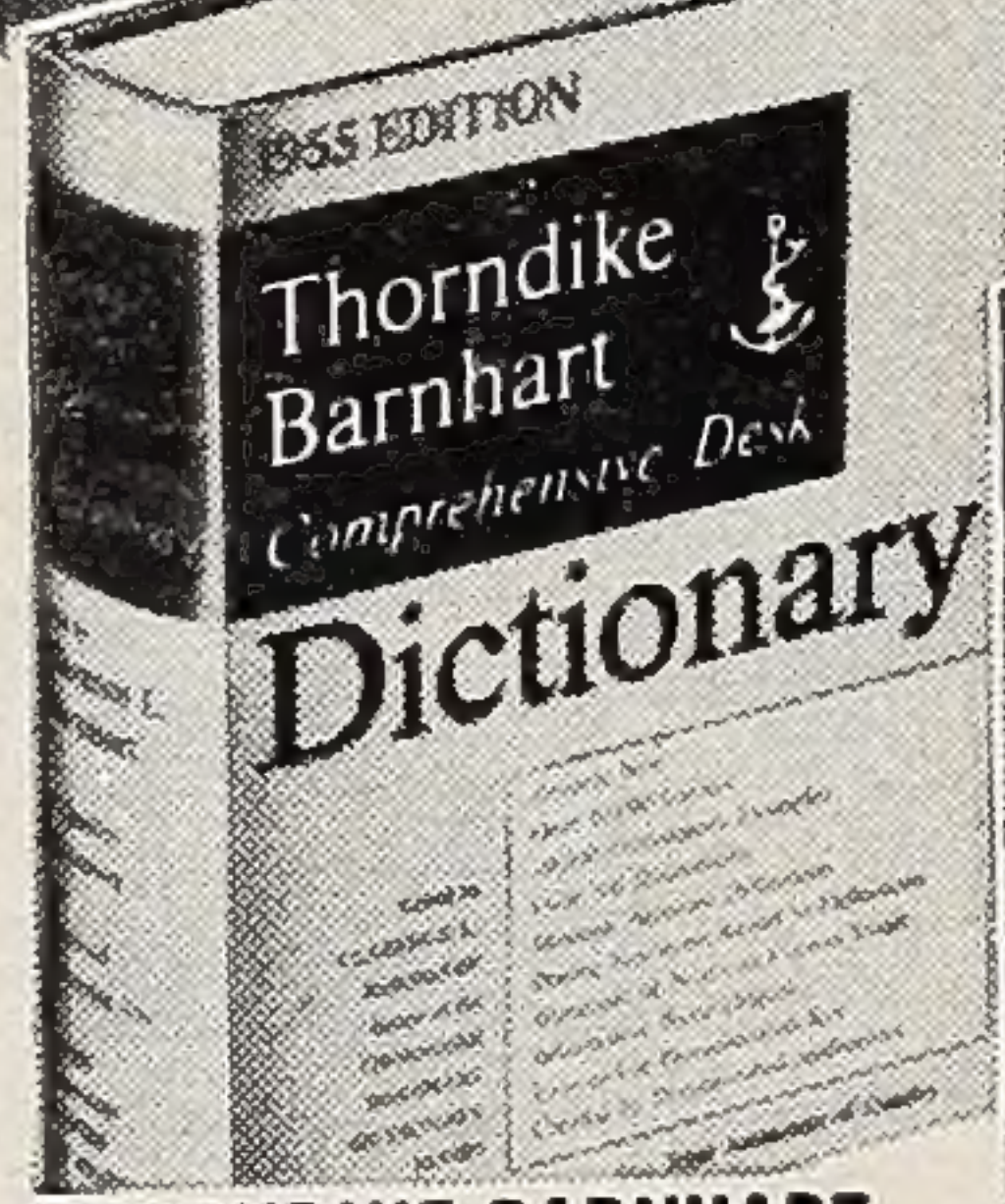
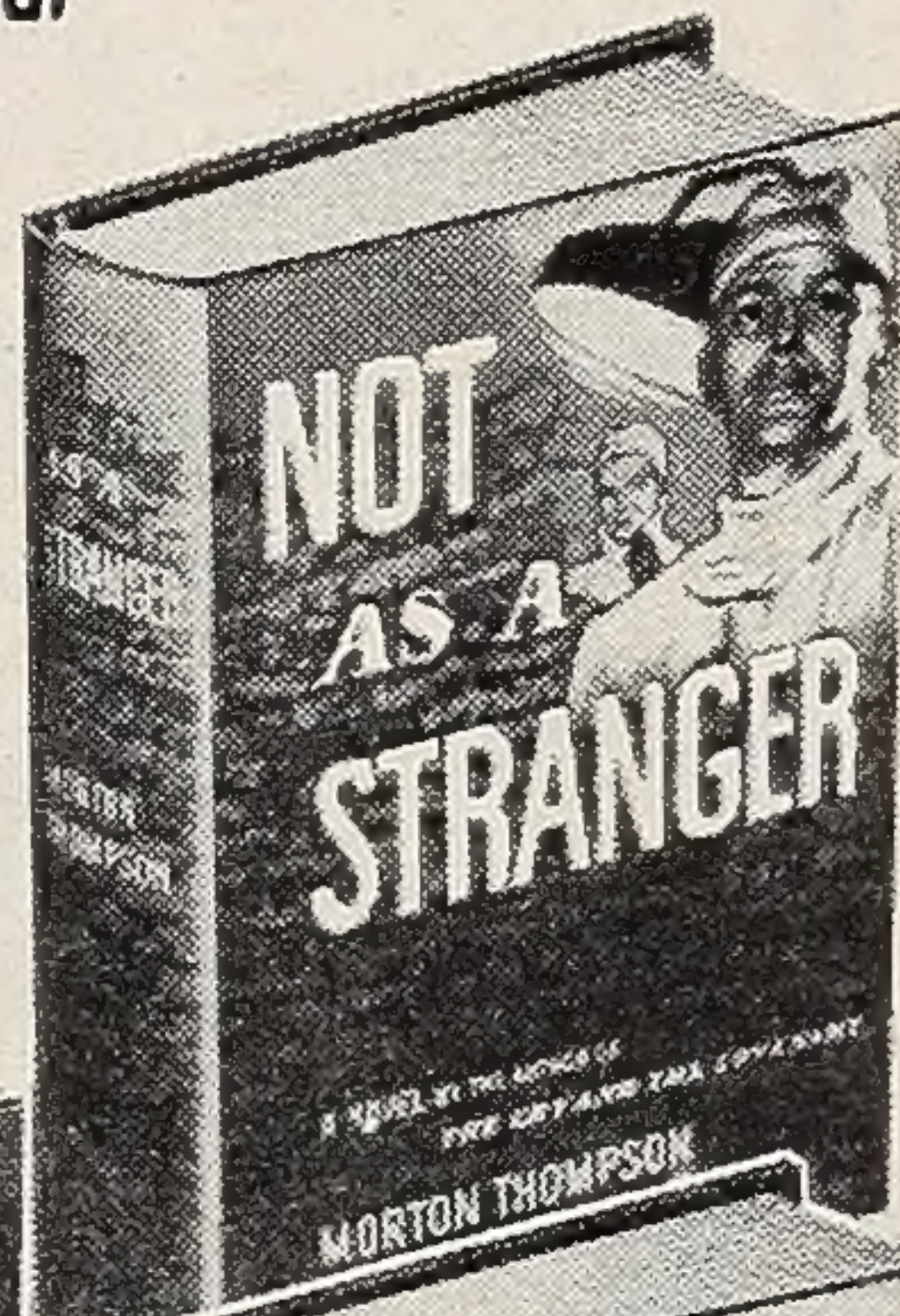
**any
three**
OF THESE NEW BEST-SELLERS
up to
\$17.25 VALUE
in Pub. Editions
for only \$1

when you join the Dollar Book Club and agree to take as few as 6 selections out of the 24 to be offered within a year

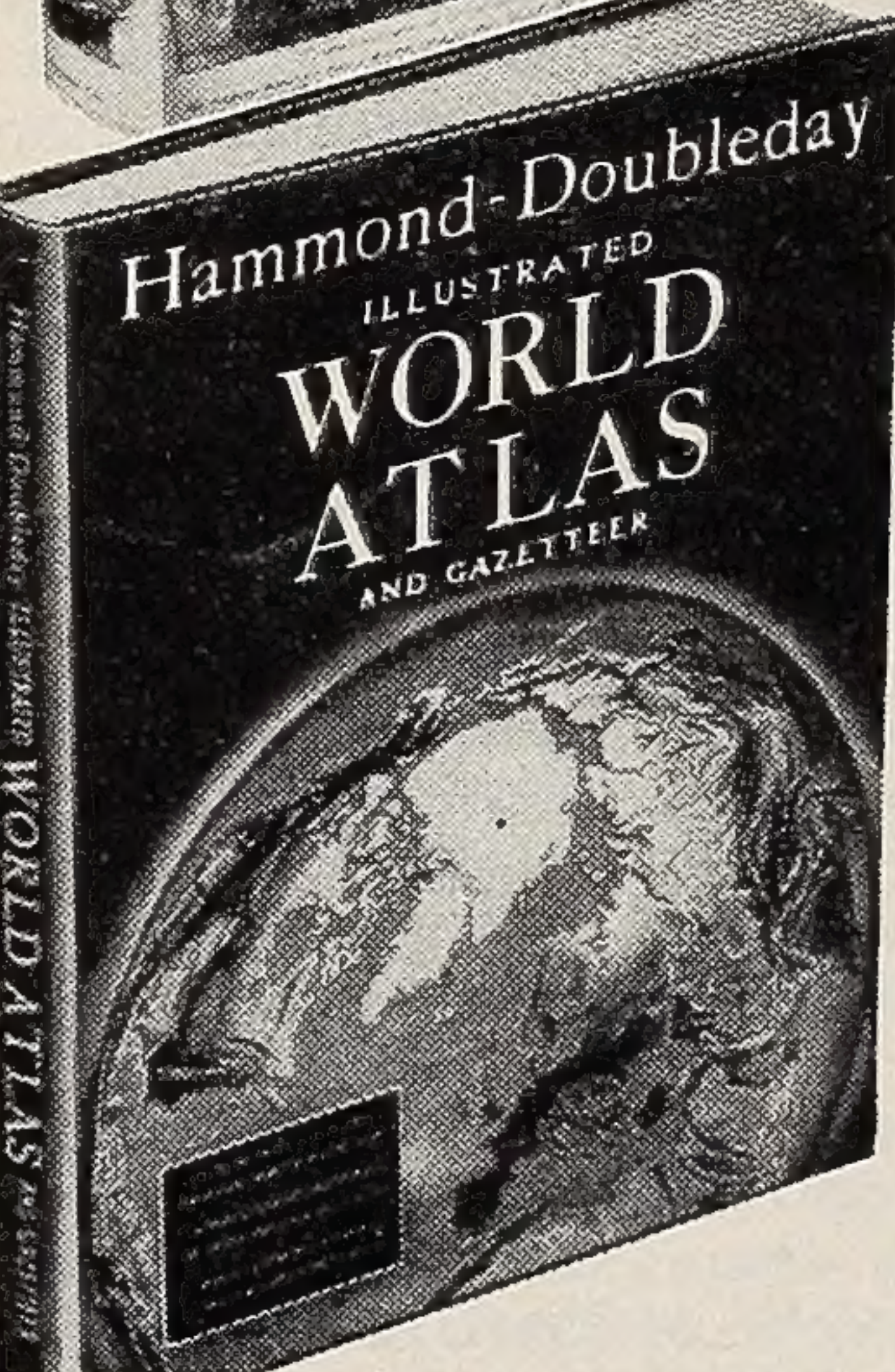
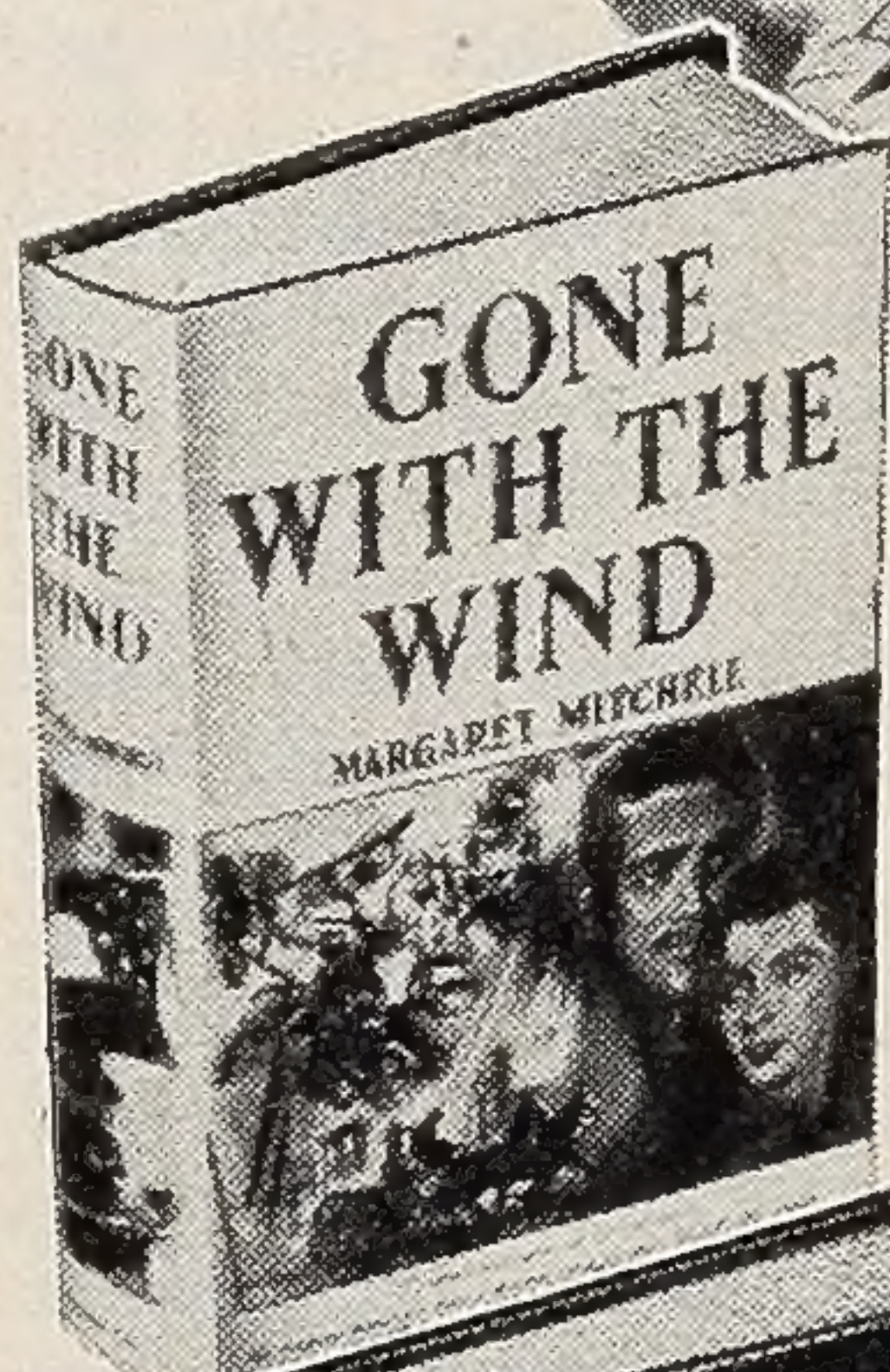
NOT AS A STRANGER
Morton Thompson
Nation's long-run hit! Story of Lucas Marsh, who gave everything to become a doctor; Kristina, the girl he so strangely married; and the beautiful woman who shook his innermost soul! 700 exciting pages. Pub. orig. ed. \$4.75



LOVE IS ETERNAL
Irving Stone
No. 1 hit for many months! The love story of Mary Todd, daughter of society, who married the one man considered most unsuitable for her—Abe Lincoln! 448 pages. Pub. \$3.95

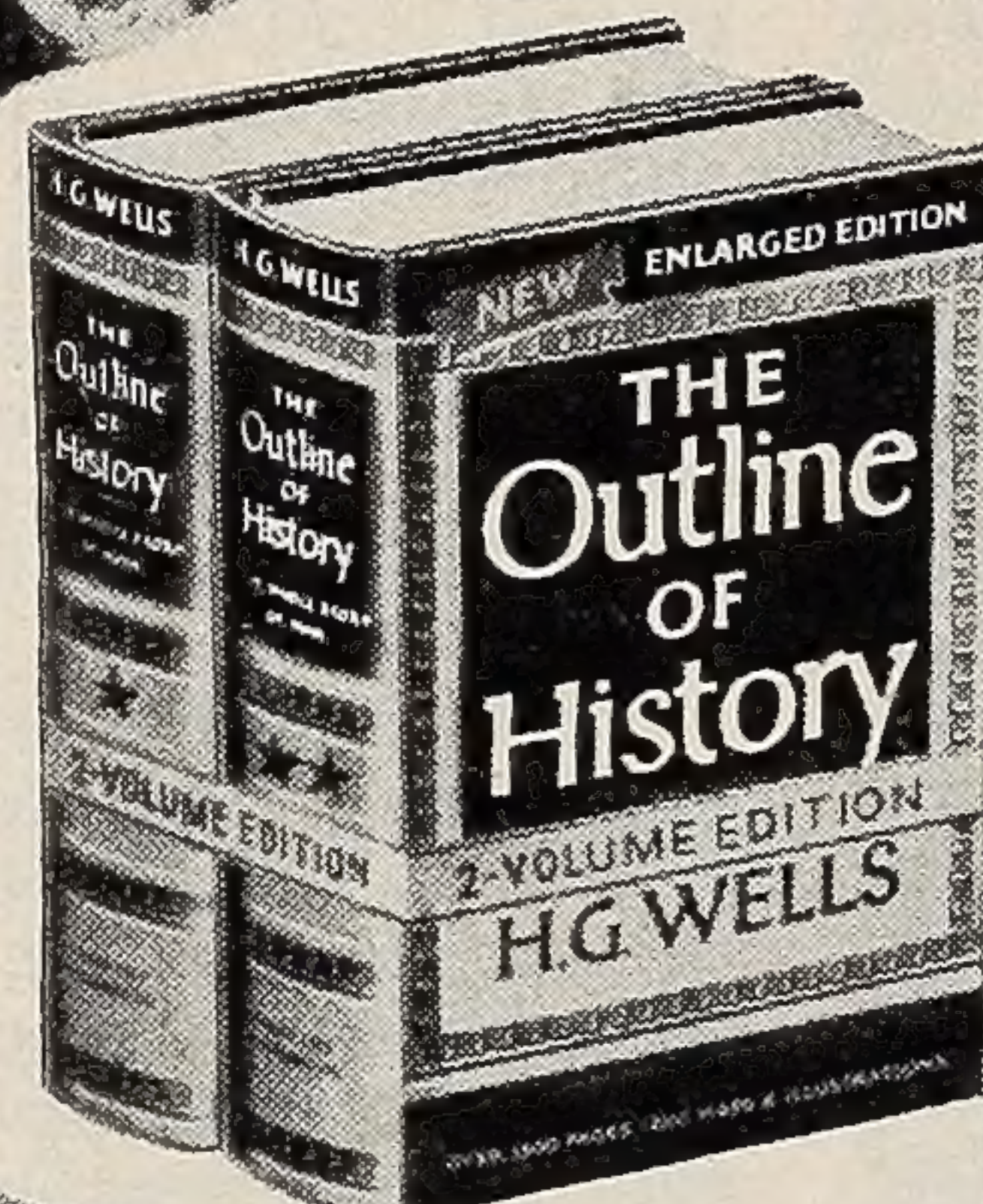


THORNDIKE-BARNHART DICTIONARY
1955 edition! 80,000 entries, 700 pictures, 10,000 explanatory phrases, 3,000 synonyms and antonyms, hundreds of notes on correct usage, word origins, etc. 896 pages. Pub. \$2.95

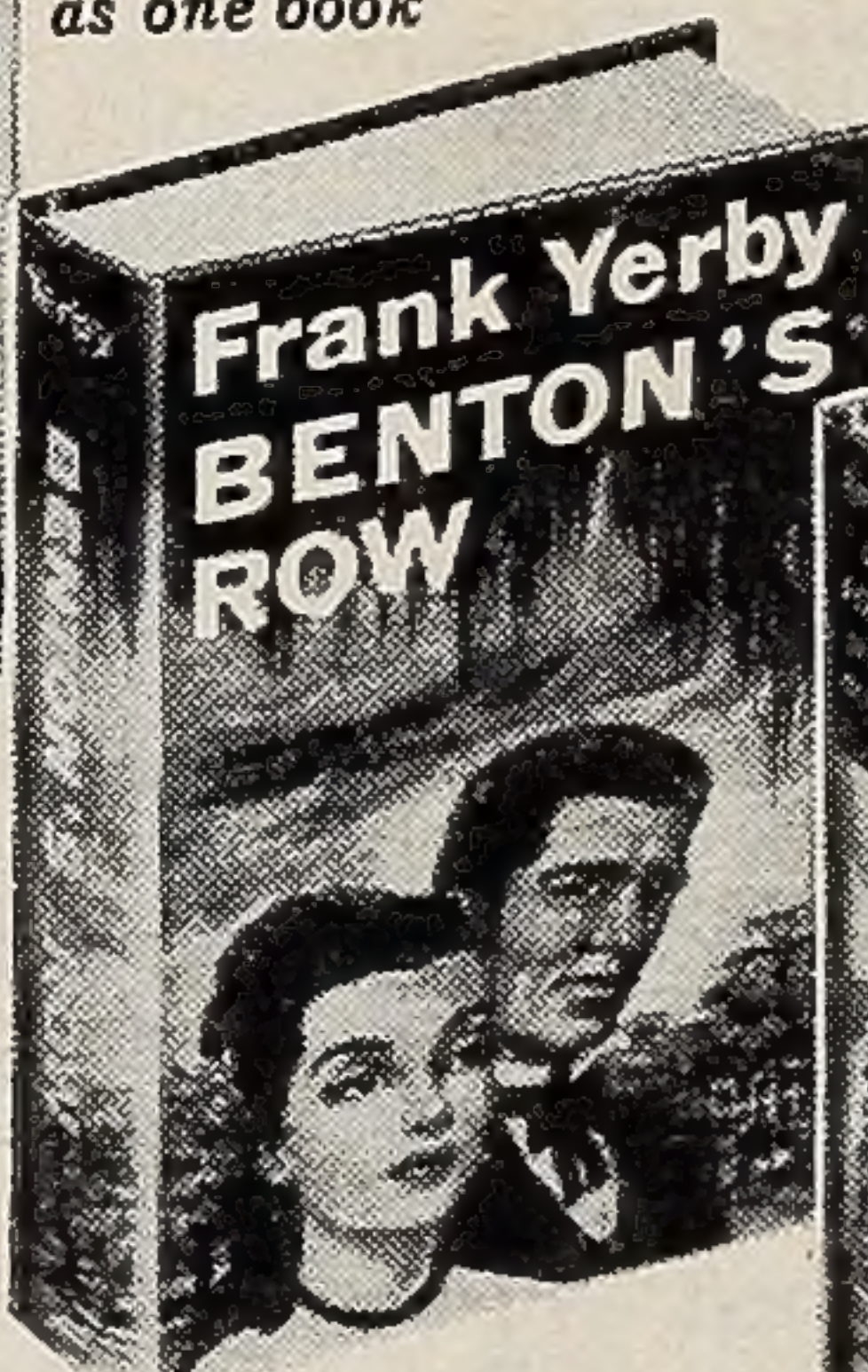


GONE WITH THE WIND
Margaret Mitchell
Greatest best-seller of the century in a new edition. The love story of Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler against a spectacular historical background. Pub. \$2.95

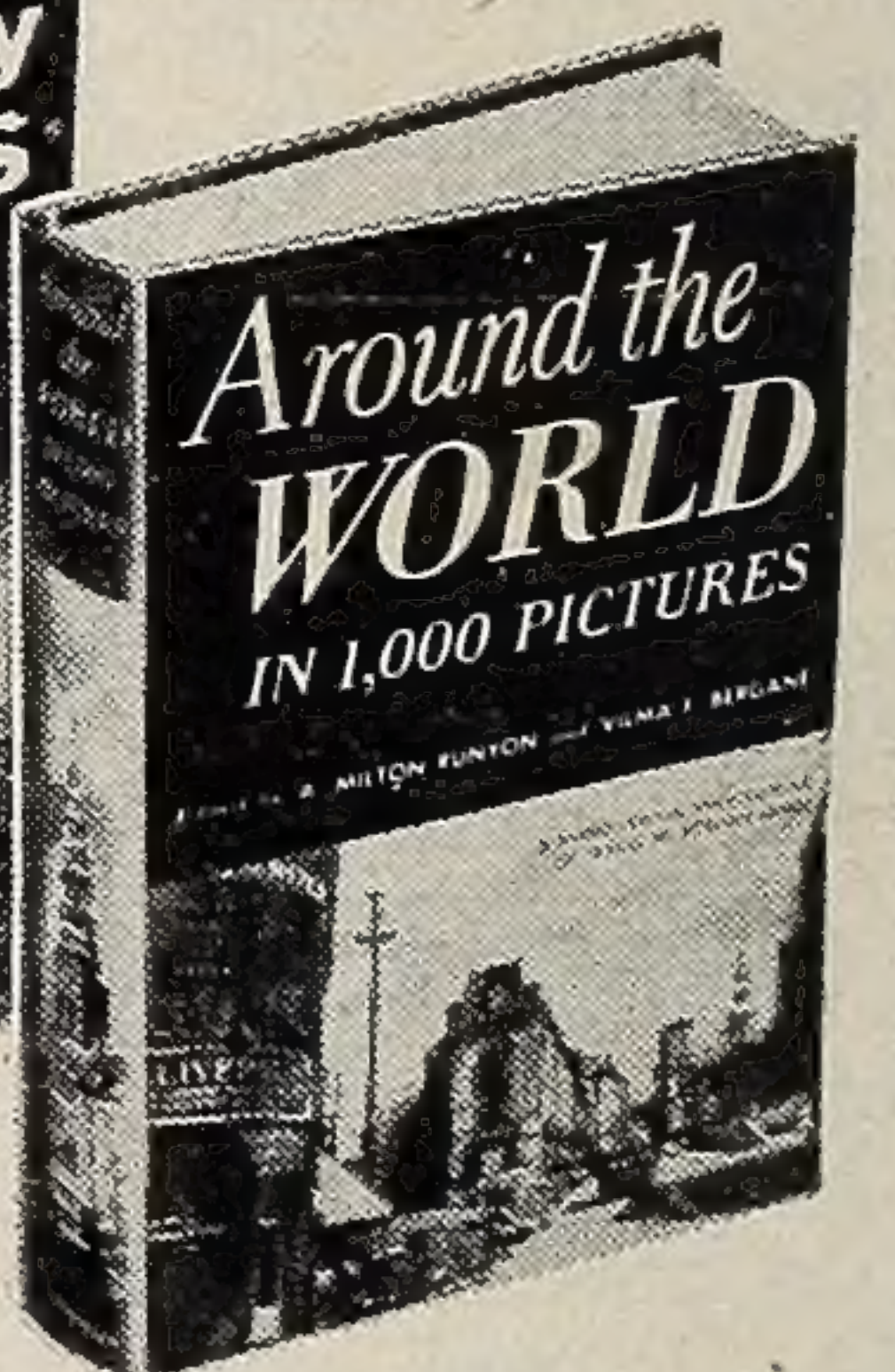
HAMMOND-DOUBLEDAY WORLD ATLAS
9 3/8" by 12 1/4" volume. Covers U. S., Canada, all foreign countries. 90 maps, 32 full-page, full-color! 154 photos plus 94 pages of facts on the world's peoples. Book club ed. \$3.50



OUTLINE OF HISTORY—H. G. Wells
New enlarged 2-volume edition, 1,312 pages. The whole dramatic story of mankind from the earliest times to our own years. 200 illustrations. One of the most acclaimed works of the century. Originally published in one volume at \$5.00
This 2-volume set counts as one book



BENTON'S ROW
Frank Yerby
From the day outlaw Tom Benton meets honey-blond Sarah Tyler in the doorway of a lonely cabin, this roaring new tale of love and violence in the Louisiana bayous sweeps along in top Yerby style! Pub. edition \$3.50



AROUND THE WORLD IN 1,000 PICTURES
Visit strange ports and enchanting cities, Rome, Paris, Bali, Hong Kong, and many more! See all the wonders of 83 fabulous lands in 1,000 photos with exciting text. Pub. orig. ed. \$7.50

AN OPPORTUNITY YOU MUSTN'T MISS!

CHOOSE any 3 books on this page for only \$1 when you join the Dollar Book Club. This big introductory offer is made to demonstrate the wonderful values you enjoy as a member.

Save up to 75% on New Books
(compared with prices of pub. editions)

Imagine—the same new books costing up to \$3.95 in publishers' editions come to Club members for only \$1 each! The biggest hits by top authors like Frank Yerby, Daphne du Maurier, Thomas B. Costain, A. J. Cronin and many others, have come to members at this low \$1 price. Occasionally, extra-value selections at \$1.49 are offered. All are new, full-size, hard-bound books.

In addition, the Club frequently offers other very desirable books... useful homemaker volumes... beautiful deluxe books, books of cultural value...

all at special Club prices which save you up to 75%! But you take only the books you want—and you do not have to take one every month. *You may take as few as six selections a year!*

Mail Coupon—Send No Money

Receive any 3 books you choose from this page for only \$1, plus a small shipping charge. Two books are your gift for joining, and one is your first selection. Thereafter, you will receive regularly the Club's *Bulletin*, which describes the forthcoming selections and other book bargains for members only.

If not delighted with your introductory Three-Book bargain package—return all books and membership will be cancelled. Mail coupon now. Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Garden City, N. Y.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Dept. 9DMG, Garden City, New York
Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once as my gift books and first selection the 3 books checked below—and bill me **ONLY \$1 FOR ALL 3**, plus a small shipping charge.

☐ Around the World in 1,000 Pictures ☐ Hammond-Doubleday World Atlas ☐ Outline of History (set)
☐ Benton's Row ☐ Love Is Eternal ☐ Soldier of Fortune
☐ Gone With the Wind ☐ Not As A Stranger ☐ Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionary

Also send my first issue of *The Bulletin*, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar book selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection I accept, plus a small shipping charge (unless I choose an extra-value selection).

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted return all books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
& Zone _____
In Canada, selection price \$1.10 plus shipping; address Doubleday Book Club, 105 Bond St., Toronto 2. Offer good in U. S. & Canada only.



When you've just
got to be beautiful
in nothing flat...

Woodbury

Dream Stuff

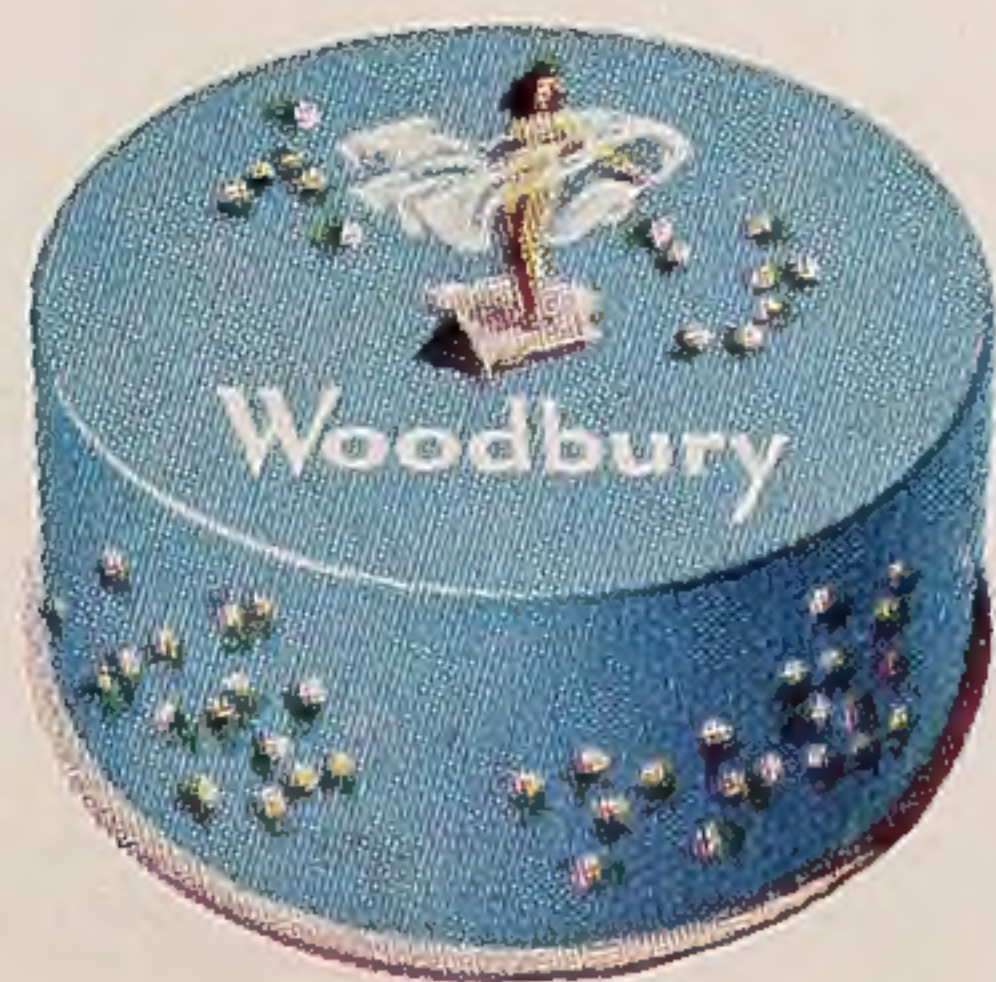
...sheer, clinging foundation-and-powder in compact form

Modern busy women who must look lovely in nothing flat will find Dream Stuff is the *fastest* beauty-maker that ever was. In a second your skin looks as delicately fresh as if you'd just had a pick-up facial! Prove it — right now. Slide the puff from nose to cheek bone. It leaves a clear path of beauty! That's Dream Stuff's velvety consistency. Five new shades to choose from. In the ivory-and-gold mirrored compact, \$1.00.



(Also in the blue-and-gold box, 49¢)

When you have time for a session at the dressing table:



Woodbury Face Powder, airy, clinging, fragrant. In 8 skin tones. \$1 size, special 59¢. Also 30¢ and 15¢.



Woodbury Make-up Glow, a liquid that smooths your skin while it makes you pretty. 5 perfect shades, 59¢.



Woodbury Cream Make-up spreads on like silk, and gives your skin a serene look. In 5 delicate shades, 43¢.

All prices plus tax.

PURE WHITE
Miracle Tip

L&M STANDS OUT FROM ALL THE REST

Much more flavor—**L**ight and **M**ild

Effective filtration—draws e-a-s-y

Highest quality tobaccos—low nicotine



SMOKERS EVERYWHERE SAY—

*"I've got L&M... and
L&M's got everything!"*

L&M is America's *Best* Filter Cigarette...

and it's sweeping the country!